

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME LV

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1913

PUBLISHED BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

37



*Her
s to
List*

Robert
Charles
Jack Lo
Bruno
Harrison
George
Alfred
Gouver
Anna Ka
Arthur
George F
Edward

All i

77

June Cosmopolitan

GENERAL LIBRARY
MAY 18 1914
OF


15 Cents

Here is the List

Robert W. Chambers
Charles Dana Gibson
Jack London
Bruno Lessing
Harrison Fisher
George Ade
Alfred Henry Lewis
Gouverneur Morris
Anna Katherine Green
Arthur B. Reeve
George Randolph Chester
Edward Chandler Christy

All in this Issue





A miss of Spotless Town you see
 Who misses no economy.
 Her ways are shy; her way is shined;
 Her pans as fine as you will find;
 Her cleanser's quick but weareth slow—
 She banks upon

SAPOLIO

If you want to know whether a cleaner is economical, figure out what it costs you *per week*.

Never mind the cost *per package*—some packages use up very quickly.

As Sapolio works without waste, a cake lasts a surprisingly long time.

Its cost *per week*, you will find, is very low indeed.

Sapolio's rich suds help to give Sapolio its remarkable cleaning powers.


Wasteful cleaners that give poor suds simply scrape off the dirt. But, even if

you use them freely, scraping with strong, harsh materials cannot give your tins the delightful mirror-like glitter that you get with Sapolio.

Rub a damp cloth on a cake of Sapolio. You then have a quick, economical cleaner for tin-ware, enamel-ware, kitchen knives and forks, pots and kettles, dishes, woodwork and marble.

Our Spotless Town booklet tells more about Sapolio and more about Spotless Town. Write for it. Sent free.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company
 Sole Manufacturers
 New York City



This is the grocer of Spotless Town.
 He hears your wants and notes them down.
 He gives you credit for being wise
 And charges you to use your eyes.
 The names upon the labels show
 He deals in real

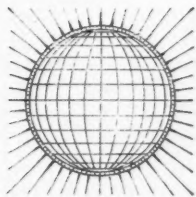
SAPOLIO

Cosmopolitan

Vol. IV

June, 1913

No. 1



"The best—and only the best at any price"—that, in a nutshell, tells the story. It tells why Cosmopolitan has double the circulation of any competitor; it tells why you hustle to the news-stand ahead of your neighbor; it tells why the subscription list is jumping with every issue; it tells, in a word, how Cosmopolitan has been built up to its present tremendous success and why it is bound with each issue to surpass its own high record as

America's Greatest Magazine

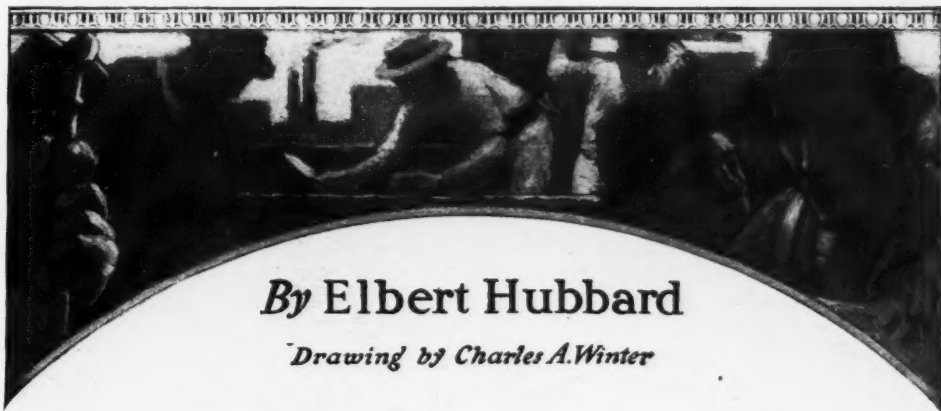
Copyright, 1913 (Trade-mark registered), by Cosmopolitan Magazine

BUSINESS THE



There are no menial tasks. The necessary is the sacred

CIVILIZER



By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter

Business is the supplying of human wants.

Business builds homes and furnishes them; produces food and distributes it; takes raw materials and manufactures them into forms of use and beauty.

Every man and every woman who works and thereby ministers to the well-being of society is in business.

Factory-hands, janitors, scrub-women, clerks, cashiers, chauffeurs, salesmen, firemen, foremen, engineers—workers of every kind and sort, all are business people.

There are no menial tasks. The necessary is the sacred.

A man should be proud of his business, and anyone who has no business should be ashamed of the fact.

The business world is a vast system of transfers. Each one does—or should do—the thing that he can do best.

We work for the good of everybody, and in turn everybody works for the good of us.

We used to hear men say, "Oh, I'm not in business for my health," but the fact is that a man who isn't in business for his health hasn't very good health or much business.

Business is a game—let's all play it.

And business to-day is becoming beautiful. Safety, light, heat, ventilation, all are important factors in business. Every convenience for

doing things in the best way possible is now being utilized.

Each and every profession is also, nowadays, a business. Your business is the thing that keeps you busy.

Business ministers to human needs—physical, mental, spiritual, esthetic. The more brains, purpose, and courtesy you bring to bear in business the greater your reward. And the reward is incidental to the service rendered. All worthy actions pay.

Any transaction where both sides do not make money is immoral.

Business is educational, since it acts and reacts all around—on customers, clients, managers, employees.

A man makes his business, and then his business makes him. He is a product of his business.

Human wants were once supplied by violence. That was the age of might.

Then the race tried cleverness, finesse, deception.

Now a new method has been introduced—the truthful method. Honesty as an asset is a new discovery.

In modern business we have health, intelligence, animation, beauty, truth. And he who can sanctify all these with love, so that cooperation shall reign where competition once was rife, shall be crowned with honor, and his name shall be called blessed.



(C) DETMONT PUBLISHING CO.

"The Two Sisters"

"There are delightful proofs of sweet and honest sentiment in many of Melcher's works. His pictures of Dutch children are full of tenderness"

Gari Melchers

A Painter of Realities

By Charles Henry Meltzer

I CAN'T see why the world should care to hear about me, or my life," said Gari Melchers, as he smoked with me one day in Holland. "Painters don't greatly interest the public. I have not much to tell about myself. My works should speak for me. But as you say your readers want to know what I am like and what I think—why, have your way.

"I have never cared a straw what laymen think of me. I paint my pictures for myself, not them. What do most people know of art? Why should it matter what a big banker or a wholesale shopkeeper thinks of my work? I don't paint portraits to give pleasure to my sitters. And I tell them so."

In print, no doubt, all this seems rather truculent. But it was all said in the mildest, blandest tones. Gari Melchers did not wish to offend those laymen. He had merely uttered what most artists hide. To those who paint or draw, your views and mine have little meaning—as much, maybe, as theirs would have to us if they talked of books or stock-broking. The artist rarely stops to ask what laymen think they think of art. His business is to do the best he can—to paint great pictures or make noble sculpture. Rewards may come in time—if he can wait.

"Few works that aim only at popularity can hope to live," added Gari Melchers. "In my case, I may add, there was no need of waiting. When I was thirty, I had won all the medals I could win in Europe. From the beginning I have had my path made smooth for me."

He lit a fresh cigar and then went on.

"My father, Julius Melchers, was a sculptor. And my birthplace was Detroit. I studied, in a casual sort of way, till, at seventeen, I left home for Europe. Yes, to learn painting. I spent three years in Düsseldorf, under the guidance of Edward von Gebhardt, an excellent teacher. From Düsseldorf I bent my steps to Paris, where I worked at Julian's. In my most youthful efforts I now see the germ of what I have

done in my maturer years. We do not change much as we age. But we are influenced, to some extent, by others. Unless an artist is a whole-souled rebel, he feels most forcibly the influence of his masters; and I was no exception to the rule. It was an accident that brought me first to Holland. In 1887, I was on my way to Italy, when the cholera broke out there. Not wishing to run needless risks, I came up north. At Egmond, I found friends, drawn, like myself, to the Dutch life and landscape."

There are three hamlets known as Egmond, grouped together, between Amsterdam and Helder. In the beginning of his Dutch career, Gari Melchers lived at what is more particularly known as Egmond aan Zee. In later years, he moved inland, to a small, leafy settlement called Schuil-en-Burg, where for a time he worked on very friendly terms with Hitchcock. When Hitchcock left that place, Gari Melchers bought his studio. But, with his wife, he made his home hard by, at the most picturesque of the three Egmonds, the Egmond aan Den-Hoef at which I found him. He owns a red-tiled, gabled cottage, in a by-street; an unpretending house, two centuries old, with the presentment of a very ancient ship below the center gable. Behind it stretch a garden and some outbuildings. The right wing of the house contains a former stable, which the painter now makes use of as a studio. But he does a great deal of his work at Schuil-en-Burg. And his real headquarters have latterly been Weimar. The Saxe-Weimar government paid him the high compliment some years ago of appointing him professor of painting in that classic, although simple, capital. It also set aside for him a studio facing Liszt's old home. So, though American, Gari Melchers is a full-fledged German functionary, with the honors, the emoluments, and the responsibilities attaching to his office. His duties, as he owns, are far from onerous. They give him time to spend some months each year in travel.

A Painter of Realities

Long intercourse with Dutchmen has left its mark on Melchers. It has given him weight, besides a dignified simplicity. He is broad and burly, very calm and grave. But he is not portentous. His face is oval, and his hair is gray. He has a good chin, cool gray eyes, and a fine forehead. His features seem to hint at Jewish ancestors. A man of balance, quite unspoiled by fortune; not very warm or prone to talk about his work; but a believer in himself and in his art.

"In 1886," said he, "success first came to me, when I exhibited 'The Sermon' at the Salon. I was just twenty-six. I received an honorable mention for the picture. But, shortly after, to my great delight, I won a first-class medal at the Munich 'Jahres Ausstellung,' and later had a similar reward in Amsterdam, for the same work. 'The Sermon' was but one of various pictures in which I have painted old Dutch church interiors. Here, in my studio, is the latest of them all—a 'Dutch Christening,' which is still unfinished.

"I wonder," he continued, "what Whistler would have said of this 'Dutch Christening' of mine. I rather fancy he would not have liked my color. His outlook on the world, you know, was gray. I can imagine him exhorting me to 'take out

those loud reds and greens, my boy.' But I can see them in my church in certain lights. So why suppress them? We should thank Monet for the good he did in teaching us to view things with clear eyes."

Perhaps some would have held with Whistler, if they had seen that picture. For, truthful though they are in many ways, the works of Melchers seem sometimes over-

bright, to eyes which love the normal lights and tones. But then again, it may be wise not to forget that time tones down some crudities of color. And various eyes see various colors variously.

"One may teach drawing by a universal rule," said Melchers, "but not color."

To support his argument, he picked up a small study of a girl, by Puvis de Chavannes, and showed me that it was all sad and gray in tone. If he had painted the same girl, he would have put more warmth into her face and hair. Henner, again, would have gone further still. We must let artists regard nature with their eyes, not ours. In painting Holland, Melchers does not shrink from using the most vivid hues. He sets a gay blue cap on a dull peasant's head; or decks a grim old dame out in bright reds and pinks. In choosing backgrounds he avoids what Israel loved. He has the right



(12) DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.

"Brabanconne"

"While Melchers lives the costumes of old Holland will not die"



(4) GARI MELCHERS

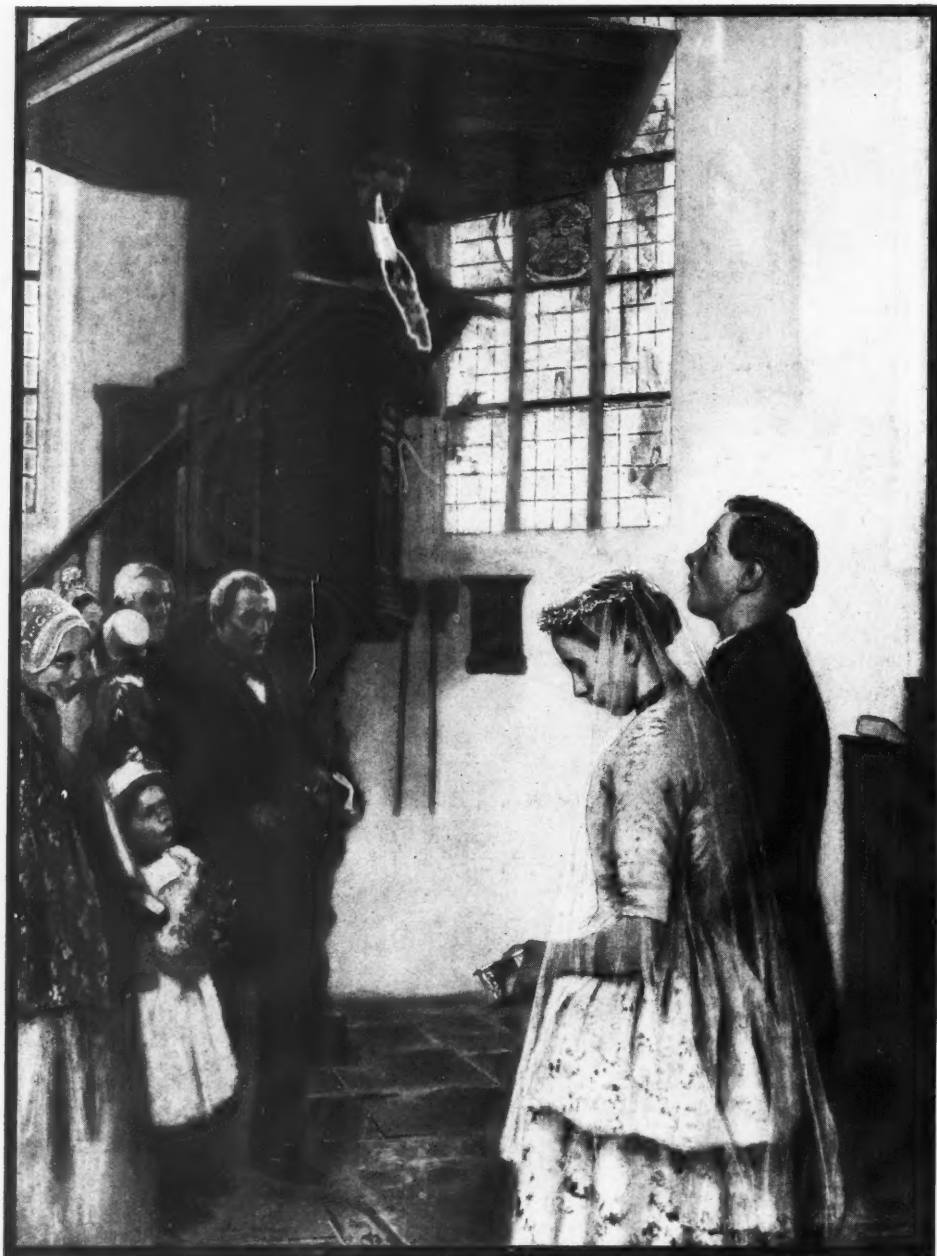
"Mother and Child"

"His models were, perhaps, poor, common clods. But he has touched them with his art and given them souls. The souls of some are only half awake. And that is why those mothers seem so true"

to shirk the darkness of Dutch life, while Israels had the right to paint its shadows. Yet both have made the Dutch life very real; one in a sad way, and the other cheerfully. And who can say that Melchers's art lacks charm? There are delightful proofs of sweet and honest sentiment in many of the living painter's works. His pictures of Dutch children and Dutch mothers are full of tenderness. Think of that beautiful "Maternity" in the museum of the Luxem-

bourg; "The Family," in the Berlin National Gallery; and his "In the Garden." Or, better still, recall those curious paintings in which, obeying the same mood or impulse as the late von Uhde (with whom he has close analogies) he pictured Christ the Lord come back to earth once more, and mixing with the simple folk of Holland.

These last named works may not in some respects have truer merits than his church interiors. They may, as paintings, rank



(C) DETROIT PUBLISHING CO

"The Wedding"

"The originals of the characters we see in Melchers's church interiors may be met at every turn; strange, hard, forbidding rustics; if you will, uncouth and dull, yet human like the painter and ourselves."

no higher than his studies of Dutch brides and bridegrooms, or his "Man with the Cloak" (in the Rome National Gallery), which he regards as one of his most happy efforts. But they appeal with far more force to most; because they go straight to the human heart, simply and truly, without mawkish tricks. The joy, the ecstasy, which he has put into the face of that young mother who presses her lips to her child's head in his "Maternity" makes its effect by sheer sincerity. There is beauty, of the same kind, in many other of his compositions dealing with motherhood. His models were, perhaps, poor, common clods. But he has touched them with his art and given them souls. The souls of some are only half awake. And that is why those mothers seem so true.

For children Gari Melchers has a fondness which is almost womanly. It is as well. He could not live at Egmond if he did not love children. They are part and parcel of the local landscape; fitting it, like the sleepy, munching cows, the pale gray-green sandhills, and the quaint windmills—which, I regret to say, grow rarer year by year. They dart at one from every hedge and tree. They crawl between one's legs and hop away. Some, just a few, are really quite well favored. They form a blessed contrast to the coarse, dreadful grandams and ponderous grandads who foretell their future. The grown-up maidens of the Egmond hamlets are almost kissable. But after marriage, they soon lose their looks. And, like the peasants of most European lands, they are losing pride in those old costumes which made even the most harsh of them endurable. In Melchers's pictures their costumes still persist. And while he lives, old Holland will not die.

The originals (or people very like them) of the characters we see in Melchers's church interiors may be met at every turn; strange, hard, forbidding rustics; if you will, uncouth and dull; yet human like the painter and ourselves. When Melchers wearies of his rude Dutch types, within the walls of his own cottage he can find an attractive model in his wife. He painted her, with loving care and art, in one of his best pictures; not flattering, but embellishing her figure with the graces of an eighteenth-century gown. His favorite working place, however, is his studio, a mile or more away, at Schuil-en-Burg.

By most, perhaps, his "Maternity" and his two "Suppers of Emmaus" will be cherished above all his other paintings for the naïve and lovely feeling they express, and for their artistry. In our day very few indeed have equaled Melchers in the interpretation of unconscious, tender motherhood. And if, as some believe, there is less religion than what the French would call "religiosity" in his portrayals of the risen Christ breaking bread with his at first too dull disciples, the fault might be ascribed rather to the influence of the age we live in than to a lack of earnestness. Weighed in the balance with some other modern works which have dealt with holy things—for instance, with Henri Gervex's painting of Christ and the Magdalen and the Madonnas of Levy and Dagnan-Bouveret—the sincerity of those "Suppers" by Melchers seems admirable. The works I have in mind are treated differently. In one (as a composition, the more beautiful of the two) we see the Saviour seated meekly at a rustic table, with a simple host and hostess, of the peasant type. The Saviour wears the loose and flowing robe which may be found in classic pictures. A serving maid—who might be Dutch or German—turns her head as she removes a dish, while on the faces of her master and her mistress is the look of slowly dawning awe and joy. In the other and more conventional composition, the amazing truth has come to the two disciples who sit near their Lord. A halo shines about the Master's head. The impression which the latter composition leaves behind is both deep and solemn. Yet there are many who prefer the former work.

Besides being true to life, Melchers is strangely versatile. But for their color, and some technical qualities, it would be hard to understand that the same hand which painted the "Supper of Emmaus" had also wrought out the pictures of "The Stableman," "The Fencing Master," and the portrait of "President Roosevelt." The last named work shows the pugnacious colonel at his very best—erect and manly, confident and strong, rather than "strenuous." "The Stableman" is utterly realistic. So, though less blankly, is "The Fencing Master." Sincerity, in the expression of character and in the posing of the figures, marks all three. This sterling merit—this entire sincerity—indeed is Melchers' stamp. It gives him his position in the front rank of the more popular modern painters who compel respect.



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Still kneeling, he folds her knees to his breast. She lays one hand on his hair. But he, rightly, feels that the caress is mechanical. He recognizes, as through a sixth sense, the total unaffection and indifference of her fingers ("Ancestors")

Ancestors

Gouverneur Morris, as we told you when we announced the first of these stories of New York, can picture in telling words the kaleidoscopic life of a big city perhaps better than any other writer of fiction in America to-day. He is like no other; he is alone in his field. He has proved it by several masterful stories, stories that revealed a tremendous grip upon the facts of life—both on the Avenue and in the slum. Here is a story that shows his analysis of the city's glamour at its keenest. His man and woman have everything, but have missed something—and won't acknowledge it. Each of them puts the cup of liberty to the lips—and the wine within turns bitter. The story of what they did then is an all-round satisfying tale—one of Gouverneur Morris's best.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "The Claws of the Tiger," "Radium," etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.
—Fairly old (and very poor) Song.

HARRY LANE McLANE and Margaret Dempster belonged to the smart world. They knew nothing outside of it; rumors came to them of earthquakes, wars, riots, famine, and cyclones. But Fifth Avenue remained, and together with other young people they turkey-trotted the stars out of the sky, and believed vaguely that beyond the narrow periphery of luxury and vanity in which they revolved empty space began, and outer darkness.

It has become the fashion (with the unfashionable) to look with contempt on those whose lives are smooth, whose beds are soft, and who have no care for the morrow save only that it shall be filled with pleasure and vanity. This is a mistake. If a rich man is thoughtless, selfish, and ungenerous, despise him. And if a poor man is these things, despise him, too. You cannot with any justice draw class lines and say, "Everybody in that class (to which, thank God! I do *not* belong) is vulgar, ignoble, and vicious," or "Everybody in this (which is mine own class) is noble, heroic, virtuous, and (now that I give the matter a thought) good looking and just about right in every way." The only just judgments are not upon groups, but upon individuals. Because young Shaw murdered the celebrated Stanley Black is no reason for incarcerating all the other young idlers in the country.

Harry Lane McLane and Margaret Dempster thought that they loved each other. He was an engaging youth, if not an

admirable one. She was pretty as a picture. Their heads were full of late hours and dancing. Harry, who was only twenty-four, drank champagne to keep himself going, and bet large sums of money or played for high stakes to keep himself excited or amused. A headline in a morning paper was often worth several thousand dollars to him, one way or another. He took just enough trouble about his clothes to look smart, and he knew how to order meals in restaurants, and how to be delightfully daring with married women. For the rest, he was a good-natured person, very earnest to make what he imagined to be the best of things in the best of all possible worlds.

Margaret, of course, hated, not men who drank, but drinking. I think you may take that as true of all good women and almost all bad women—granted, of course, that any woman is ever really bad. And it was a condition of her engagement to H. L. McL. that he should take better care of himself; that, in the telling American, he should buck up. He did. Drink was a diversion with him, not a disease. And it is easy to forego the sparkling glass when one of the prettiest girls in the world is pining to be taken into the conservatory and kissed. They thought that they loved each other tremendously. Margaret even made him a present with her own hands (he kissed all the needle wounds for her) and embroidered his name on it. I don't know just what the present was. Margaret didn't. I think it was a cross between a handkerchief-case and a button-bag. Harry Lane McLane loved it. That is the important thing. The fact that

it was not very evenly stitched touched all that was noble and manly in him. It made Margaret seem like a little child to him. It made him want to cry. People would have been surprised to know how often he kissed that near-button-bag when he was alone with it.

As a matter of fact, Margaret was a very childlike and innocent person. She had always had a good time. She thought that marriage offered opportunities for better times. She had no objection to bearing children, or taking care of them afterward. You dress them in pink or blue, with Irish lace, and everybody praises them. That if she had children she would love them so that nothing else mattered, except Harry—neither sprees, nor dances, nor dresses—did not occur to her. It did not occur to her or to anybody else that she was a born mother and a born housewife—even if she couldn't sew. She was too young to have knowledge of these things; she was too innocent even to guess shrewdly about them. She was a very noble little person, and she did not know it.

So when Harry, speaking in a queer voice because he was embarrassed, said that he thought it would be a mighty good idea for them to have "high old times for three or four years" before they really settled down to the "yolk" and established themselves, he did not have to back up his ideas with arguments. She agreed at once, with a vague sense of relief. They would keep on the "move," they agreed, and "make things hum." She knew plenty of childless couples, and had always been vaguely sorry for them, considering them not quite normal in some way or other. But when Harry explained that most of these couples were childless on purpose, he made her believe that they were not abnormal, but rather sensible and far sighted.

That Harry was willing to forego fatherhood was less ignoble selfishness than mistaken chivalry. To keep Margaret always as she was, to spare her agony and danger, was his real reason. It seemed a good reason to him, honorable and loving. And so, in the sight of the world and his wife, the Bishop of New York, aided by the Reverend Dr. Tripletub, joined them in holy matrimony. And from their union Mother Nature turned her sad face away, while Science, that brilliant, but insufferable youth, adjusted his platinum-rimmed spectacles and looked on with inscrutable eyes.

London knew them, Paris, the Riviera, Newport, and New York. The violet-set plains of Hempstead were soft to their galloping ponies' feet. Their motors tossed the miles aside; and the black smoke of their yacht lay along the horizon.

The habit of pleasure grows upon men and women like any other habit. You may begin with an eighth of a grain, but that will not rest your craving long. The dose has to be increased. And the variety of drug employed is never exactly the same for any two people.

At first it seemed to Harry and his wife that they liked exactly the same things, and so would forever and ever. Departing from and returning to what seemed a safe harbor of luxury and passion, they sailed the seas of pleasure and excitement side by side. But as time passed their ships of life sailed in less close company. The one or the other ran out of wind; or was caught in a monsoon. And when one ship returned to harbor the other followed or had preceded.

The end and aim of Margaret's life became people, lights and colors and more and more of each, and dancing, and Harry's end and aim became apparent in places where men gather, and the smoke hangs low over the green tables, and the champagne is served in tall glasses with ice, and the talk becomes sullen and ugly in the early mornings, or the unreasoning laughter crashes in the late night. Here, their minds softening, the machinery which kept them going beginning to corrode and break up, were to be found men who had once been as keen and bright as razors, and who had only the wit left to show that they had failed miserably and would die at the first touch of pneumonia. And here were to be found boys like Harry, who drank steadily immense quantities, and only showed the effects in little ways, whose digestions worked while they slept, and whose eyes were bright, and whose skins were rosy, and who were glad to find themselves alive the morning after.

Sometimes Margaret noticed that her husband had been drinking hard, that he was pale and silent, or red and amused. If she remonstrated he chuckled her under the chin and talked about something else, or confessed naively that he *had* been drinking too much; that it *wasn't* good for him; that he *was* going to pull up. He didn't pull up, and Margaret found so many occasions to beg him to that he became bored. He felt

that he was a better and more virtuous husband than most men, and deserved better topics of conversation than how much he had had to drink. Sometimes he shut her up very sharply, and used terms which habit, alas, seems to beget even in some of the very best families. She told herself that she had never known him before. And she was very unhappy.

Partly because he was doing wrong, partly because she kept telling him so, Harry began to avoid his own house, passing whole nights with friends whose wives had learned to be more patient and humble. In his soul he loved her, but, especially when he had been drinking, she annoyed him, and got on his nerves. It came at last to seem that between them there was always something that rankled. Rapturous reconciliations, becoming fewer and fewer, seemed to fail at the very threshold of completion. And two honest and amiable natures began to disintegrate in each other's sight. Margaret was a very noble little person. But she did not know it. Harry had in him the makings of a man. But unfortunately he thought he *was* a man, so the makings were of no present profit.

They had drifted far apart before the world took notice and said, "All is not well with the young McLanes." And some said it was too bad that Harry drank; and others said it was too bad that Margaret flirted.

Place a pretty, affectionate girl of twenty-one or two alone in the world—that is, give her a husband who neglects her, even if he doesn't chase about after other ladies—and she is bound to flirt. But there are so many ways of flirting. Her heart is breaking between her ribs. She must get away from the lights and dancers into the dark or scream. There is a man watching her, as a buzzard watches an antelope die. He swoops down upon her with offers in his grave eyes of sympathy, of companionship, of understanding. Sometimes he has ulterior motives; sometimes not. He does not let them appear. He carries her off out of the lights and the hum of voices, and makes her talk to him. He tells her (as if a wonderful thing had come into his life) that he had never understood her till that moment, never appreciated her. Her breaking heart mends a little. If she is really very unhappy she cries a little. He leans toward her suddenly, as if to take her in his arms. Leaps to his feet as suddenly, and walks

renunciatively away. She watches through her tears. That she may feel safe with him and know him for her friend, she sees in the broad back and the bowed head a little of the struggle which is going on in his breast—a struggle between impregnable virtue and ungovernable impulse. He comes back with a face gently smiling on which is written ineffable goodness and serene peace. He will hardly kiss her now as he was at first minded to. He will kiss her—she sees that in his sad eyes—but not that way. He brings now the brotherly kiss, the friend's kiss, the kiss of renunciation. She feels as free to receive it as a glass of pure spring water. Where will it fall? Of her lips there is no longer any thought in him—pass over her hair, her forehead, her eyes, oh, sapient snake in the grass—breathe quickly, lean over, lift up her hand, and touch it softly with your lips, and very swiftly—then turn again and stand a long time looking out into the night. Then beg for forgiveness, as if you had committed a deadly sin, and receive it. Make a pact of friendship with her—and mark time.

Here comes her husband from the card-room. "Oh, there you are. They said you'd turned in."

"You see I haven't."

"I see—well, how about it? Hallo, Fred."

Fred, coolly detached, has lighted a cigarette. He has a look of bored ascetic elegance. Nothing that is passing escapes him. She has risen and laid a correct, unforgiving hand upon her husband's arm.

"Good night, Fred."

Her voice is as steady as her look. "Good night—good luck."

She moves slowly away on her husband's arm. Fred, who never drinks anything until the ladies have retired, bethinks him of the free champagne in the buffet. But he does not move from his track until she has vanished from sight.

Young Husband: Aren't you seeing too much of that fellow?

Young Wife: I see more of him than I do of you.

He: And more in him, I dare say.

She: Can't I make friends of my own, if I want to?

He: Not if it makes everybody talk. (His voice rising a little) I don't like it. I won't have it.

She: Aren't you going up in the air for very small cause?

He: You know the difference between right and wrong as well as I do.

Their hostess is suddenly encountered.

Hostess: (Who has watched flirtation with much interest) Now *really!* You young people must not be so attentive to each other. I draw the line at married lovers.

They exchange well-bred, well-graduated emptinesses with their hostess. They tell her what a good time they are having in her house and wish her good night.

They are alone again.

He: (Growing resolved to find fault and be disagreeable and possibly to work himself into a righteous rage) I tell you I won't have it. I want you to cut it out.

She: (Knowing that all she has to do to make peace is to say that she is sorry and will never do so again) Hadn't we better talk about it in the morning when you are—yourself?

He: (Conscious that he isn't quite himself, of course becomes crimsonly furious at being told so) Be careful what you say.

They go slowly up the stairs, outwardly cool and well bred, inwardly raging, each thinking that the other is a monster of injustice. They reach their rooms. He lolls in a chair and smokes a cigarette. He can hear her moving about in her room, of which the door is open.

She: (At the door of her room) I'm awfully sorry to trouble you; but Colette doesn't answer the bell. Do you mind unhooking me?

He: (His training in good manners uppermost) Of course not. I shall be delighted.

He achieves the unhooking with great patience and the loss of only a part of one finger-nail. She meanwhile keeps turning slightly from side to side, the better to see herself in a tall glass, and because she is a woman.

He: (Smitten with a sudden half-drunken, but delicious and forgiving sense of intimacy, in a breaking voice) It's because I love you so much that I'm such a brute. I love you. I do love you.

Still kneeling, he folds her knees to his breast. Mumbled words of adoration are lost in the folds of her dress. She lays one hand on his hair. But he, rightly, feels that the caress is mechanical. He recognizes, as through a sixth sense, the total unaffection and indifference of her fingers. This makes him angry again.

He: You treat me like a dog. You used

to love me. There's not an atom of it left in you. We can't go on like this—we worshiping the ground you walk on, you colder than an icicle and always showing contempt—just like—just like—a dog showing its teeth.

She: (Really colder than an icicle) A lot of love you show me.

He: (Rising) Damnation! If you don't know love when you see it! (Turns and makes for the door.)

She: Where are you going?

He: I'm going to play a rubber.

She: You'd much better go to bed.

He: (After a long silence) Is that an insult or—an invitation?

She: Neither. It's the advice of one who wishes you well.

He: (Returning slowly) My God, you're pretty! Look here, can't we call by-gones by-gones and begin all over again?

She: (Wavering) I don't know. Can we?

He: How about a little fishin' trip somewhere—just you and me—and the pines—and the brooks—and the stars at night! My little kid!

She: (Touched, but remembering many by-gones) You're always saying you're going on the wagon, dear—and—

He: (Angry again) The wagon be—

She: If you only knew how a woman hates drinking.

He: I know mighty well that *you* hate everything that I like.

She: You know that isn't so.

He: (Bitterly) True. I am forgetting a mutual taste for shad roe and cucumbers.

She: (Logically) I wish I'd never been born.

He: I wish I hadn't either. We're not doing any good in the world.

She: All my fault, of course.

He: (Generously) Does it matter whose fault it is? We're done for. We've reached the parting of the ways. I'm going to get out. You get hold of a lawyer, and I'll furnish you all the grounds for divorce you want, and more, too. I'll make my name a byword! Thank God we have no children.

She: Yes, thank God for that.

He: One more taste in common—mutual love for shad roe and cucumbers, mutual dislike for children.

She: What a brute you are!

He: (Coming close) I am, am I? All right. I didn't say it. You said it. Don't forget that I'm still your husband.



DR. H. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He: (Generously) Does it matter whose fault it is? We're done for. We've reached the parting of the ways. I'm going to get out. You get hold of a lawyer, and I'll furnish you all the grounds for divorce you want, and more, too. I'll make my name a byword! Thank God we have no children

She: Don't touch me. (He gives short ugly laugh) I'll scream and make a scandal.

He: No, you won't. (She wrenches free, bolts into her own room, and locks the door in his face. He knocks softly at intervals, and receives no answer. He can hear her sobbing quietly. He imagines at first that she is doing it on purpose. As the sobbing continues he grows alarmed) Please don't cry. I can't stand it. I'll be good. Please unlock the door. I won't come in. Just unlock it to show you trust me.

After a long interval there is the sound of the key turning in the lock. Then the door opens. Being of a practical mind, she, while continuously sobbing, has completed her toilet for the night. There is much lace, and some pale-blue ribbon.

She: I *do* love you. You *know* I do.

He: (Kneeling) I know. I know.

Her hands lie on his shining brown head like a benediction. He is perfectly sober now, and in his right mind. A sort of convulsion, like a gigantic swallowing, passes through him from head to foot. He breaks into a subdued storm of dry sobs. She stands on, creepy-mouse still—reflecting, considering, rejecting.

She would like mighty well to know if her love for him is really going—going. One more such scene, and it will be gone. She knows that.

But there are ninety and nine such scenes to be lived and acted before her love is all gone—before she is *sure* that it is all gone—before she announces casually to her most intimate friends that she is going to take up a residence in the West for six months or so.

Fred—or another just as good—is at the terminal to see her off. Her drawing-room is full of flowers and books and delicacies. Off with the old love, and on with the new! Stand creepy-mouse still, little daughter of Eve! She is so sorry for herself, at the moment, that even the kiss of the serpent seems good. She is a very noble little person. But she doesn't know it. She might have had love, children—a life; but now it is all aboard for the separating West. Wave, wave to the serpent on the platform. He is all that she has in the present, all that she has to look forward to in the future. He waves. She waves. But she cannot see him for the scalding hot tears. She sees instead that other to whom she gave the best that she had to give—the roses of her body, the lilies of her mind. She wonders

where *he* is this cold winter night. She hopes he has on his warm overcoat, and his muffler.

II

Not even the first ten minutes of his separation from Margaret had in them any feeling of bachelor irresponsibility and freedom. He was bound hand and foot to the memory of his failure, as a prisoner is tied to a torture-post. One or two friends attempted to insinuate wedges of sympathy through joints in his care-worn harness. He answered with bitterness that he alone was to blame. She had believed in him. He had taught her that it would be unwise for them to have children at first; unwise to load themselves with responsibilities, to anchor themselves in any one spot. He had wished her to be free as air to come and go; to enjoy the pleasures which their combined fortunes made so easy to obtain. He had imagined that he was offering her with his love all else that life had to give. And he realized, now all was over, that he had given her nothing, no honorable purpose, no opportunity to show her true worth. It was as if he had owned the swiftest mare in Christendom and had turned her out to pasture, to eat clover, to stand in the cool brooks, and to forget her high ancestry and her racing heart.

Naturally then, since he had denied her real issues to think about, and had denied himself, they had learned to make mountains out of moral issues, little incompatibilities of temper, little moments of weariness and restlessness. Why had he become such a hard drinker? And the answer was that since he had placed no real positive virtue in his life, and allowed none in hers, it was natural that both should drift down the lines of least resistance, he to that which furnished excitement and exhilaration, she to flirtation with men, to conduct which provoked gossip if not scandal.

Harry did his best to blame the fashionable world into which he had been born. But it would not do. Pleasure was also pursued by men of fortitude and action; by women of high character and home-loving hearts. If the whole was jaded and uninspiring, many of the parts furnished examples of great excellence. He could not with any real justice blame society; and winnow heaven or hell as he would, he ended by

placing the blame on himself. And the blame lay heavy upon his heart, like a thick plate of lead.

He wrote her seven letters, one each day for a week. He told her that he would never touch a card again, never drink again; that he would study the whole duty of a husband and make it his life's work. He begged her to take him back. He was on his knees to her, he, a wasted, shallow, empty man to whom at last in humiliation and failure had been vouchsafed a sight heavenward of the kingdom and the glory. He died for her; for the touch of her hand, for the nearness of the soul which he had wronged.

The seven letters (by advice of counsel) came back to him unopened. For seven days he had touched no liquor; not from resolution, but from a sudden unaccountable distaste. It seemed as if new thoughts, like sulphur water, had made a new lining to his stomach. But now, the seven letters coming back to him unopened, his mind became purple with desperate and despairing thoughts. He would plunge into a sea of wine and women, and laugh mirthlessly till he drowned. Then came those memories of Margaret, virginal, eager, afraid, full of trust, and he felt that it would be easier to handle a rattlesnake than any other woman in this world. And even so, all in a flash, the wish to drink himself to death passed. He entered a phase of terrible sadness during which for whole days and nights his mind worked. It was extraordinary how he developed under this unsought concentration; and how he began to furnish his broken life with noble images; and how at last he realized that it was no ordinary love of which he had made a mess, but a strong, grown man's love, unalterable, and chastening like fire. It was for his own sake that he had lived with her. Since he must live without her, it should be for hers. He had denied her children. Well, love of her should mother a man. He made his preparations to depart out of the life which he had lived. In a moment of petulance he had made away with all his mementoes of her, burning letters, throwing rings and jewels into the sea. There remained, having escaped the iconoclast's eyes by an oversight, only that ill-sewn cross between a handkerchief-case and a button-bag. The finding of it now tore from him one short terrible sob. And then, like some knight of old with his lady's scarf or sleeve, he made prepara-

tions to wear that tangible memory of her upon his heart, by night and by day.

So armed and inspired he dropped out of the world which knew him, and with no other purpose than to live nobly if he could, but surely in decency and with kindness, he turned his sad face to the setting sun.

Over great ranges of a Western state the people tell glad tales of a tenderfoot who came among them with a perfect courage, a long purse, and a tender heart. Grim, worn-out women, mothers of many children, speak lovingly of him as if he had been another child of theirs. They tell you how pale he was when he came, and how soft. Then how the sun browned him, and the saddle hardened him, and how at last laughter came from the sad face that hitherto had only smiled. They tell no tales of shootings and battles, but of mortgages lifted by fairies at the last gasp; of broken men staked and sent once more into Eldorado hills; of doctors brought from afar off on thundering horses; of men pulled up from drunkenness and despair as by the hand of God; and of songs lulling to teething children in the long watches of the night.

They will tell you that in the tenderfoot grasp were all sorts of talents.

"Before he came among us," says one with conviction, "he was a lawyer." Says another, "a doctor." And a third says, "he had tried all professions, and never really settled to any." But there was a fourth, a very old grandmother, bedridden. She says: "When Mollie's time came, Jim was away. Thunder Creek was in flood, and the doctor couldn't come to us. Well, he came out o' the night. He comes to me and whispers: 'I don't know how, but she must believe I do, and all will be well. This baby's going to be born right and proper, you mark that. There's something here,' and he beats his heart, 'that seems to give me courage and knowledge in times o' peril, and all in exchange for something better than courage and knowledge that once I threw away.'

"Then he takes off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and goes into the kitchen to scour his hands. Mollie and me was dretful embarrassed 'cause we'd never set eyes on him before. But child-birth don't wait on acquaintance, and somehow he give us confidence, and Mollie she begged he wouldn't hold nothing she said or done against her, and he just smiled, and went to work; and in all my days I never seed a baby better

born; no, nor nobody else never did neither. Just because I'm paralyzed you needn't think I ain't got eyes in my head, and a heart full o' memories. That young feller was clean white all through and made out o' kindness and the salt o' the earth. As for Jim, if he gets down in the mouth and crochetty I just holler out from my bed, 'I wonder where Harry is these days and what mean tricks he's up to?' And you'd ought to see Jim; he just goes on his knees to Mollie and then to me, and then he goes out in the corral, and begs the first jackass he meets to forgive him, too. What's become o' that Harry? We don't know, he never let us know. That's the only unkind thing he ever did. He rode about the world doing good. And because once he'd done wrong, and was sorry, the Lord God give him knowledge when it was needed and the heart of a little child."

"How long was he in these parts?"

"Only six months, but kind deeds is so rare, some folks reckon he was here a lifetime."

III

"No," said Margaret, "you shouldn't have come. It will make talk."

"But seeing that I have come?"

"I shall ride alone just the same. It's my last ride, and I've grown fond of the hills. Yes, I am quite sure to get my decree. But that will be for to-morrow. I am still Harry's wife."

"But to-morrow?"

He drew back from a slowly and sadly shaken head.

"I thought I could, Fred. But I can't. I'm sorry. I don't want to die. I don't want to live. I have no heart."

The man became sulky. "That is a sure sign that you still care for your husband. I'm sorry for you, little girl. I thought three years of him would have taught you all that you needed to know."

She smiled a little. "My life with Harry taught me a great deal—but not until it was over. . . . Good morning, Mrs. Black, how does the new pony do? . . . *She* comes up next Wednesday, for the second time. Not a bad sort. One has to be on terms with one's sisters in affliction. Divorce is a terrible thing, Fred, a terrible thing. The stories women who don't know any better tell each other after two or three days'

acquaintance! Divorce is almost as terrible as death. 'Mary pity women!' You forgive me for scolding you, don't you? And because I want to ride alone? And I'm sorry about everything, and that you've had this long dusty trip for nothing. Women don't make up their hearts the way they make up their minds. Mine has made itself up all by itself. Forgive it, and forgive me. Do you mind putting the curb chain in the second ring? . . . Why, yes, of course, after dinner. Since there's no train back, you can't very well help staying, can you? After all, old friends can always talk."

"Even when one old friend's heart is breaking?"

"It *isn't*, Fred. It mustn't. I won't have it."

"Then—"

"No, no, no. I don't mean that. So long. See you after dinner."

And she rode off into the hills, a little child abused by life, very sad, very numb.

One came riding to meet her, out of violet shadows, on a coal-black horse. He was of a wonderful fine brown, and the whites of his blue eyes were clean as alabaster. He was the last man in the world that she expected to see. And she had promised herself that she would never see him again. She did not know what to say or what to do. Her lawyers had told her that she must not speak to him or have any communication with him if she wished her divorce suit to go through. So she dropped her bridle-reins, and held up both hands in a charming gesture of surprise and pleasure, and said:

"Harry! I am so glad to see you!"

He faced his horse about and rode at her side, deeper and deeper into the violet shadows.

"I," said he, "am not the silly boy you knew, Margaret. We are meeting for the first time. I have been on my knees all these months, looking into the heart of the world, and into the heart of God. I haven't touched cards or drink since you sent back my seven letters unopened."

"It was the lawyers. They made me."

"I know."

"I have been unhappy all the time."

He smiled. "I have been watching from the hills—learning your rides, quivering with ecstasy at the far-off shining of the sun on your hair."

Her head of its own accord drooped toward him. "We are going to order our life together," he said, "that those who come after us shall be proud that we lived it; for this time, Heart of my Heart, and it makes all the difference, we are going to be—ancestors."

HEART BY JAMES MONROVIE HARRIS

Her head of its own accord drooped toward him. "We are going to order our life together," he said, "that those who come after us shall be proud that we lived it; for this time Heart of my Heart, and it makes all the difference, we are going to be—ancestors."



He took from his breast an ill-sewn object stained with the sweat of his body. It may have been a cross between a button-bag and a handkerchief-case. God, who had it made, knows.

"This," said Harry, "has kept my heart warm all of every day and night, it has kept my lips from forgetting how to kiss. I do not wish to boast, but I think it has made me pure." They rode on, she crying softly, he smiling like an angel.

"It's getting dark, Harry. I ought to go back."

"Back where?"

"Why, back to my hotel."

"Why not on—on to your home?"

"My home?"

"Where the heart is, there the home is."

She made no answer. They rode on, always ascending.

"I have a camp in the hills," he said. "There is everything that you will need there."

"But—but—"

"All the buts in life have to do with turning back. Don't you know that your chance has come—our chance? Do you think things are to be as they were? We must go on. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it to nature. We owe it to the—to the things that went wrong. And besides, I shall never let you go back. My horse is faster than yours; my arms are stronger. And my will is made up, and my heart. We are going to take up our broken life, and make it whole and beautiful."

"How, Harry? What are we going to do?"

His arm slid around her waist. "First," he said, "we are going to make love to each

other, and rest a little in the lap of the world. Then we are going—not where life is large and it is easy to do right, but back to where we belong, where life is small, and obstructive, and disillusioning. And there, where it is so hard to do right, we are going to do it, and be an example. And you who are a flower shall be given your chance to grow."

"Are you Harry—or some one else?"

"Don't be afraid, I'm Harry all right. But with a difference. I'm what Harry became the minute he took time to think."

It became dark. The horses neighed, and were answered by other horses.

"Home!" said Harry.

She had a moment of fear. "Please. I think I ought to go."

He lifted her from her horse, and made her sit on a doubled blanket with her back to a tree. She watched him, shielding a lighted match with his hands, and bending over. The light of the match escaped upward, and illuminated a lean brown face that seemed very beautiful to her.

"Harry?"

"My darling."

"Only tell me that we're not going back, but that we're really going to begin all over."

The kindlings caught and the logs until there was a great light. He sat by her, folding her close in the hollow of his right arm; her head of its own accord drooped toward him.

"We are going to order our life together," he said, "that those who come after us shall be proud that we lived it; for this time, Heart of my Heart, and it makes all the difference, we are going to be—ancestors."



The Business of Life

A MODERN-DAY STORY OF LOVE, LIFE, AND PASSION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Turning Point," "The Streets of Ascalon," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Midnight. A man reading in the library of his country mansion. Enters a former sweetheart of the man who has married a rival. She announces that she has left her husband and offers herself to Desboro, who, she thinks, must now take her. He refuses to see the logic of the situation, and declares that when her husband presently comes for her, as he believes he will, she must return home with him. However, if the husband believes himself irretrievably injured, Desboro, will weather the resulting storm of scandal with her. But Clydesdale takes the woman back without question. So passes an incident that later returns to vex.

Desboro's finances being at low ebb, he plans to sell a collection of inherited armor. Cataloguing is necessary, and he journeys to town to consult an eminent specialist in antiques. He finds that the old man is dead and his daughter, Jacqueline Nevers, a beautiful girl who looks hardly out of her teens, is in charge. Finding that she is in every respect competent, Desboro gives her the commission. Leaving, he leaves in the antique-shop a young woman thinking things of men that she has never thought before—strange, new day-dreams. For himself, he conceives a distaste for a hunting trip which he has planned, and arranges to meet Jacqueline when she comes to Silverwood on the morrow.

Jacqueline arrives late for her first day in the armory, and her few hours there are spent in getting acquainted with her task. Desboro lends assistance, and the work advances, what time Desboro is not skirmishing for an opening to put their relations above the purely business plane. She skilfully outmaneuvers him, until, feeling that his attitude toward her depends upon herself, she opens the door to friendship. Some days later Cynthia Lessler calls upon her in her rooms—Cynthia, who has had experience of men of Desboro's type. "Don't become sentimental over that young man," she warns, "because I don't think he's very much good." "He is, but I won't," declares Jacqueline. But Cynthia leaves feeling that the fires of disaster—or great happiness—have been kindled.

On Monday Jacqueline does not appear at Silverwood, nor on Tuesday, when she sends word that she may have a substitute finish the catalogue. By phone Desboro pleads with her to come back. Her consent obtained, Desboro, moved by some strange impulse, begins to take stock of himself, finds the account not to his liking, and tries to clear it by burning all his mementoes of past entanglements. Jacqueline is possessed by doubts and fears: why did he summon her? why is she going back? why does she pleasure in it? The next day in the armory is a skirmish, with varying fortunes, Jacqueline, remembering Cynthia's warning, taking refuge in the fiction that she is there purely on business, Desboro asking her to meet him on a much higher plane. He takes her home that night, so far the victor as to win an unresisted, unresponsive kiss. Then he goes to his rooms, and, fearful for what he had done, writes her that he will not see her again.

A few days later Mrs. Clydesdale, who has heard rumors of a pretty girl at Silverwood, takes Desboro to task for deserting her, and makes him promise to marry no one else. Soon after he goes back home and resumes, with interest, the interrupted friendship with Jacqueline. Later he gathers a jolly house-party, the men of which are all eager to marry out of their station in life when they see Jacqueline. But when the week is ended it is Desboro who has her promise.

DURING her week's absence from town Jacqueline's mail had accumulated; a number of business matters had come into the office, the disposal of which now awaited her decision—requests from wealthy connoisseurs for expert opinion, offers to dispose of collections entire or in part, invitations to dealers' secret conferences, urgent demands for appraisers, questions concerning origin or authenticity, commissions to buy, sell, advertise, or send searchers throughout the markets at home or abroad for anything from a tiny shrine of Limoges enamel to a complete suit of equestrian armor to fill a gap in a series belonging to some rich man's museum.

On the evening of her arrival at the office, she was beset by her clerks and salesmen, bringing to her hundreds of petty routine details requiring her personal examination. Also, it appeared that one of her clients had

been outrageously swindled by a precious pair of fly-by-nights; and the matter required immediate investigation. So she was obliged to telephone to Mrs. Hammer-ton that she could not dine with her at the Ritz, and to Desboro that she could not see him for a day or two. In Desboro's case, a postscript added, "Except for a minute, dearest, whenever you come."

She did not even take the time to dine that evening, but settled down at her office desk as soon as the retail shop below was closed; and with the tea-urn and a rack of toast at her elbow, plunged straight into the delightfully interesting chaos confronting her.

That night she worked alone in her office until long after midnight; and all the next day until noon she was busy listening to or instructing salesmen, clerks, dealers, experts, auctioneers, and clients. Also, the swindle and the swindlers were worrying her extremely. Luncheon had been served on a

tray beside her desk, and she was still absent-mindedly going over carbon files of the business letters which she had dictated and despatched that morning, when Desboro's card was brought to her. She sent word that she would receive him.

"Will you lunch with me, Jim?" she asked demurely, when he had appeared and shaken hands vigorously. "I've a fruit salad and some perfectly delicious sherbet! Please sit on the desk top and help me consume the banquet."

"Do you call that a banquet, darling?" he demanded. "Come out to the Ritz with me this instant—"

"Dearest! I can't! Oh, you don't know what an exciting and interesting mess my business affairs are in! A girl always has to pay for her pleasure. But in this case it's a pleasure to pay. Bring up that chair and share my luncheon like a good fellow, so we can chat together for a few minutes. It's all the time I can give you to-day, dearest."

He pulled up a chair and seated himself, experiencing somewhat mixed emotions in the presence of such bewildering business capability. "You make me feel embarrassed and ashamed," he said, "rotten loafer that I am! And you so energetic and industrious—you darling thing!"

"But, dear, your farmer can't plow frozen ground, you know; all your men can do just now is to mend fences and dump fertilizer and lime and gypsum over everything. And I believe they were doing that when I left."

"If," he said, "I were a real instead of a phony farmer, I'd read catalogues about wire fences; I'd find plenty to do if I were not a wretched sham. It's only, I hope, because you're in town that I can't drive myself back to where I belong. I ought to be sitting in a wood-shed, in overalls, whittling sticks and yelling bucolic wisdom at Ezra Vail. Oh, you needn't laugh, darling, but that's where I ought to be, and what I ought to be doing if I'm ever going to support a wife!"

"Jim! You're *not* going to support a wife! You absurd boy!"

"What!" he demanded.

"Did you think you were obliged to support me? How ridiculous! I'd be perfectly miserable."

"Jacqueline! What on earth do you mean? We are going to live on my income."

"Indeed we are not! What use would I be to you if I brought you nothing except an

idle, useless, lazy girl to support! It's unthinkable!"

"Do you expect to *remain* in business?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly I expect it!"

"But, darling—"

"Jim! I *love* my business. It was father's business; it represents my childhood, my girlhood, my maturity. Every detail of it is inextricably linked with memories of him—the dearest memories, the tenderest associations of my life! Do you wish me to give them up?"

"How can you be my wife, Jacqueline, and still remain a business woman?"

"Dear, I am certainly going to marry you. Permit me to arrange the rest. It will not interfere with my being your devoted and happy wife. It wouldn't ever interfere with—with my being a—perfectly good mother—if that's what you fear. If it did, do you suppose I'd hesitate to choose?"

"No," he said, adoring her.

"Indeed I wouldn't! But remaining in business will give me what every girl should have as a right—an object in life apart from her love for her husband—and children—apart from her proper domestic duties. It is her right to engage in the business of life; it makes the contract between you and me fairer. I love you more than anything else in the world, but I simply couldn't keep my self-respect and depend on you for everything I have."

"But, my darling, everything I have is already yours."

"Yes, I know. We can pretend it is. I know I *could* have it—just as you could have this rather complicated business of mine—if you want it."

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed. "Imagine the fury of a connoisseur who engaged me to identify his priceless penates!"

He was laughing, too, now. They had finished their fruit salad and sherbet; she lighted a cigarette for him, taking a dainty puff and handing it to him with an adorable shudder.

"I *don't* like it! I don't like any vices! How women can enjoy what men enjoy is a mystery to me. Smoke slowly, darling, because when that cigarette is finished you must make a very graceful bow and say good-by to me until to-morrow."

"This is simply devilish, Jacqueline! I never see you any more."

"Nonsense! You have plenty to do to amuse you—haven't you, dear?"

But the things that once occupied his leisure so casually and so agreeably no longer attracted him.

"I don't want to read seed-catalogues," he protested. "Couldn't I be of use to you, Jacqueline? I'll do anything you say—take off my coat and sweep out your office, or go behind the counter in the shop and sell gilded gods."

"Imagine the elegant Mr. Desboro selling antiquities to the dangerous monomaniacs who haunt such shops as mine! Dear, they'd either drive you crazy or have you arrested for fraud inside of ten minutes. No; you will make a perfectly good husband, Jim, but you were never created to decorate an antique-shop."

He tried to smile, but only flushed rather painfully. A sudden and wholly inexplicable sense of inferiority possessed him. "You know," he said, "I'm not going to stand around idle while you run a prosperous business concern. And anyway, I can't see it, Jacqueline. You and I are going to have a lot of social obligations to—"

"We are likely to have all kinds of obligations," she interrupted serenely, "and our lives are certain to be very full, and you and I are going to be equal to every opportunity, every demand, every responsibility—and still have leisure to love each other, and to be to each other everything that either could desire."

"After all," he said, serious and unconvinced, "there are only twenty-four hours in a day for us to be together."

"Yes, darling, but there will be no wasted time in those twenty-four hours. That is where we save a sufficient number of minutes to attend to the business of life."

"Do you mean that you intend to come into this office every day?"

"For a while, yes. Less frequently when I have trained my people a little longer. What do you suppose my father was doing all his life? What do you suppose I have been doing these last three years? Why, Jim, except that hitherto I have loved to fuss over details, this office and this business could almost run itself for six months at a time. Some day, except for special clients here and there, Lionel Sissly will do what expert work I now am doing, and this desk will be his, and his present position will be filled by Mr. Kirk. That is how it is

planned. And if you had given me two or three months, I might have been able to go on a bridal trip with you!"

"We *are* going, aren't we?" he asked, appalled.

"If I've got to marry you offhand," she said seriously, "our wedding trip will have to wait. Don't you know, dear, that it always costs heavily to do anything in a hurry? At this time of year, and under the present conditions of business, and considering my contracts and obligations, it would be utterly impossible for me to go away again until summer."

He sprang up irritated, yet feeling utterly helpless under her friendly but level gaze. Already he began to realize the true significance of her position and his own in the world; how utterly at a moral disadvantage he stood before this young girl—moral, intellectual, spiritual—he was beginning to comprehend it all now.

A dull flush of anger made his face hot and altered his expression to sullenness. Where was all this leading them, anyway—this reversal of rôles, this self-dependent attitude of hers—this calm self-reliance—this freedom of decision?

Once he had supposed there was something in her to protect, to guide, advise, make allowance for—perhaps to persuade, possibly, even, to instruct. Such has been the immemorial attitude of man; it had been instinctively, and more or less unconsciously, his. And now, in spite of her youth, her soft pliability, her almost childish grace and beauty, he was experiencing a half-dazed sensation as though, in full and confident career, he had come, slap! into collision with an occult barrier. And the impact was confusing him and even beginning to hurt him.

For it was she who was serenely deciding—who had already laid out the business of life for herself without hesitation, without resort to him, to his man's wisdom, experience, prejudices, wishes, desires. Moreover, she was leaving him absolutely free to decide his own business in life for himself; and that made her position unassailable. For if she had presumed to advise him, to suggest, even hint at anything interfering with his own personal liberty to decide for himself, he might have found some foothold, some niche, something to sustain him, to justify him, in assuming man's immemorial right to leadership.

"Dear," she said wistfully, "you look at me with such very troubled eyes. Is there anything I have said that you disapprove?"

"I had not expected you to remain in business," was all he found to say.

"If my remaining in business ever interferes with your happiness or with my duty to you, I will give it up. You know that, don't you?"

He reddened again. "It looks queer," he muttered, "you being in business and I—playing farmer—like one of those loafing husbands of celebrated actresses."

"Jim!" she exclaimed, scarlet to the ears. "What a horrid simile!"

"It's myself I'm cursing out," he said, almost angrily. "I can't cut such a figure. Don't you understand, Jacqueline? I haven't anything to occupy me! Do you expect me to hang around somewhere while you work? I tell you, I've got to find something to do as soon as we're married—or I couldn't look you in the face."

"That is for you to decide, dear. Isn't it?" she asked sweetly.

"Yes, but on what am I to decide?"

"Whatever you decide, don't do it in a hurry, dear," she said, smiling.

The sullen sense of resentment returned, reddening his face again. "I wouldn't have to hurry if you'd give up this business and live on our income and be free to travel and knock about with me."

"Can't you understand that I *will* be free to be with you—free in mind, in conscience, in body, to travel with you, be with you, be to you whatever you desire—but only if I keep my self-respect! And I can't keep that if I neglect the business of life, which, in my case, lies partly here in this office." She rose and laid one slim, pretty hand on his shoulder. She rarely permitted herself to touch him voluntarily. "Don't you wish me to be happy?" she asked gently.

"It's all I wish in the world, Jacqueline."

"But I couldn't be happy and remain idle, remain dependent on you for anything—except love. Life to the full—every moment filled—that is what living means to me. And only one single thing never can fill one's life—not intellectual research alone; not spiritual remoteness; nor yet the pursuit of pleasure; nor the swift and endless hunt for happiness; nor even love, dearest among men! Only the business of life can quite fill life to the brimming for me; and

that business is made up of everything worthy—of the pleasures of effort, duty, aspiration, and noble repose, but never of the pleasures of idleness. Jim, have I bored you with a sermon? Forgive me; I am preaching only to instruct myself."

He took her hand from his shoulder and stood holding it and looking at her with a strange expression. So dazed, yet so terribly intent he seemed at moments that she laid her other hand over his, pressing it in smiling anxiety.

"What is it, dearest?" she murmured. "Don't you approve of me as much as you thought you did? Am I disappointing you already?"

"Good God!" he muttered to himself. "If there is a heaven, and your sort inhabit it, hell was reformed long ago."

"What are you muttering all to yourself, Jim?" she insisted. "What troubles you?"

"I'll tell you. You've picked the wrong man. I'm absolutely unfit for you. I know about all those decent things you believe in—all the things you *are*! But I don't know about them from personal experience; I never did anything decent because it was my duty to do it—except by accident. I never took a spiritual interest in anything or anybody, including myself! I never made a worthy effort; never earned one second's worth of noble repose. And now—if there's anything in me to begin on—it's probably my duty to release you until I have made something of myself, before I come whining around asking you to marry a man not fit to marry."

"My darling!" she protested, half laughing, half in tears, and closing his angry lips with both her hands. "I want *you*, not a saint or a holy man, or an archangel fresh from paradise! I want you as you *are*—as you have been—as you are going to be, dear! Did any girl who ever lived find pleasure in perfection? Even in art it is undesirable. That's the beauty of aspiration; the pleasures of effort never pall. I don't know whether I'm laughing or crying, Jim! You look so solemn and miserable, and—and funny! But if you try to look dignified now, I'll certainly laugh! You dear, blessed overgrown boy—just as bad as you possibly can be! Just as funny and unreasonable and perverse as are all boys! But Jacqueline loves you dearly—oh, dearly—and she trusts you with her heart and her happiness and with every beauty yet un-



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Desboro pulled up a chair and seated himself, experiencing somewhat mixed emotions in the presence of such bewildering business capability. "You make me feel embarrassed and ashamed, Jacqueline," he said, "rotten loafer that I am! And you are so energetic and industrious—you darling thing!" 25

dreamed of and unrevealed that a girl could learn to desire on earth! Are you contented? Oh, Jim! Jim! If you knew how I adore you! You must go, dear. It will mean a long night's work for me if you don't. But it's so hard to let you go—when I love you so! When I love you so! Good-by. Yes, tomorrow. Don't call at noon; Mrs. Hamerton is coming for a five-minute chat. And I do want you to myself for the few moments we may have together. Come about five, and we can have tea here beside my desk."

He came next day at five. The day after that he arrived at the same hour, bringing with him her ring; and, as he slipped it over her extended finger, for the first time her self-control slipped, too, and she bent swiftly and kissed the jewel. Then, flushed and abashed, she shrank away, an exquisite picture of confusion, and stood turning and turning the ring around, her head obstinately lowered, absolutely unresponsive again to his arm around her and his cheek resting close against hers.

"What a beauty of a ring, Jim!" she managed to say at last. "No other engagement ring ever existed half as lovely and splendid as my betrothal ring. I am sorry for all the empresses and queens and princesses who can never hope to possess a ring to equal the ring of Jacqueline Nevers, dealer in antiquities."

"Nor can they hope to possess such a hand to adorn it," he said, "the most beautiful, the purest, whitest, softest, most innocent hand in the world! The magic hand of Jacqueline!"

"Do you like it?" she asked, shyly conscious of its beauty.

"It is matchless, darling. Let empresses shriek with envy."

"I'm listening very intently, but I don't hear them, Jim. Also, I've seen a shop-girl with far lovelier hands. But please go on thinking so and hearing crowned heads shriek. I rather like your imagination."

He laughed from sheer happiness. "I've got something to whisper to you. Shall I?"

"What?"

"Shall I whisper it?"

She inclined her small head daintily, then, "Oh!" she exclaimed, startled and blushing to the tips of her ears.

"Will you be ready?"

"I—yes. Yes—I'll be ready."

"Does it make you happy?"

"I can't realize—I didn't know it was to be so soon—so immediate—"

"We'll go to Silverwood. We can catch the evening express."

"Dearest!"

"You can go away with me for *one* week, can't you?"

"I can't go now!" she faltered.

"For how long can you go, Jacqueline?"

"I—I've got to be back on Tuesday morning."

"Tuesday."

"Isn't it dreadful, Jim. But I can't avoid it if we are to be married on Monday next. I must deal honorably by my clients who trust me. I warned you that our wedding trip would have to be postponed if you married me this way—didn't I, dear?"

"Yes."

She stood looking at him timidly, almost fearfully, as he took two or three quick, nervous steps across the floor, turned, and came back to her.

"All right," he said. "Our wedding trip will have to wait, then; but our wedding won't. We'll be married Monday, go to Silverwood, and come back Tuesday—if it's a matter of honor. I never again mean to interfere with your life's business, Jacqueline. You know what is best: you are free and entitled to the right of decision."

"Yes. But because I *must* decide about things that concern myself alone, you don't think I adore you any the less, do you, Jim?"

"Nor do I love you the less, Jacqueline, because I can decide nothing for you, do nothing for you."

"Jim! You *can* decide everything for me—do everything! And you *have* done everything for me—by giving me my freedom to decide for myself!"

"I gave it to you, Jacqueline?"

"Did you think I would have taken it if you had refused it?"

"But you said your happiness depended on it."

"Which is why you gave it to me, isn't it?" she asked seriously.

He laughed. "You wonderful girl, to make me believe that any generosity of mine is responsible for your freedom!"

"But it is! Otherwise, I would have obeyed you and been disgraced in my own estimation."

"Do you mean that mine is to be the final decision always?"

"Why, of course, Jim."

He laughed again. "Empty authority, dear—a shadowy symbol of traditional but obsolete prerogative."

"You are wrong. Your decision is final. But—as I know it will always be for my happiness, I can always appeal from your prejudice to your intelligence," she added naively. And for a moment was surprised at his unrestrained laughter. "What does it matter?" she admitted, laughing, too. "Between you and me the right thing always will be done sooner or later."

His laughter died out; he said soberly: "Always, God willing. It may be a little hard for me to learn—as it's hard, now, for example, to say good-by."

"Jim!"

"You know I must, darling."

"But I don't mind sitting up a few minutes later to-night."

"I know you don't. But here's where I exercise my harmlessly arbitrary authority for your happiness and for the sake of your good digestion."

"What a brute you are!"

"I know it. Back to your desk, darling! And go to bed early."

"I wanted you to stay."

"Ha! So you begin to feel the tyranny of man! I'm going! I've got a job, too, if you want to know."

"What!"

"Certainly! How long did you suppose I could stand it to see you at that desk and then go and sit in a silly club?"

"What do you mean, darling?" she asked, radiant.

"I mean that Jack Cairns, who is a broker, has offered me a job at a small but perfectly proper salary, with the usual commission on all business I bring in to the office. And I've taken it!"

"But, dear—"

"Oh, Vail can run my farm without any advice from me. I'm going to give him more authority and hold him responsible. If the place can pay for itself and let us keep the armor and jades, that's all I ask of it. But I am asking more of myself—since I have begun to really know you. And I'm going to work for our bread and butter, and earn enough to support us both and lay something aside. You know we've got to think of that, because—" He looked very serious, hesitated, bent, and whispered something that sent the bright color flying

in her cheeks; then he caught her hand and kissed the ring-finger.

"Good-by," she murmured, clinging for an instant to his hand.

The next moment he was gone; and she stood alone for a while by her desk, his ring resting against her lips, her eyes closed.

Sunday she spent with him. They went together to St. John's Cathedral in the morning—the first time he had been inside a church in years. And he was in considerable awe of the place and of her until they finally emerged into the sunshine of Morningside Park.

Under a magnificent and cloudless sky, they walked together, silent or loquacious by turns, bold and shy, confident and timid. And she was a little surprised to find that, in the imminence of marriage, her trepidation was composure itself compared to the anxiety which seemed to assail him. All he had thought of was the license and the clergyman; and they had attended to those matters together. But she had wished him to have Jack Cairns present, and had told him that she desired to ask some friend of her girlhood to be her bridesmaid.

"Have you done so?" he inquired, as they descended the heights of Morningside, the beautiful weather tempting them to a long homeward stroll through Central Park.

"Yes, Jim, I must tell you about her. She, like myself, is not a girl that men of your sort might expect to meet."

"The loss is ours, Jacqueline."

"That is very sweet of you. Only I had better tell you about Cynthia Lessler"

"Who?" he asked, astonished.

"Cynthia Lessler, my girlhood friend."

"She is an actress, isn't she?"

"Yes. Her home life was very unhappy. But I think she has much talent, too."

"She has."

"I am glad you think so. Anyway, she is my oldest friend, and I have asked her to be my bridesmaid to-morrow."

He continued silent beside her so long that she said timidly,

"Do you mind, Jim?"

"I was only thinking—how it might look in the papers—and there are other girls you already know whose names would mean a lot—"

"Yes, I know. But I don't want to pretend to be what I am not, even in the papers. I suppose I do need all the social

corroboration I can have. I know what you mean, dear. But there were reasons. I thought it all over. Cynthia is an old friend, not very happy, not the fortunate and blessed girl that your love is making of me. But she is good and sweet and loyal to me, and I can't abandon old friends, especially one who is not very fortunate—and I—I thought perhaps it might help her a little—in various ways—to be my bridesmaid."

"That is like you," he said, reddening. "You never say or do anything but there lies in it some primary lesson in decency to me."

"You goose! Isn't it natural for a girl to wish for her oldest friend at such a time? That's really all there is to the matter. And I do hope you will like Cynthia."

He nodded, preoccupied. After a few moments he said: "Did you know that Jack Cairns had met her?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" His troubled eyes sought hers, then shifted.

"That was another reason I wished to ask her," she said in a low voice.

"What reason?"

"Because Mr. Cairns knew her only as a very young, very lonely, very unhappy girl, inexperienced, friendless, poor, almost shelterless; and engaged in a profession upon which it is almost traditional for men to prey. And I wish him to know her again as a girl who is slowly advancing in an honest profession—as a modest, sweet, self-respecting woman—and as my friend."

"And mine," he said.

"You—darling!" she whispered.

XIII

They were married in the morning at St. George's in Stuyvesant Square.

Gay little flurries of snow, like wind-blown petals from an apple-bough, were turning golden in the warm outbreak of brilliant sunshine; and there was blue sky overhead and shining wet pavements under foot as Jacqueline and Desboro came out of the shadows of the old-time church into the fresh splendor of the early morning.

The solemn beauty of the service still possessed and enthralled them. Except for a low word or two, they were inclined to silence.

After a few moments he said, under his breath, "Do you realize that we are married, Jacqueline?"

"No. Do you?"

"I'm trying to comprehend it, but I can't seem to. How soft the breeze blows! It is already spring in Stuyvesant Square."

"The square is lovely! They will be setting out hyacinths soon, I think." She shivered. "It's strange," she said, "but I feel rather cold. Am I horribly pale, Jim?"

"You are a trifle colorless—but prettier than I ever saw you," he whispered, turning up the collar of her fur coat around her throat. "You haven't taken cold, have you?"

"No; it is—natural—I suppose. Miracles frighten one at first."

Their eyes met; she tried to smile. After a moment he said nervously:

"I sent out the announcements. The evening papers will have them."

"I want to see them, Jim."

"You shall. I have ordered all this evening's and to-morrow morning's papers. They will be sent to Silverwood."

His car rolled up along the curb and stopped. "Shan't I take you to your office?" he whispered.

"No, dear." She laid one slim hand on his arm and stood looking at him.

"How pale you are!" he said again.

"Brides are apt to be. It's only a swift and confused dream to me yet—all that has happened to us to-day; and even this sunshine seems unreal—like the first day of spring in paradise!"

She bent her proud little head and stood in silence as though unseen hands still hovered above her and unseen lips were still pronouncing her his wife. Then, lifting her eyes, winningly and divinely beautiful, she looked again on this man whom the world was to call her husband.

"Will you be ready at five?"

"Yes."

They lingered a moment longer; he said, "I don't know how I am going to endure life without you until five o'clock."

She said seriously: "I can't bear to leave you, Jim. But you know you have almost as many things to do as I have."

"As though a man could attend to *things* on his wedding day!"

"This girl *has* to. I don't know how I am ever going to go through the last odds and ends of business—but it's got to be managed somehow. Do you really think we had better go up to Silverwood in the car? Won't this snow make the roads bad? It may not have melted in the country."

"Oh, it's all right! And I'll have you to myself in the car."

"Suppose we are ditched?" She shivered again, then forced a little laugh. "Do you know, it doesn't seem possible to me that I am going to be your wife to-morrow, too, and the next day, and the next, and always, year after year. Somehow, it seems as though our dream were already ending—that I shall not see you at five o'clock—that it is all unreal."

The smile faded, and into her blue eyes came something resembling fear—gone instantly—but the hint of it had been there, whatever it was; and the ghost of it still lingered in her white, flower-like face.

She whispered, forcing the smile again: "Happiness sometimes frightens; and it is making me a little afraid, I think. Come for me at five, Jim, and try to make me comprehend that nothing in the world can ever harm us. Tell your man where to take me, but only to the corner of my street, please."

He opened the limousine door; she stepped in, and he wrapped the robe around her. A cloud under the sun had turned the world gray for a moment. Again she seemed to feel the sudden chill in the air, and tried to shake it off.

"Look at Mr. Cairns and Cynthia," she whispered, leaning forward from her seat and looking toward the church.

He turned. Cairns and Miss Lessler had emerged from the portico and were lingering there in earnest consultation, quite oblivious of them.

"Do you like her, Jim?" she asked.

He smiled. "I didn't notice her very much—or Jack either. A man isn't likely to notice anybody at such a time—except the girl he is marrying."

"Look at her now. Don't you think her expression is very sweet?"

"It's all right, dear; do you suppose I can fix my attention on—"

"You absurd boy! Are you really as much in love with me as that? Please be nice to her. Would you mind going back and speaking to her when I drive away?"

"All right," he said.

Their glances lingered for a moment more; then he drew a quick, sharp breath, closed the limousine door, and spoke briefly to the chauffeur.

As long as the car remained in sight across the square, he watched it; then, when it

had disappeared, he turned toward the church. But Cairns and Cynthia were already far down the street, walking side by side, very leisurely, apparently absorbed in conversation. They must have seen him. Perhaps they had something more interesting to say to each other than to him.

He followed them irresolutely for a few steps, then, as the idea persisted that they might not desire his company, he turned and started west across the sunny, wet pavement.

It was quite true that Cairns and Cynthia had seen him; also it was a fact that neither had particularly wanted him to join them at that exact moment.

Meeting at St. George's for the first time in two years, and although prepared for the encounter, these two, who had once known each other so well, experienced a slight shock when they met. The momentary contact of hands left them both very silent; even the formal commonplaces had failed them after the first swift, curious glance had been exchanged.

Cairns noticed that she had grown taller and slenderer. And though there seemed to be no more of maturity to her than to the young girl he had once known, her poise and self-control were now in marked contrast to the impulsive and slightly nervous Cynthia he had found so amusing in calmer days.

Once or twice during the ceremony he had ventured to glance sideways at her. In the golden half-light of the altar there seemed to be an unfamiliar dignity and sweetness about the girl that became her. And in the delicate, girlish oval of her face, he thought he discerned those finer, nobler contours made by endurance, by self-denial, and by sorrow.

Later, when he saw her kiss Jacqueline, something in the sweet sincerity of the salute suddenly set a hidden chord vibrating within him; and, to his surprise, he found speech difficult for a moment, checked by emotions for which there seemed no reason.

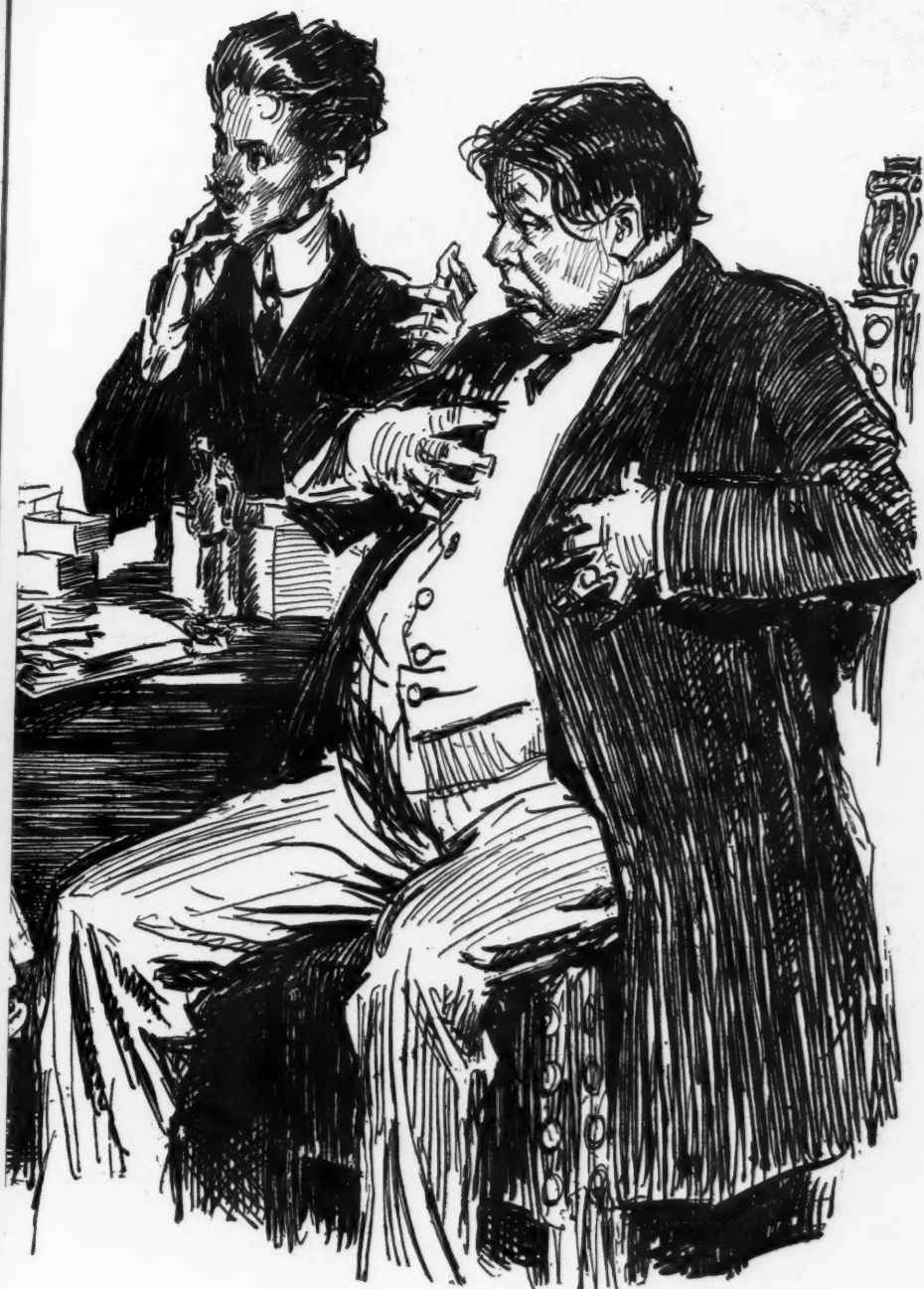
And at last Jacqueline and Desboro went away, and Cynthia slowly turned to him, offering her hand in adieu. "Mr. Cairns," she said quietly, "this is the last place on earth that you and I ever thought to meet. Perhaps it is to be our last meeting-place. So I will say good-by."

"May I not walk home with you? Or, if



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Mr. Wandle," said Jacqueline, "I am really sorry for you. Because this is a very serious affair." There no desire to humiliate you publicly. But he is justly indignant, and I know he will insist that you return emotion of the moment before. "Does this rich man mean to ruin me?" he demanded, making his reso-



was a silence; then she reseated herself at her desk. "My client, Mr. Clydesdale, is not vindictive. He has to him what money he paid you for your collection." Wandle started dramatically, forgetting his genuine nant voice tremble. "On the contrary," she explained gently, "all he wants is the money he paid you"

you prefer to drive, my car is here," he began.

"I thank you; it's only to the theater—if you care to walk with me."

"Are you rehearsing?"

"There is a rehearsal called for eleven."

"Shall we drive or walk, Cynthia?"

"I prefer to walk. Please don't feel that you ought to go back with me."

He said, reddening, "I do not remember that my sense of duty toward you has ever been persistent enough to embarrass either of us."

"Of course not. Why should you ever have felt that you owed any duty to me?"

"I did not say that I ever felt it."

"Of course not. You owed me none."

"That is a different matter. Obligations once sat very lightly on my shoulders."

"You owe me none," she repeated smilingly, as they emerged from the church into the warm March sunshine.

He was saying, "But isn't friendship an obligation, Cynthia?"

She laughed. "Friendship is merely an imaginary creation, and exists only until the imagination wearies. That is not original," she added; "it is in the new Barrie comedy we are rehearsing."

She turned her pretty head and glanced down the street where Jacqueline and Desboro still stood beside the car. Cairns's car was also waiting, and its owner made a signal to the chauffeur that he did not need him.

Looking at Jacqueline, Cynthia said,

"Long ago I knew that she was fitted for a marriage such as this—or a better one."

"A better one?" he repeated, surprised.

"Yes," she nodded calmly. "Can you not imagine a more desirable marriage for a girl?"

"Don't you *like* Desboro?" he demanded.

"I like him—considering the fact that I scarcely know him. He has very handsome and very reckless eyes, but a good mouth. To look at him for the first time a woman would be inclined to like him, but she might hesitate to trust him. I had hoped Jacqueline might marry a professional man—considerably older than Mr. Desboro. That is all I meant."

He said, looking at her smilingly but curiously, "Have you any idea, Cynthia, how entirely you have changed in three years?"

She shook her head. "I haven't changed."

"Indeed you have."

"Only superficially. What I was born I shall always be. Years teach endurance and self-control—if they teach anything. All one can learn is how to control and direct what one already is."

"The years have taught you a lot," he murmured, astonished.

"I have been to school to many masters, Mr. Cairns; I have studied under Sorrow; graduated under Poverty and Loneliness; and I am now taking a finishing course with Experience. Truly enough, I should have learned *something*, as you say, by this time. Besides, you, also, once were kind enough to be interested in my education. Why should I not have learned something?"

He winced and bit his lip, watching Desboro and Jacqueline below. And, after a moment,

"Shall we walk?" she suggested.

He fell into step beside her. Half-way down the block she glanced back. Desboro was already crossing the square; the limousine had disappeared.

"I wonder sometimes," she remarked, "what has become of all those amusing people we once knew so well—Marianne Valdez, Jessie Dain, Reggie Ledyard, Van Alstyne. Do you ever see them any more?"

"Yes."

"And are they quite as gay and crazy as ever?"

"They're a bit wild sometimes."

"Do they ever speak of me? I—wonder," she mused, aloud.

"Yes. They know, of course, what a clever girl you have turned into. It isn't usual, you know, to graduate from a girlie show into the legit. I was talking to Schindler the other evening; and he had to admit that he had seen nothing extraordinary in you when you were with his noisy shows. It's funny, isn't it?"

"Slightly."

"Besides, you were such a wild little thing—don't you remember what crazy things we used to do, you and I?"

"Did I? Yes, I remember. In those days a good dinner acted on me like champagne. You see, I was very often hungry, and when I was starved it went to my head."

"You need not have wanted for anything!" he said sharply.

"Oh, no! But I preferred the pangs of hunger to the pangs of conscience," she retorted gaily.

"I didn't mean that. There was no string to what I offered you, and you know it! And you know it now!"

"Certainly I do," she said calmly. "You mean to be very kind, Jack."

"Then why the devil didn't—"

"Why didn't I accept food and warmth and raiment and lodging from a generous and harebrained young man? I'll tell you now, if you wish. It was because my conscience forbade me to accept all and offer nothing in return."

"Nonsense! I didn't ask—"

"I know you didn't. But I couldn't give, so I wouldn't take. Besides, we were together too much. I knew it. I think even you began to realize it, too. The situation was impossible. So I went on the road."

"You never answered any of those letters of mine."

"Mentally I answered every one."

"A lot of good that did me!"

"It did us both a lot of good. I meant to write to you some day—when my life had become busy enough to make it difficult for me to find time to write."

He looked up at her sharply, and she laughed and swung her muff.

"I suppose," he said, "now that the town talks about you a little, you will have no time to waste on mere Johnnies."

"Well, I don't know. When a mere Johnnie is also a Jack, it makes a difference, doesn't it? Do you think that you would care to see me again?"

"Of course I do."

"The tickets," she said demurely, "are three dollars—two weeks in advance."

"I know that by experience."

"Oh! Then you *have* seen 'The Better Way?'"

"Certainly."

"Do you like—the show?"

"You are the best of it. Yes, I like it."

"It's my first chance. Did you know that? If poor little Graham hadn't been so ill, I'd never have had a look in. They wouldn't give me anything—except in a way I couldn't accept it. I tell you, Jack, I was desperate. There seemed to be absolutely no chance unless I—paid."

"Why didn't you write me and let me—"

"You know why."

"It would have been reward enough to see you make good—and put it all over that bald-headed, dog-faced—"

"My employer, please remember," she

said, pretending to reprove him. "And, Jack, he's amusingly decent to me now. Men are really beginning to be kind. Walbaum's people have written to me, and O'Rourke sent for me, and I'm just beginning to make professional enemies, too, which is the surest sign that I'm almost out of the ranks. If I could only study!"

"What do you wish to study, Cynthia?" he asked carelessly.

"English! Also French and German and Italian. I would like to study what girls in college study. Then I'd like to learn stage dancing thoroughly. And, of course, I'm simply crazy to take a course in dramatic art."

"But you already know a lot! Every paper spoke well of you."

"Oh, Jack! Does that mean anything—when I know that I don't know anything!"

"Rot! Can you beat professional experience as an educator?"

"I'm not quite ready for it."

"Very well. If you feel that way, will you be a good sort, Cynthia, and let me—"

"No!"

"I ask you merely to let me take a flier!"

"No, Jack."

"Why can't I take a flier? Why can't I have the pleasure of speculating on a perfectly sure thing? It's a million to nothing that you'll make good. For the love of Mike, Cynthia, borrow the needful and—"

"From you?"

"Naturally."

"No, Jack!"

"Why not? Why cut off your nose to spite your face? What difference does it make where you get it as long as it's a decent deal? You can't afford to take two or three years off to complete your education."

"Begin it, you mean."

"I mean finish it! You can't afford to; but if you'll borrow the money you'll make good in exactly one-tenth of the time you'd otherwise take to arrive."

"Jack, I won't discuss it with you. I know you are generous and kind—"

"I'm *not*! I'm anything *but*! For Heaven's sake, let a man indulge his vanity, Cynthia. Imagine my pride when you are famous! Picture my bursting vanity as I sit in front and tell everybody near me that the credit is all mine; that if it were not for me you would be nowhere!"

"It's so like you," she said sweetly. "You always were an inordinate boaster, so I am not going to encourage you."

"Can't you let me make you a business loan at exorbitant interest without expiring of mortification?"

They had reached the theater; a few loafers sunning themselves by the stage entrance leered at them.

"Hush, Jack! I can't discuss it with you. But you know how grateful I am, don't you?"

"No, I don't," he said sulkily.

"You are cross now, but you'll see it as I do half an hour hence."

"No, I won't!" he insisted.

She laughed. "*You* haven't changed, at all events, have you? It takes me back years to see that rather becoming scowl gather over the bridge of your ornamental nose. But it is very nice to know that you haven't entirely forgotten me; that we are still friends."

"Where are you living, Cynthia?"

She told him, adding, "Do you really mean to come?"

"Watch me!" he said, almost savagely, took off his hat, shook her hand until her fingers ached, and marched off still scowling.

The stage loafers shifted quids and looked after him with sneers.

"Trun out!" observed one.

"All off!" nodded another.

The third merely spat and slowly closed his disillusioned and leisure-weary eyes.

Cairns's energetic pace soon brought him to the Olympian Club, where he was accustomed to lunch, it being convenient to his office, which was on Forty-sixth Street. Desboro, who, at Jacqueline's request, had gone back to business, appeared presently and joined Cairns at a small table.

"Anything doing at the office?" inquired the latter. "I suppose you were too nervous and upset to notice the market, though."

"Well, ask yourself how much *you'd* feel like business after marrying the most glorious and wonderful—"

"Ring off! I concede everything. It is going to make some splash in the papers. Yes? Lord! I wish you could have had a ripping big wedding though! Wouldn't she have looked the part? Oh, no!"

"It couldn't be helped," said Desboro in a low, chagrined voice. "I'd have given the head off my shoulders to have the sort of a wedding to which she was entitled. But I couldn't."

Cairns nodded, not, however, understanding; and as Desboro offered no explanation,

he remained unenlightened. "Rather odd," he remarked, "that she didn't wish to have Aunt Hannah with her at the fatal moment. They're such desperate chums these days."

"She did want her. I wouldn't have her."

"Is that so?"

"It is. I'll tell you why some day. In fact, I don't mind telling you now. Aunt Hannah's a devil sometimes. You know it, and I do. She has it in for me just now. She's wrong; she's made a mistake; but I couldn't tell her anything. You can't tell that sort of a woman anything, once she's made up her mind. And the fact is, Jack, she'd already made up her mind that I was not to marry Jacqueline. And I was afraid of her. And *that's* why I married Jacqueline this way."

Cairns stared.

"So now," added Desboro, "you know how it happened."

"Quite so. Rotten of her, wasn't it?"

"She didn't mean it that way. She got a fool idea into her head, that's all. Only I was afraid she'd tell it to Jacqueline."

"I see."

"That's what scared me. I didn't know what she might tell Jacqueline. She threatened to tell her—things. And it would have involved a perfectly innocent woman and myself—put me in a corner where I couldn't decently explain the real facts to Jacqueline. Now, thank God, it's too late for Aunt Hannah to make mischief."

Cairns nodded, thinking of Mrs. Clydesdale. And whatever he personally was inclined to believe, he knew that gossip was not dealing very leniently with that young wife and the man who sat on the other side of the table, nervously pulling to pieces his unlighted cigarette.

But it needed no rumor, no hearsay evidence, no lifted eyebrows, no shrugs, no dubious smiles, no half-hearted defense of Elena Clydesdale, thoroughly to convince Mrs. Hammerton of Desboro's utter unfitness as a husband for the motherless girl she had begun to love with a devotion so fierce that at present it could brook no rival at all of either sex.

Into her loneliness, into her childless solitude, into the hardness, cynicism, and barren emptiness of her latter years, a young girl had stepped from nowhere, and she had suddenly filled her whole life with the swift

enchantment of love. A word or two, a smile, the magic of two arms upon her bony shoulders, the shy touch of youthful lips—these were the very simple ingredients which apparently had transmuted the brass and tinsel and moral squalor of Aunt Hannah's life into charming reality.

Everything about the girl fascinated her—her independence and courage; her adorable bashfulness in matters where experience had made others callous—in such little things, for example, as the response to an invitation, the meeting with fashionable strangers—but it was only the nice, friendly, and thoroughbred shyness of inexperience, not the awkwardness of underbreeding or of that meaner vanity called self-consciousness.

Poor herself, predatory, clever, hard as nails, her beady eyes ever alert for the main chance, she felt for the first time in her life the real bitterness of comparative poverty—which is the inability to give where one loves.

She had no illusions; she knew that what she had to offer the girl would soon pall; that Jacqueline would choose her own friends among the sane and simple and sincere, irrespective of social and worldly considerations; that no glitter, no sham, no tinsel, could permanently hold her attention; no lesser ambition seduce her; no folly ever wake her laughter more than once. What the girl saw she would understand; and, in future, she would choose for herself what she cared to see and know of a new world now gradually opening before her.

At first Mrs. Hammerton did not believe that the girl could be seriously interested in Desboro; in fact, she had an idea that, so far, all the sentiment was on Desboro's side. And both Jacqueline's reticence and her calm cordiality in speaking of Desboro were at first mistaken by Aunt Hannah for the symptoms of a friendship not sentimentally significant.

But the old lady's doubts soon became aroused; she began to watch Jacqueline askance—began to test her, using all her sly cleverness and skill. Slowly her uncertainty, uneasiness, and suspicion changed to anger and alarm.

If she had been more than angry and suspicious—if she had been positive, she would not have hesitated an instant. For on one matter she was coldly determined: the girl should not marry Desboro, or any such man as Desboro. It made no difference to her

whether Desboro might be really in love with Jacqueline. He was not fit for her; he was a man of weak character, idle, useless, without purpose or ability, who would never amount to anything or be anything except what he already was—an agreeable, graceful, amusing, acceptable item in the sort of society which he decorated.

She told Jacqueline this, as she was saying good night on Saturday, and was alarmed and silenced by the girl's deep flush of color; and she went home in her scrubby brougham, scared and furious by turns, and determined to settle Desboro's business for him without further hesitation.

Sunday, Jacqueline could not see her; and the suspicion that the girl might be with Desboro almost drove the old lady crazy. Monday, too, Jacqueline told her over the telephone, would be a very busy day; and Aunt Hannah acquiesced grimly, determined to waste no further time at the telephone and take no more chances, but go straight to Jacqueline and take her into her arms and tell her what a mother would tell her about Desboro, and how, at that very hour, perhaps, he was with Mrs. Clydesdale; and what the world suspected, and what she herself knew of an intrigue that had been shamelessly carried into the very house which had sheltered Jacqueline within a day or two.

So on Monday morning Mrs. Hammerton went to see Jacqueline; and, learning that the girl had gone out early, marched home again, sat down at her desk, and wrote her a letter. When she had finished it she honestly believed that she had also finished Desboro; and, grimly persuaded that she had done a mother's duty by the motherless, she summoned a messenger and sent off the letter to a girl who, at that very moment, had returned to her desk, a wife.

The rapid reaction from the thrilling experience of the morning had made Jacqueline nervous and unfit for business, even before she arrived at her office. But she entered the office resolutely and seated herself at her desk, summoning all her reserve of self-control to aid her in concentrating her mind on the business in hand. First she read her morning's mail and dictated her answers to a red-headed stenographer. Next she received Lionel Sissy, disposed of his ladylike business with her; sent for Mr. Kirk, went over with him his report of the shop sales, revised and approved

the list of prices to be ticketed on new acquisitions, read the sheaf of dictated letters laid before her by the red-headed stenographer, signed them, and sent down for the first client on the appointment list.

The first on the list was a Mr. Hyman Dobky; his three months' note had gone to protest, and Mr. Dobky wept.

She was not very severe with him, because he was a Lexington Avenue dealer just beginning in a small way, and she believed him to be honest at heart. He retired comforted, swabbing his eyes with his cuff.

Then came a furtive pair, Orrin Munger, the "Cubist" poet, and his loud-voiced, swaggering confrère, Adalbert Wandle, author of "Black Roses" and other phenomena which, some people whispered, resembled blackmail.

It had been with greatest reluctance, and only because it was a matter concerning a client, that she had consented to receive the dubious pair. She had not forgotten her experience with the "Cubist," and his suggestion for an informal Italian trip, and had never again desired or expected to see him. He now offered her an abnormally flat and damp hand; and hers went behind her back and remained there clasped together, as she stood inspecting Mr. Munger with level eyes that harbored lightning.

She said quietly: "My client, Mr. Clydesdale, recently requested my opinion concerning certain jades, crystals, and Chinese porcelains purchased by him from you and Mr. Wandle. I have, so far, examined some twenty specimens—every one is a forgery."

Mr. Wandle, taken completely by surprise, gaped at her like a fat and expiring fish; the poet turned a dull and muddy red, and said not a word.

"So," added Jacqueline coldly, "at Mr. Clydesdale's request I have asked you to come here and explain the situation to me."

Wandle recovered his wits first. "Miss Nevers," he said loudly and menacingly, "do you mean to insinuate that I am a swindler?"

"Are you, Mr. Wandle?" she asked.

"By God!" he burst out. "That's actionable! Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Please explain the forgeries."

The poet, who had sunk down upon a chair, now arose and began to make elaborate gestures preliminary to a fluency of

speech which had never yet deserted him in any crisis where a lady was involved. "My dear child," he began.

"What!" cut in Jacqueline crisply.

"My—my dear and—and honored, but very youthful and inexperienced young lady," he stammered, a trifle out of countenance from the fierce glimmer in her eyes, "do you, for one moment, suppose that such a writer as Mr. Wandle would imperil his social and literary reputation for the sake of a few wretched dollars?"

"Fifteen thousand," commented Jacqueline quietly.

"Exactly. Fifteen thousand contemptible dollars—inartistically designed," he added, betraying a tendency to wander from the main point, and was generously proceeding to instruct her in the art of coin design when she brought him back to the point with a shock.

"You, also, are involved in this questionable transaction," she said coldly. "Can you explain these forgeries?"

"F-forgeries!" he repeated, forcibly injecting indignation into the exclamation; but his eyes grew very round, as though frightened, and a limpness appeared in his attitude which threatened the stability of his knees.

But the poet's fluency had not yet deserted him; he opened both arms in a gesture suggesting absolute confidence in a suspicious and inartistic world.

"I am quite guiltless of deception," he said, using a slight tremolo. "Permit me to protest against your inexperienced judgment of these ancient and precious specimens of Chinese art; I protest!" he exclaimed earnestly. "I protest in the name of that symbol of mystery and beauty—that occult lunar *something*, my dear young lady, which we both worship, and which the world calls the moon!"

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted; but the poet was launched and she could not check him.

"I protest," he continued shrilly, "in the name of Art! In the name of all that is worth while, all that matters, all that counts, all that is meaningful, sacred, precious beyond price—"

"Mr. Munger!"

"I protest in the name of—"

"Mr. Munger!"

"Eh!" he said, coming to and rolling his round, washed-out eyes toward her.

"Be kind enough to listen," she said curtly. "I am compelled to interrupt you because to-day I am a very busy person. So I am going to be as brief with you as possible. This, then, is the situation as I understand it: a month or so ago you and your friend, Mr. Wandle, notified Mr. Clydesdale that you had just returned from Peking with a very unusual collection of ancient Chinese art, purchased by you, as you stated, from a certain Chinese prince."

The faint note of scorn in her voice did not escape the poet, who turned redder and muddier and made a picturesque gesture of world-wide appeal; but no words came from either manufacturer of literary phrases; Wandle only closed his cod-like mouth, and the eyes set in his fat face became small and cunning like something in the farthest corner of a trap.

Jacqueline continued gravely, "At your solicitation, I understand, and depending upon your representations, my client, Mr. Clydesdale, purchased from you this collection."

"We offered no guarantees with it," interrupted Wandle thickly. "Besides, his wife advised him to buy the collection. I am an old and valued friend of Mrs. Clydesdale. She would never dream of demanding a guarantee from *me*! Ask her if—"

"What is a guarantee?" inquired Jacqueline. "I'm quite certain that you don't know, Mr. Wandle. And did you and Mr. Munger regard your statement concerning the Chinese prince as poetic license? Or as diverting fiction? Or what? You were not writing romance, you know. You were engaged in business. So I must ask you again, Who is this prince?"

"There was a prince," retorted Wandle sullenly. "Can you prove there wasn't?"

"There are several princes in China. And now I am obliged to ask you to state distinctly exactly how many of these porcelains, jades, and crystals which you sold to Mr. Clydesdale were actually purchased by you from this particular Chinese prince?"

"Most of them," said Wandle defiantly. "Prove the contrary if you can!"

"Not *all* of them, then—as you assured Mr. Clydesdale?"

"I didn't say all."

"I am afraid you did, Mr. Wandle. I am afraid you even *wrote* it—over your own signature."

"Very well," said Wandle, with a large and

careless sweep of his hand, "if any doubt remains in Mr. Clydesdale's mind, I am fully prepared to take back whatever specimens may not actually have come from the prince."

"There were *some*, then, which did not?"

"One or two, I believe."

"And who is this Chinese prince, Mr. Wandle?" she repeated. "What is his name?"

Munger answered; he knew exactly what answer to make, and how to deliver it with flowing gestures. He had practised it long enough. "When I was traveling with His Excellency T'ang-K'ai-Sun by rail from Szechuan to Peking to visit Prince—" he began.

"The railroad is not built," interrupted the girl dryly. "You could not have traveled that way."

Both men regarded her as though paralyzed by her effrontery.

"Continue, please," she nodded.

The poet swallowed nothing very fast and hard, and waved his damp hand at her.

"Tuan-Fang, Viceroy of Wuchang—"

"He happens to be Viceroy of Nanking," observed the girl.

Wandle, frightened, lost his temper and turned on her, exasperated. "Be careful! Your insinuations involve our honor and are actionable! Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Perfectly."

"I fear not. Do you imagine you are competent to speak with authority about China and its people and its complex and mysterious art when you have never been in the country?"

"I have seen a little of China, Mr. Wandle, but I do not pretend to speak with undue authority about it."

"You say you've been in China?" His tone of disbelief was loud and bullying.

"I was in China with my father when I was a girl of sixteen."

"Oh! Perhaps you speak Chinese!" he sneered.

She looked at him gravely, not answering.

He laughed. "Now, Miss Nevers, you have intimated that we are liars and swindlers. Let's see how much you know for an expert! You pretend to be an authority on things Chinese. You will then understand me when I say, '*Jen chih ch'u, Hsing pen shan*—'"

"I do understand you, Mr. Wandle," she cut in contemptuously. "You are repeating



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Jacqueline, her eyes held by the terrible fascination of Elena's ghastly face, said: "I am sorry. But I can do not!" "You must!" repeated Elena. "How?" "I—I don't care how you do it! But you must do you mean?" Elena's face was burning, and her lips quivered. "It has got to be done! I can't clinging desperately to her self-control under the menace of an impending horror which had



nothing for you, Mrs. Clydesdale. The decision rests with your husband." "You *must* help me!" "I can prevent my husband from prosecuting Mr. Wandle! It—it has got to be done—somehow." "What tell you why." "Can you not tell your husband?" "No." Jacqueline was quivering, too, already partly stunned her. "Are you—*afraid* of this man?" she asked, with stiffening lips

the 'three-word classic,' which every school-child in China knows, and it merely means. 'Men when born are naturally good.' I think I may qualify in Chinese as far as San Tzu Ching and his nursery rhymes. And I think we have had enough of this dodging—"

The author flushed hotly. "Do you speak Wenli?" he demanded, completely flustered.

"Do *you*?" she retorted impatiently.

"I do," he asserted boldly.

"Indeed!"

"I may even say that I speak very fluently the—the literary language of China—or Wenli, as it is commonly called."

"That is odd," she said, "because the literary language of China, commonly called Wenli, is not and never has been spoken. It is only a written language, Mr. Wandle."

The Cubist had now gone quite to pieces. From his colorless mop of bushy hair to the fringe on his ankle-high trousers, he presented a study in deep dejection. Only his round, pale, parrot-like eyes remained on duty, staring unwinkingly at her.

"Were *you* ever actually in China?" she asked, looking around at him.

The terrified poet feebly pointed to the author of "Black Roses."

"Oh!" she said. "Were *you* in China, Mr. Wandle, or only in Japan?"

But Mr. Wandle found nothing further to say.

"Because," she said, "in Japan sometimes one is deceived into buying alleged Chinese jades and crystals and porcelains. I am afraid that you were deceived. I hope you were honestly deceived. What you have sold to Mr. Clydesdale as jade is not jade. And the porcelains are not what you represented them to be."

"That's where *you* make a mistake!" shouted Wandle loudly. "I've had the inscription on every vase translated, and I can prove it! How much of an expert are you? Hey?"

"If *you* were an expert," she explained wearily, "you would understand that inscriptions on Chinese porcelains are not trustworthy. Even hundreds of years ago forgeries were perpetrated by the Chinese, who desired to have their works of art mistaken for still more ancient masterpieces; and so the ancient and modern makers of porcelains inscribed them accordingly. Only when an antique porcelain itself conforms

to the inscription it bears do we venture to accept that inscription. Never otherwise."

Wandle, hypnotized, stood blinking at her, bereft of speech, almost of reason.

The poet piped feebly: "It was not our fault! We were brutally deceived in Japan. And, oh! the bitter deception to me! The cruelty of the awakening!" He got up out of his chair; words and gestures were once again at his command; tears streaked his pasty cheeks. "Miss Nevers! My dear and honored young lady! You know—*you* among all women must realize how precious to me is the moon! Sacred, worshiped, adored—desired far more than the desire for gold—yea, than much fine gold! Sweeter, also, than honey in the honeycomb!" he sobbed. "And it was a pair of moon-vases, black as midnight, pearl-orbed, lacquered, mystic, wonderful, that lured me—"

"A dashed Japanese in Tokio worked them off on us!" broke out the author of "Black Roses" hoarsely. "That was the beginning. What are you going to do about it? You've got us all right, Miss Nevers. The Jap did us. We did the next man. If you want to send us up, I suppose you can! I don't care. I can't keep soul and body together by selling what I write. I tell you I've starved half my life—and when I hear about the stuff that sells—all these dashed best sellers—all this cheap fiction that people buy—while they neglect me—it breaks my heart."

He turned sharply and passed his hand over his face. It was not an attitude; for a fraction of a second it was the real thing. Yet, even while the astonished poet was peeping sideways at his guilty companion, a verse suggested itself to him; and, quite unconsciously, he began to fumble in his pockets for a pencil, while the tears still glistened on his cheeks.

"Mr. Wandle," said Jacqueline, "I am really sorry for you. Because this is a very serious affair." There was a silence; then she reseated herself at her desk. "My client, Mr. Clydesdale, is not vindictive. He has no desire to humiliate you publicly. But he is justly indignant, and I know he will insist that you return to him what money he paid you for your collection."

Wandle started dramatically, forgetting his genuine emotion of the moment before. "Does this rich man mean to ruin me?" he demanded, making his resonant voice tremble.

"On the contrary," she explained gently, "all he wants is the money he paid you."

As that was the only sort of ruin which Mr. Wandle had been fearing, he pressed his clenched fists into his eyes. He had never before possessed so much money. The mere idea of relinquishing it infuriated him; and he turned savagely on Jacqueline, hesitated, saw it was useless. For there remained nothing further to say to such a she-devil of an expert. He had always detested women anyway; whenever he had any money they had gotten it in one way or another. The seven thousand, his share, would have gone the same way. Now it was going back into a fat, rich man's capacious pockets—unless Mrs. Clydesdale might be persuaded to intervene. She could say that *she* wanted the collection. Why not? She had aided him before in emergencies—unwillingly, it is true—but what of that? No doubt she'd do it again—if he scared her sufficiently.

Jacqueline waited a moment longer; then rose from her desk in signal that the interview was at an end.

Wandle slouched out first, his oblong, evil head hanging in a picturesque attitude of noble sorrow. The Cubist shambled after him, wrapped in abstraction, his round, pale, bird-like eyes partly sheathed under bluish eyelids that seemed ancient and wrinkled. He was already quite oblivious of his own moral degradation; his mind was completely obsessed by the dramatic spectacle which the despair of his friend had afforded him, and by the idea for a poem with which the episode had inspired him. He was still absently fishing for a pencil and bit of paper when his companion joggled his elbow.

"If we fight this business, and if that girl sets Clydesdale after us, we'll have to get out. But I don't think it will come to that."

"Can you stop her, Adalbert—and retain the money?"

"By God! I'm beginning to think I can. I believe I'll drop in to see Mrs. Clydesdale about it now. She is a very faithful friend of mine," he added gently. "And sometimes a woman will rush in to help a fellow where angels fear to tread."

The poet looked at him, then looked away, frightened. "Be careful," he said nervously.

"Don't worry. I know women. And I have an idea."

The poet of the Cubists shrugged; then,

with a vague gesture, "My mistress, the moon," he said dreamily, "is more to me than any idea on earth or in heaven."

"Very fine," sneered Wandle, "but why don't you make her keep you in pin-money."

"Adalbert," retorted the poet, "if you wish to prostitute your art, do so. Anybody can make a mistress of his art and then live off her. But the inviolable moon—"

"Oh, the devil!" snapped the author of "Black Roses."

And they wandered on into the busy avenue, side by side, Wandle savagely biting his heavy, sensitive underlip, both fists rammed deep into his overcoat pockets; the Cubist wandering along beside him, a little derby hat crowning his head, his soiled drab trousers, ankle high, flapping in the wind.

Jacqueline glanced at them as they passed the window at the end of the corridor, and turned hastily away, remembering the old, unhappy days after her father's death, and how once from a window she had seen the poet as she saw him now, frizzled, soiled, drab, disappearing into murky perspective.

She turned wearily to her desk again. A sense of depression had been impending, but she knew it was only the reaction from excitement and fought it nervously.

They brought luncheon to her desk, but she sent away the tray untouched. People came by appointment and went away again, only to give place to others, all equally persistent and wholly absorbed in their own affairs; and she listened patiently, forcing her tired mind to sympathize and comprehend. And, in time, everybody departed satisfied or otherwise, but in no doubt concerning the answer she had given, favorable or unfavorable to their desires. For that was her way in the business of life.

At last, once more looking over her appointment list, she found that only Clydesdale remained; and almost at the same moment, and greatly to her surprise, Mrs. Clydesdale was announced.

"Is Mr. Clydesdale with her?" she asked the clerk, who had also handed her a letter with the visiting-card of Mrs. Clydesdale.

"The lady is alone," he said.

Jacqueline glanced at the card again. Then, thoughtfully, "Please say to Mrs. Clydesdale that I will receive her," she said, laid the card on the desk, and picked up the letter.

It was a very thick letter and had arrived by messenger. The address on the envelope

was in Mrs. Hammerton's familiar and vigorous back-stroke writing, and she had marked it: "*Private! Personal! Important!*" As almost every letter from her to Jacqueline bore similar emphatic warnings, the girl smiled to herself and leisurely split the envelope with a paper-knife.

She was still intent on the letter, and was still seated at her desk, when Mrs. Clydesdale entered. And Jacqueline slowly looked up, dazed and deathly white, as the woman about whom she had at that moment been reading came forward to greet her. Then, with a supreme effort, she rose from her chair, managing to find the ghost of a voice to welcome Elena, who seemed unusually vivacious, and voluble to the verge of excitement.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "What a perfectly charming office! It's really too sweet for words, Miss Nevers! It's enough to drive us all into trade! Are you very much surprised to see me here?"

"A—little."

"It's odd—the coincidence that brought me," said Elena gaily, "and just a trifle embarrassing to me. And as it is rather a confidential matter—" She drew her chair closer to the desk. "May I speak to you in fullest candor and—and implicit confidence, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes."

"Then—there is a friend of mine in very serious trouble—a man I knew slightly before I was married. Since then I—have come to know him—better. And I am here now to ask you to help him."

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you his name at once?"

"If you wish."

"Then—his name is Adalbert Wandle."

Jacqueline looked up at her in weary surprise.

Elena laughed feverishly. "Adalbert is only a boy—a bad one, perhaps, but—you know that genius is queer—always unbalanced. He came to see me at noon to-day. It's a horrid mess, isn't it—what he did to my husband? I know all about it; and I know that Cary is wild, and that it was an outrageous thing for Adalbert to do. But"—her voice trembled a little and she forced a laugh to conceal it—"Adalbert is an old friend, Miss Nevers. I knew him as a boy. But, even so, Cary couldn't understand if I pleaded for him. My husband means to send him to jail if he does not re-

turn the money. And—and I am sorry for Mr. Wandle. Besides, I like the porcelains. And I want you to persuade Cary to keep them."

Through the whirling chaos of her thoughts, Jacqueline still strove to understand what this excited woman was saying; made a desperate effort to fix her attention on the words and not on the flushed and restless young wife who was uttering them.

"Will you persuade Cary to keep the collection, Miss Nevers?"

"That is for you to do, Mrs. Clydesdale."

"I tried. I called him up at his office and asked him to keep the jades and porcelains because I liked them. But he was very obstinate. What you have told him about—about being swindled has made him furious. That is why I came here. Something must be done."

"I don't think I understand you."

"There is nothing to understand. I want to keep the collection. I ask you to convince my husband—"

"How?"

"I do—don't know," stammered Elena, crimson again. "You ought to know how to—do it."

"If Mr. Wandle returns your husband's money, no further action will be taken."

"He cannot," said Elena, in a low voice.

"Why?"

"He has spent it."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes."

"Then I am afraid that Mr. Clydesdale will have him arrested."

There was an ominous silence. Jacqueline, her eyes held by the terrible fascination of Elena's ghastly face, said:

"I am sorry. But I can do nothing for you, Mrs. Clydesdale. The decision rests with your husband."

"You *must* help me!"

"I cannot!"

"You *must*!" repeated Elena.

"How?"

"I—I don't care how you do it! But you must prevent my husband from prosecuting Mr. Wandle! It—it has got to be done—somehow."

"What do you mean?"

Elena's face was burning, and her lips quivered. "It has got to be done! I can't tell you why."

"Can you not tell your husband?"

"No."

Jacqueline was quivering, too, clinging desperately to her self-control under the menace of an impending horror which had already partly stunned her. "Are you—afraid of this man?" she asked, with stiffening lips.

Elena bowed her head in desperation.

"What is it? Blackmail?"

"Yes."

"That—man!"

"No. Only—he has frightened me so. He once learned something. I have paid him—not to—to write it for the—the *Taller*. And to-day he came to me straight from your office and made me understand that I would have to stop my husband from—taking any action—even to recover the money."

Jacqueline, pale to the lips, sat nervously clenching and unclenching her hands over the letter which lay under them on the blotter. "What scandal is it you fear, Mrs. Clydesdale?" she asked, in an icy voice.

Elena colored furiously. "Is it necessary for me to incriminate myself before you call off this hound? I thought you more generous!"

"I cannot call him off. There is no way to do so."

"Yes, there is!"

"How?"

"By—by telling my husband that the— the jades are not forgeries!"

Jacqueline's ashy cheeks blazed into color. "Mrs. Clydesdale," she said, "I would not do it to save myself—not even to save the dearest friend I have! And do you think I will lie to spare *you*?"

In the excitement and terror of what now was instantly impending, the girl had risen, clutching Mrs. Hammerton's letter in her hand.

"You need not tell me why you—you are afraid," she stammered, her lovely lips already distorted with fear and horror, "because I—I *know*! Do you understand? I know what you are—what you have done—what you are doing!"

She fumbled in the pages of Mrs. Hammerton's letter, found an enclosure, and held it out to Elena with shaking fingers.

It was Elena's note to her husband, writ-

ten on the night she left him, brought by her husband to Silverwood, left on the library table, used as a book-mark by Desboro, discovered and kept by its finder, Mrs. Hammerton, for future emergencies.

Elena re-read it now with sickened eyes, and knew that in the eyes of this young girl she was utterly and irretrievably damned.

"Did you write that?" whispered Jacqueline, with lips scarcely under control.

"I—you do not understand—"

"Did you know that when I was a guest under Mr. Desboro's roof everything that he and you said in the library was overheard? Do you know that you have been watched—not by me—but even long before I knew you—watched even at the opera—"

Elena drew a quick, terrified breath; then the surging shame mantled her from brow to throat. "That was Mrs. Hammerton!" she murmured. "I warned Jim—but he trusted her."

Jacqueline turned cold all over. "He is *your*—lover," she said mechanically.

Elena suddenly looked at her, hesitated, came a step nearer, still staring. Her visage and her bearing altered subtly. For a moment they looked at each other. Then Elena said, in a soft, but deadly, voice:

"Suppose he is my—lover! Does that concern you, Miss Nevers?" And, as the girl made no stir or sound: "However, if you think it does, you will scarcely care to know either of us any longer. I am quite satisfied. Do what you please about the man who has blackmailed me. I don't care now. I was frightened for a moment—but I don't care any longer. Because the end of all this nightmare is in sight; and I think Mr. Desboro and I are beginning to awake at last."

"And I," whispered Jacqueline. "And—I think—you had better go now."

Until a few minutes before five she remained seated at her desk, motionless, her head buried in her arms. Then she got to her feet somehow, and to her room, where, scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she bathed her face and arranged her golden hair, and strove to pinch and rub a little color into her ghastly cheeks.

The next instalment of "*The Business of Life*" will appear in the July issue.



A Plea Against Vivisection

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THAT vivisection is thriving in the land is easily proved by one whose nerves are strong enough to enable him to glance over the reports given in the daily press. Here are a few specimens:

Judge William Jeff Pollard, of St. Louis, is making the Dayton Street Police Court of that city famous through his efforts to transform his court into an agency of reformation rather than punishment. His decisions show that he has in his heart a warm spot for suffering animals as well as humans. The judge has often declared that the three words, Justice, Humanity, Mercy, should be inscribed over the portals of every medical college. Vivisection he abhors.

"Not very long ago a medical student was arraigned before him, charged with having left a mutilated dog to die in an alley. In imposing a fine of fifty dollars upon the offender, the judge said: 'If this vivisection is necessary, then it should not be done with such heartless, needless cruelty. This poor, unfortunate dog was taken by this young man and operated on. We do not know whether anesthetics were used. With his body still torn open, that dumb, suffering animal was thrown into an alley, where he lay for three hours, suffering untold tortures in the cold, before death finally ended the terrible agony. No effort was made to kill the dog after he had been so cruelly mutilated.

"A dumb animal has feelings just as you and I have; its nervous system is as sensitive as ours; and these animals are entitled to consideration. They should be protected."

"Three great physicians, Drs. F. A. Evans, H. M. N. Wynne, and G. H. Whipple, amused themselves with the ingenious device of inserting nickels, marbles, and collar-buttons into the bladders of dogs; they had the 'high and holy' purpose of finding out how much the poor dogs would suffer under such circumstances.

"They coolly say, 'Further work is needed to determine whether this reflex albuminuria is found in human cases, but there is no reason to suppose these phenomena are limited to the dog.' So the poor, sick, free patients who go there seeking help can anticipate having a few nickles,

collar-buttons, and even little Johnnie's marbles, stuck into their bladders.

"A perusal of the article shows that a large number of dogs were used in the experiments, usually fox-terrier females. In this connection the doctors observe, 'It will be rather easy to approach this problem in the case of human beings, especially in females.' This should be of special interest to our women readers.

"The vivisectors say, 'The foreign bodies introduced into the bladder were various—the common five-cent piece; marbles, which were soaked in acid to remove their smooth coating, and filed to further roughen the surface; buttons, the common metal collar-button and the familiar enamel bachelor's button with two separate parts which snap together.'

"The dogs suffered horribly. Dog B-24, for instance, experimented on January 13th, was forced to sustain a lingering death until February 14th, when it was again operated upon and died. Others sustained various forms of diseases, lost weight and remained ill until death ended their distress."

"The main object of Dr. Crile's experiments was to discover the effects of extreme pain on the protoplasm of the nerve-centers in the brain, and according to his report he found the protoplasm in such centers exhausted. He has published an article on anesthesia in general, in which he states that 'all anesthesia is only a veneer and does not put to sleep the deeper tissues of the brain.' He states that in the most profound anesthesia the brain under suffering is affected by a phylogenetic process, that causes purposive movements and anesthetized patients, that are not screwed down on the operating-table, to get up and walk away while being operated upon.

"We are safe in concluding that Crile's dogs suffered fearfully under the operations inflicted upon them."

With the present mania for experimental surgery, and the growing power of the medical trust, it would seem as if there were little hope for the cause of anti-vivisection. The one hope lies in humane education for the young; and in the growth of a higher understanding of life—of all life—in generations to come.

Katherine M. Cook, state superintendent of public instruction, in Denver, Colorado, has prepared a course of study for different grades which, if introduced into every school in the land, would help to usher in the new Golden Age of peace and kindness to all created things. Every grade is given its course of study, but the seventh is particularly admirable.

SEVENTH GRADE

Central thoughts—Our duty as the most intelligent animal, with power over all other animals; our responsibility in determining what plants and animals shall live, how they shall live, and how much they shall suffer and enjoy.

Effect of cruelty on the animal, on human beings, on the community.

In what ways are animals like men? Men like animals? How unlike?

Relations of wild animals to each other, to plants, to men.

How have wild animals been domesticated?

Hunting and fishing for sport; destruction and preservation of game; cruelty in it. What animals are protected, and why?

Wearing feathers and furs; a savage custom; cost to the nation in loss of crops and forests. Better and more civilized way to dress than in feathers and furs. How can we aid in stopping cruelty to animals?

How do human rights compare with those of animals? Extend work of sixth grade.

Mr. J. Howard Moore, author of "Universal Kinship," says of this subject:

"The young are the hope of progress in all ages of the world. Children are clay. Men are frozen at forty or fifty, and offer little promise of ever being any different from what they are. After we do a thing or feel in a certain way a million times, we can't do or feel any other way, even if we know of a hundred better ways.

"One of the chief anxieties of the humanitarian movement should be the establishment everywhere of the teaching of morals and humanity in the schools. Energy expended on school boards and normal schools will yield indirectly greater returns than the same energy invested in the making of laws for adults.

"The future of humanitarianism is bright—brighter to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The twentieth and twenty-first centuries are going to see sweeping improvements in the realm of morals. The doctrine of the Unity of Life, which has become the accepted creed of science, is going to force itself on the attentions of men as never before. And the inevitable corollary of the Unity of Life is the Brotherhood of Life.

"But it is not enough to take courage—to

realize that the universe is behind us, and that ultimate victory is as certain as the sunrise. We should examine ourselves once in a while and see where we stand as individuals in the scale of moral emancipation. It is a fact as sad as it is notorious that many alleged humanitarians are so half-hearted in their devotion to humanitarian principles that it requires the passing of only a few years for them to be classed as 'back numbers.' We ought to live with the eyes of the future, the searching, godlike gaze of the ages to come, always upon us.

"The rule, *Act toward others as you would act toward a part of your own self*, is the ideal which has been repeatedly worked out for the brotherhood of man; and this same Golden Rule, as the ages pass, will certainly spread its pitying wings over that larger fraternity which is destined finally to form on this earth—*The Brotherhood of All*."

To read such words written by so great a man, after having perused the foregoing press reports of vivisection, is like coming out of a dark foul cellar into the clear light of beautiful day. And then, still further to fortify our souls, we may read the following strong statements:

Lord Coleridge advocated "the strongest law . . . absolutely forbidding the practice of vivisection." "I must . . . be permitted to say how loose and vague are the notions of evidence which, so far as I know them, pervade the writings of men of science on this question. . . . No fair man, I think, can fail to be struck with the uncertainty—a different point from utility—of the conclusions to which vivisection has conducted those who practise it. The conclusions are doubted, are disputed, are contradicted, by the vivisectioners themselves, so that it really is not experiment to verify or disprove theory, which one well conducted, crucial experiment might do, but experiment *in vacuo*, experiment on the chance, experiment in pursuit of nothing in particular, but of anything that may turn up in the course of a hundred thousand vivisections and during the course of a life devoted to them. This is the experiment for which liberty is claimed and the unfettered pursuit of which we are called very hard names for objecting to."

Lucy Mallory says: "It is absolutely essential to the cessation, in a large part, of diseases and disasters and premature deaths among human beings that vivisection be

A Plea Against Vivisection

abolished from the earth, for the poison generated by the vivisection hells fills the world with conditions favorable to the dissemination of pain, agony, torment, and suffering that obsesses human life. The terrible seeds of torment sown in the practise of vivisection on animals bear like fruit in human beings."

The Rev. Dr. Cramer, in a statement of the objects of the new Anti-Vivisection League, says:

"The Church is to stand up for right and righteousness. It is the steward of God's abounding grace; it has to make men use the ideals of a higher world as vital moral power in this world; it has to exert itself that God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

"Not only the animal, but also our own moral conscience, has to be protected against vivisection. Our moral feeling revolts against the thought of torturing a defenseless animal, even though we try to persuade ourselves that it is for the sake of science and for the good of suffering mankind. God, who wishes for the happiness of all his creatures, cannot have wanted this. Such grounds of necessity cannot be considered against moral considerations. Utilitarianism is very difficult to defend from the moral point of view, and revenges itself sooner or later.

"Also among vivisectioners there is no united opinion. It has been truthfully pointed out that a tortured animal is no longer normal, and that this explains the many contradictory results."

Dr. Page of Boston, Massachusetts, says:

"Vivisection, to my mind, operates as a tremendous obstacle to genuine progress within the medical profession, in that it hardens the hearts of the students and checks ambition along the line of improvement in their tactics. Lads that on leaving home for college could not by accident step on the toes of a kitten without a pang of remorse, acquire a tolerance for the terrible scenes they are called upon to witness, and a little later they take part in the cruelties without a tremor. The influence of all this prevents graduates from conscientiously examining into such questions as vaccination—a procedure held by every scientific statistician in this country and Europe who has studied the statistics of smallpox and vaccination as the worst of all the wretched blunders of the medical profession—'anti-

toxin,' typhoid inoculation, etc.; and instead of taking the scientific attitude and being hungry for the truth, they bristle with anger when these subjects are broached by one who is opposed to them. Their minds are engrossed with the present-day misconception of the 'germ theory,' in which the bacilli associated with this, that, and the other disease are regarded as the cause of disease, when, in fact, they are the product thereof, and, as scavengers of filth, nature's aid in its cure.

"Metchnikoff insists that the present methods of vaccination against cholera are bound to fail, as intoxication from the cholera toxins in the intestines cannot be neutralized by the methods effectual in infections. Reviewing the whole field of anti-cholera vaccination to date, he says that the statistics of vaccination against cholera on a large scale at St. Petersburg and in India are misleading, as the vaccinators were careful to vaccinate only those least liable to contract the disease, skipping the young, the elderly and those with chronic disease, and, according to directions, vaccinating only the healthy "so as not to discredit the method." He says further that the chapter of human vaccinations is far from its definite conclusion, and that experience is proving more and more the efficacy of *careful and intelligent hygienic prophylaxis*."

"Dr. Page has made a strong point where he declares that vivisection delays the student in experimentation along other lines of research. In electricity, in light, in air, in the unexplored minds of men, lie powers which, if as persistently studied as the suffering bodies of animals are studied, might lead to such discoveries as would astound and evangelize the world. It is gratifying to know that every year a larger number of intelligent and great-souled men and women are turning their attention to these higher fields of research; and it is a comfort to base upon this fact a belief that vivisection will eventually be relegated to the archives of the black arts; and that health will come to the human race through other methods than the torture of our lower kin.

It is impossible that a Creator so mighty as the one who formed this glorious universe should design man to practise arts only suitable for devils in order to benefit the race. A higher, nobler, and saner method must exist; and the discovery of this method must be close at hand.

The Valley of the Moon

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS FOR LOVE AND A HOME

By Jack London

Author of "Martin Eden," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Is this the man? So Saxon questioned of herself when she had met "Big Bill" Roberts, one-time prize-fighter, on the dancing-floor at Weasel Park, whither she and Mary, ironers of fancy starch, had gone for a Sunday outing. Never had she come so near to losing her heart as Billy, blue eyed, boyish, gentlemanly, had come to winning it after a few hours' acquaintance. Planned by Mary and Bert Wanhope, the meeting had taken a happy turn, for both Saxon and Billy had seized the future in the present and grasped at its chance for happiness. Billy was a teamster and knew what hard work meant, so they went home early, Saxon glorying in his refusal to "make a time of it," as Bert suggested. He kissed her good night at the gate, with Wednesday night's dance as their next meeting. Friday's dance was next arranged for, but on Thursday night Charley Long, a rebuffed suitor, met her outside the laundry and warned her that if she did not go with him "somebody'll get hurt." But Saxon bore the notion that Billy, at least, could take care of himself.

Billy did, and Saxon experienced the delightful sensation of knowing that this big boy cared enough for her to risk a fight—which wasn't needed. Billy next proposed a Sunday buggy-ride. They drove out of the city behind a spirited team, Saxon glad to get away from the abuse which Sarah, her sister-in-law, had heaped upon her because she preferred Billy, a prize-fighter, to Charley Long, an honest laboring man. Home cares were soon forgotten as they drove into the hills, each happy in the first true comradeship ever experienced with one of the opposite sex. In the hills they ate a luncheon provided by Billy, and then lingered until warnings of dusk urged them homeward. Darkness overtook them—and silence. Then out of it came Billy's frank proposal, and Saxon, countering only with the objection that she was the older—an objection overruled by Billy's statement that "Love's what counts"—accepted him. Billy wanted to be married the next day, but Saxon put him off for a month—a month that, crowded with preparations, flew by on wings of happiness.

SARAH was conservative. Worse, she had crystallized at the end of her love-time with the coming of her first child. After that she was as set in her ways as plaster in a mold. Her mold was the prejudices and notions of her girlhood and the house she lived in. So habitual was she that any change in the customary round assumed the proportions of a revolution. Tom had gone through many of these revolutions, three of them when he moved house. Then his stamina broke, and he never moved house again.

So it was that Saxon had held back the announcement of her approaching marriage until it was unavoidable. She expected a scene, and she got it.

"A prize-fighter, a hoodlum, a plug-ugly," Sarah sneered, after she had exhausted herself of all calamitous forecasts of her own future and the future of her children in the absence of Saxon's weekly four dollars and a half. "I don't know what your mother'd thought if she'd lived to see the day when you took up with a tough like Bill Roberts. Bill! Why, your mother was too refined to associate with a man that was called Bill. And all I can say is you can say good-by to silk stockings and your three pairs of shoes. It won't be long before you'll think yourself lucky to go sloppin' around in Congress gaiters and cotton stock-in's two pair for a quarter."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Billy not being able to keep me in all kinds of shoes," Saxon retorted with a proud toss of her head.

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," Sarah paused to laugh in mirthless discordance. "Watch for the babies to come. They come faster than wages raise these days."

"But we're not going to have any babies—that is, at first. Not until after the furniture is all paid for, anyway."

"Wise in your generation, eh? In my days girls were more modest than to know anything about disgraceful subjects."

"As babies?" Saxon queried, with a touch of gentle malice.

"Yes, as babies."

"The first I knew that babies were disgraceful. Why, Sarah, you, with your five, how disgraceful you have been. Billy and I have decided not to be half as disgraceful. We're only going to have two—a boy and a girl."

Tom chuckled, but held the peace by hiding his face in his coffee-cup. Sarah, though checked by this flank attack, was an old hand in the art. So temporary was the setback that she scarcely paused ere hurling her assault from a new angle.

"An' marryin' so quick, all of a sudden, eh? If that ain't suspicious, nothin' is. I don't know what young women's comin' to. They ain't decent, I tell you. They ain't

decent. That's what comes of Sunday dancin' an' all the rest."

Saxon was white with anger, but while Sarah wandered on in her diatribe, Tom managed to wink privily and prodigiously at his sister and to implore her to help in keeping the peace.

"It's all right, kid sister," he comforted Saxon when they were alone. "There's no use talkin' to Sarah. Bill Roberts is a good boy. I know a lot about him. It does you proud to get him for a husband. You're bound to be happy with him." His voice sank, and his face seemed suddenly to be very old and tired as he went on anxiously: "Take warning from Sarah. Don't nag. Whatever you do, don't nag. Don't give him a perpetual-motion line of chin. Kind of let him talk once in a while. Men have some horse-sense, though Sarah don't know it. Why, Sarah actually loves me, though she don't make a noise like it. The thing for you is to love your husband, and, by thunder, to make a noise of lovin' him, too. And then you can kid him into doing 'most anything you want. Let him have his way once in a while, and he'll let you have yourn. But you just go on lovin' him, and leanin' on his judgment—he's no fool—and you'll be all hunky-dory. I'm scared from goin' wrong, what of Sarah. But I'd sooner be loved into not going wrong."

"Oh, I'll do it, Tom," Saxon nodded, smiling through the tears his sympathy had brought into her eyes. "And on top of it I'm going to do something else. I'm going to make Billy love me and just keep on loving me. And then I won't have to kid him into doing some of the things I want. He'll do them because he loves me, you see."

"You got the right idea, Saxon. Stick with it, an' you'll win out."

Later, when she had put on her hat to start for the laundry, she found Tom waiting for her at the corner.

"An' Saxon," he said, hastily and haltingly, "you won't take anything I've said—you know—about Sarah—as bein' in any way disloyal to her? She's a good woman, an' faithful. An' her life ain't so easy by a long shot. I'd bite out my tongue before I'd say anything against her. I guess all folks have their troubles. It's hell to be poor, ain't it?"

"You've been awful good to me, Tom. I can never forget it. And I know Sarah means right. She does her best."

"I won't be able to give you a wedding present," her brother ventured apologetically. "Sarah won't hear of it. Says we didn't get none from my folks when we got married. But I got something for you, just the same. A surprise. You'd never guess it."

Saxon waited.

"When you told me you was goin' to get married, I just happened to think of it, an' I wrote to brother George, askin' him for it for you. An' by thunder he sent it by express. I didn't tell you because I didn't know but maybe he'd sold it. He did sell the silver spurs. He needed the money, I guess. But the other, I had it sent to the shop so as not to bother Sarah, an' I sneaked it in last night an' hid it in the woodshed."

"Oh, it is something of my father's! What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"His army sword."

"The one he wore on his roan war-horse! Oh, Tom, you couldn't give me a better present. Let's go back now. I want to see it. We can slip in the back way. Sarah's washing in the kitchen, and she won't begin hanging out for an hour."

In the woodshed Tom resurrected the hidden treasure and took off the wrapping-paper. Appeared a rusty, steel-scabbarded saber of the heavy type carried by cavalry officers in Civil War days. It was attached to a moth-eaten sash of thick-woven crimson silk from which hung heavy silk tassels. Saxon almost seized it from her brother in her eagerness—then she drew forth the blade and pressed her lips to the steel.

XIII

"WHY, Bert! you're squiffed!" Mary cried reproachfully.

The four were at the table in the private room at Barnum's. The wedding supper had been eaten. Bert, in his hand a glass of California red wine, was on his feet endeavoring a speech. His face was flushed; his black eyes were feverishly bright.

"You've been drinkin' before you met me," Mary continued. "I can see it stickin' out all over you."

"Consult an oculist, my dear," he replied. "Bertram is himself to-night. An' he is here, a-risin' to his feet to give the glad hand to his old pal. Bill, old man, here's to you. It's how-de-do an' good-by, I guess. You're a married man now, Bill, an' you got to

keep regular hours. No more runnin' around with the boys."

His glittering eyes rested for a moment in bantering triumph on Mary.

"Who says I'm squiffed? Me! Not on your life. I'm seein' all things in a clear white light. An I see Bill there, my old friend Bill. An' I don't see two Bills. I see only one. Bill was never two-faced in his life. Bill, old man, when I look at you there in the married harness, I'm sorry." He ceased abruptly and turned on Mary. "Now don't go up in the air, old girl. I'm onto my job. My grandfather was a state senator, and he could spiel graceful an' pleasin' till the cows come home. So can I. Bill, when I look at you, I'm sorry. I repeat, I'm sorry."—he glared challengingly at Mary—"for myself when I look at you an' know all the happiness you got a hammerlock on. Take it from me, you're a wise guy, bless the women. You've started well. Keep it up. Marry 'em all, bless 'em. Bill, here's to you. You're a Mohican with a scalp-lock. An' you got a squaw that is some squaw, take it from me. Minnehaha, here's to you—to the two of you—an' to the papooses, too!"

He drained the glass suddenly and collapsed in his chair, blinking his eyes across at the wedded couple. "Kick in, Bill," he cried. "It's your turn now."

"I'm no hot-air artist," Billy grumbled. "What'll I say, Saxon? They ain't no use tellin' 'em how happy we are. They know that."

"Tell them we're always going to be happy," she said.

"And thank them for all their good wishes, and we both wish them the same. And



Saxon held the treasure for a moment before she drew forth the blade and pressed her lips to the steel

we're always going to be together, like old times, the four of us. And tell them they're invited down to 507 Pine Street next Sunday for dinner. And, Mary, if you want to come Saturday night you can sleep in the spare bedroom."

"You've told 'm yourself, better'n I could." Billy clapped his hands. "You did yourself proud, an' I guess they ain't much to add to it, but just the same I'm goin' to pass them a hot one."

He stood up, his hand on his glass. His clear blue eyes, under the dark brows and framed by the dark lashes, seemed a deeper blue, and accentuated the blondness of hair and skin. The smooth cheeks were rosy—not with wine, for it was only his second glass—but with health and joy. Saxon, looking up at him, thrilled with pride in him, he was so well dressed, so strong, so handsome, so clean looking—her man-boy. And she was aware of pride in herself, in her woman's desirableness that had won for her so wonderful a lover.

"Well, Bert an' Mary, here you are at Saxon's and my wedding supper. We're just goin' to take all your good wishes to heart; we wish you the same back, and when we say it we mean more than you think we mean. Saxon an' I believe in tit for tat. So we're wishin' for the day when the table is turned clear around an' we're sittin' as guests at your wedding supper. And then, when you come to Sunday dinner, you can both stop Saturday night in the spare bedroom. I guess I was wised up when I furnished it, eh?"

"I never thought it of you, Billy!" Mary exclaimed. "You're every bit as raw as Bert. But just the same—" There was a rush of moisture to her eyes. Her voice faltered and broke. She smiled through her tears at them, then turned to look at Bert, who put his arm around her and gathered her onto his knees.

When they left the restaurant, the four walked to Eighth and Broadway, where they stopped beside the electric car. Bert and Billy were awkward and silent, oppressed by a strange aloofness. But Mary embraced Saxon with fond anxiousness.

"It's all right, dear," Mary whispered. "Don't be scared. It's all right. Think of all the other women in the world."

The conductor clanged the gong, and the two couples separated in a sudden hubbub of farewell.

"Oh, you Mohican!" Bert called after, as the car got under way. "Oh, you Minnehaha!"

"Remember what I said," was Mary's parting to Saxon.

The car stopped at Seventh and Pine, the terminus of the line. It was only a little over two blocks to the cottage. At the front door Billy took the key from his pocket.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said, as the key turned in the lock. "You an' me. Just you an' me."

While he lighted the lamp in the parlor, Saxon was taking off her hat. He went into the bedroom and lighted the lamp there, then turned back and stood in the doorway. Saxon, still unaccountably fumbling with her hatpins, stole a glance at him. He held out his arms.

"Now," he said.

She came to him, and in his arms he could feel her trembling.

XIV

THE first evening after the marriage night, Saxon met Billy at the door as he came up the front steps. After their embrace, and as they crossed the parlor hand in hand toward the kitchen, he filled his lungs through his nostrils with audible satisfaction.

"My, but this house smells good, Saxon! It ain't the coffee—I can smell that, too. It's the whole house. It smells—well, it just smells good to me, that's all."

He washed himself at the kitchen sink, while she heated the frying-pan on the front hole of the stove with the lid off. As he wiped his hands he watched her keenly, and cried out with approbation as she dropped the steak in the frying-pan.

"Where'd you learn to cook steak on a dry, hot pan? It's the only way, but darn few women seem to know about it."

As she took the cover off a second frying-pan and stirred the savory contents, he came behind her, passed his arms under her arm-pits, and bent his head over her shoulder till cheek touched cheek.

"Um—um—um-m-m! Fried potatoes with onions like mother used to make. Me for them. Don't they smell good, though! Um—um—um-m-m!"

The pressure of his hands relaxed, and his cheek slid caressingly past hers as he started

to release her. Then his hands closed down again. She felt his lips on her hair and heard his advertised inhalation of delight.

"Um—um—m-m! Don't you smell good yourself though! I never understood what they meant when they said a girl was sweet. I know, now. And you're the sweetest I ever knew."

His joy was boundless. When he returned from combing his hair in the bedroom and sat down at the small table opposite her, he paused with knife and fork in hand.

"Say, bein' married is a whole lot more than it's cracked up to be by most married folks. Honest to God, Saxon, we can show 'em a few. We can give 'em cards and spades an' little casino, an' win out on big casino and the aces. I've got but one kick comin'."

The instant apprehension in her eyes provoked a chuckle from him.

"An' that is that we didn't get married quick enough. Just think, I've lost a whole week of this."

Her eyes shone with gratitude and happiness, and in her heart she solemnly pledged herself that never in all their married life would it be otherwise.

Supper finished, she cleared the table and began washing the dishes at the sink. When he evinced the intention of wiping them, she caught him by the lapels of the coat and backed him into a chair.

"You'll sit right there, if you know what's good for you. Now be good and mind what I say. No, you're not going to watch me. There's the morning paper beside you. And if you don't hurry to read it, I'll be through with these dishes before you've started."

As he read at the paper, she continually glanced across at him from her work. One thing more, she thought—slippers; and then the picture of comfort and content would be complete.

When the dishes were put away, Saxon led Billy into the parlor, where, by the open window, they succeeded in occupying the same Morris chair. It was the most expensive comfort in the house. It had cost seven dollars and a half, and, though it was grander than anything she had dreamed of possessing, the extravagance of it had worried her in a half-guilty way all day.

The salt chill of the air that is the blessing of all the bay cities after the sun goes down crept in about them. They heard the switch-engines puffing in the railroad yards, and the rumbling thunder of the Seventh

Street local slowing down in its run from the Mole to stop at West Oakland station. From the street came the noise of children playing in the summer night, and from the steps of the house next door the low voices of gossiping housewives.

"Can you beat it?" Billy murmured. "When I think of that six-dollar furnished room of mine, it makes me sick to think what I was missin' all the time. But there's one satisfaction. If I'd changed it sooner I wouldn't 'a' had you."

His hand crept along her bare forearm and up and partly under the elbow-sleeve.

"Your skin's so cool," he said. "It ain't cold; it's cool. It feels good to the hand."

"Pretty soon you'll be calling me your cold-storage baby," she laughed.

"And your voice is cool," he went on. "It gives me the feeling just as your hand does when you rest it on my forehead. It's funny. I can't explain it. But your voice just goes all through me, cool and fine. It's like a wind of coolness—just right. It's like the first of the sea-breeze settin' in in the afternoon after a scorchin' hot morning. An' sometimes, when you talk low, it sounds round and sweet like a 'cello. And it never goes high up, or sharp, or squeaky, or scratchy, like some women's voices when they're mad, or fresh, or excited, till they remind me of a bum phonograph record. Why, your voice, it just goes through me till I'm all trembling-like with the everlastin' cool of it. It's—it's straight delicious. I guess angels in heaven, if they is any, must have voices like that."

After a few minutes, in which, so inexpressible was her happiness that she could only pass her hand through his hair and cling to him, he broke out again.

"Say, Saxon, I got a new name for you. You're my Tonic Kid. That's what you are, the Tonic Kid."

"And you'll never get tired of me?" she queried.

"Tired? Why, we was made for each other."

"Isn't it wonderful—our meeting, Billy? We might never have met. It was just by accident that we did."

"We was born lucky," he proclaimed. "That's a cinch."

"Maybe it was more than luck," she ventured.

"Sure. It just had to be. It was fate. Nothing could 'a' kept us apart."

XV

SAXON had been clear eyed all her days, though her field of vision had been restricted. Clear eyed, from her childhood days with the saloonkeeper Cady and Cady's good-natured but unmoral spouse, she had observed, and, later, generalized much upon sex. She knew the post-nuptial problem of retaining a husband's love as few wives of any class knew it, just as she knew the pre-nuptial problem of selecting a husband as few girls of the working class knew it.

She had of herself developed an eminently rational philosophy of love. Instinctively, and consciously, too, she had made toward delicacy, and shunned the perils of the habitual and commonplace. Thoroughly aware she was that as she cheapened herself so did she cheapen love. Never, in the weeks of their married life, had Billy found her dowdy, or harshly irritable, or lethargic. And she had deliberately permeated her house with her personal atmosphere of coolness, and freshness, and equableness. Nor had she been ignorant of such assets as surprise and charm. Her imagination had not been asleep, and she had been born with wisdom. In Billy she had won a prize, and she knew it. She appreciated his lover's ardor and was proud. His open-handed liberality, his desire for everything of the best, his own personal cleanliness and care of himself, she placed as far beyond the average. He was never coarse. He met delicacy with delicacy, though it was obvious to her that the initiative in all such matters lay with her and must lie with her always. He was largely unconscious of what he did and why. But she knew in all full clarity of judgment that he was a prize among men.

With ardor Saxon now devoted herself to her household, to her pretty clothes, and to her charms. She marketed with a keen desire for the best, though never ignoring the need for economy. She made for herself simple house-slips of pretty gingham, with neat low collars turned back from her fresh round throat. She crocheted yards of laces, and made Battenburg in abundance for her table and for the bureau. As the happy months went by, she was never idle. Nor was Billy forgotten. When the cold weather came on, she knitted him wristlets, which he always religiously wore from the house and pocketed immediately thereafter.

The two sweaters she made for him, however, received a better fate, as did the slippers which she insisted on his slipping into on the evenings they remained at home.

Invariably, on Saturday night, Billy poured his total wages into her lap. He never asked for an accounting of what she did with it, though he continually reiterated that he had never fed so well in his life. And always, the wages still untouched in her lap, she had him take out what he estimated he would need for spending-money for the week to come. Not only did she bid him take plenty, but she insisted on his taking any amount extra that he might desire at any time through the week. And, further, she insisted he should not tell her what it was for.

"You've always had money in your pocket," she reminded him, "and there's no reason why marriage should change that. If it did, I'd wish I'd never married you. Oh, I know about men when they get together. First one treats and then another, and it takes money. Now if you can't treat just as freely as the rest of them—why, I know you so well that I know you'd stay away from them. And that wouldn't be right—to you, I mean. I want you to be together with men. It's good for a man."

And Billy buried her in his arms and swore she was the greatest little bit of a woman that ever came down the pike. "Why," he jubilated, "not only do I feed better, and live more comfortable, and hold up my end with the fellows; but I'm actually saving money—or you are for me. Here I am, with furniture being paid for regular every month, and a little woman I'm mad over, and on top of it money in the bank. How much is it now?"

"Sixty-two dollars," she told him. "Not so bad for a rainy day. You might get sick, or hurt, or something happen."

It was in mid-winter, when Billy, with quite a deal of obvious reluctance, broached a money matter to Saxon. His old friend, Billy Murphy, was laid up with the grippe, and one of his children, playing in the street, had been seriously injured by a passing wagon. Billy Murphy, still feeble after two weeks in bed, had asked Billy for the loan of fifty dollars.

"It's perfectly safe," Billy concluded to Saxon. "I've known him since we was kids at the Durant School together. He's straight as a die."

"That's got nothing to do with it," Saxon chided. "If you were single you'd have lent it to him immediately, wouldn't you?"

Billy nodded.

"Then it's no different because you're married. It's your money, Billy."

"Not by a long shot," he cried. "It ain't mine. It's ourn. And I wouldn't think of lettin' anybody have it without seein' you first."

"I hope you didn't tell him that," she said with quick concern.

"Nope," Billy laughed. "I knew, if I did, you'd be madder 'n a hatter. I just told him I'd try an' figure it out. After all, I was pretty sure you'd stand for it if you had it."

"Oh, Billy," she murmured, her voice rich and low with love, "maybe you don't know it, but that's one of the sweetest things you've said since we got married."

XVI

THREE eventful things happened in the course of the winter. Mary and Bert married and rented a cottage in the neighborhood three blocks away. Billy's wages were cut, along with the wages of all the teamsters in Oakland. And, finally, Saxon was proved a false prophet and Sarah a true one.

Saxon made up her mind, beyond any doubt, ere she confided the news to Billy. At first, while still suspecting, she had felt a frightened sinking of the heart and a fear of the unknown and unexperienced. Then had come economic fear, as she contemplated the increased expense entailed. But by the time she had made surety doubly sure, all was swept away before a wave of passionate gladness. *Hers and Billy's!* The phrase was continually in her mind, and each recurrent thought of it brought an actual physical pleasure-pang to her heart.

The night she told the news to Billy he withheld his own news of the wage-cut, and joined with her in welcoming the little one.

"What'll we do—go to the theater to celebrate?" he asked, relaxing the pressure of his embrace so that she might speak. "Or suppose we stay in, just you and me, and—and the three of us?"

"Stay in," was her verdict. "I just want you to hold me, and hold me, and hold me."

"That's what I wanted, too; only I wasn't sure, after bein' in the house all day, but maybe you'd want to go out."

There was frost in the air, and Billy brought the Morris chair in by the kitchen stove. She lay cuddled in his arms, her head on his shoulder, his cheek against her hair.

"We didn't make no mistake in our lightnin' marriage with only a month's courtin'," he reflected aloud. "Why, Saxon, we've been courtin' ever since just the same. And now—my God, Saxon, it's too wonderful to be true. Think of it! Ourn! The three of us! The little rascal! I bet he's goin' to be a boy. An' won't I learn 'm to put up his fists an' take care of himself! An' swimmin', too. If he don't know how to swim by the time he's six—"

"And if *he's* a girl?"

"*She's* goin' to be a boy," Billy retorted.

And both laughed and kissed, and sighed with content.

"I'm goin' to turn pincher, now," he announced, after quite an interval of meditation. "No more drinks with the boys. It's me for the water-wagon. And I'm goin' to ease down on smokes. Huh! Don't see why I can't roll my own cigarettes. They're ten times cheaper'n tailor-mades. An' I can grow a beard. The amount of money the barbers get out of a fellow in a year would keep any baby."

"Just you let your beard grow, Mister Roberts, and I'll get a divorce," Saxon threatened. "You're just too handsome and strong with a smooth face. I love your face too much to have it covered up. Oh, you dear! you dear! Billy, I never knew what happiness was until I came to live with you."

"Nor me neither."

"And it's always going to be so?"

"You can just bet," he assured her.

"I thought I was going to be happy married," she went on; "but I never dreamed it would be like this." She turned her head on his shoulder and kissed his cheek. "Billy, it isn't happiness; it's heaven."

Billy resolutely kept undivulged the cut in wages. Not until two weeks later, when it went into effect, and he poured the diminished sum into her lap, did he break it to her. The next day, Bert and Mary, already a month married, had Sunday dinner with them, and the matter came up for discussion. Bert was particularly pessimistic, and muttered dark hints of an impending strike in the railroad shops.

"If you'd all shut your traps, it'd be all right," Mary criticized. "These union



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

The wedding supper had been eaten. Bert, in his hand a glass of California red wine, was on his feet before you met me," Mary declared. "I can see it stickin' out all over you."

An' he is here, a-risin' to his feet to give the glad



endeavoring a speech. His face was flushed; his black eyes were feverishly bright. "You've been drinkin' "Consult an oculist, my dear," he replied. "Bertram is himself to-night. hand to his old pal. Bill, old man, here's to you "

agitators get the railroad sore. They give me the cramp, the way they butt in an' stir up trouble. If I was boss I'd cut the wages of any man that listened to them."

"Yet you belonged to the laundry workers' union," Saxon rebuked gently.

"Because I had to or I wouldn't 'a' got work. An' much good it ever done me."

"But look at Billy," Bert argued. "The teamsters ain't been sayin' a word, not a peep, an' everything lovely, and then, bang, right in the neck, a ten per cent. cut. What chance have we got? We lose. There's nothin' left for us in this country we've made and our fathers an' mothers before us. We're all shot to pieces. We can see our finish—we, the old stock, the children of the white people that broke away from England an' licked the tar outa her, that freed the slaves, an' fought the Indians, an' made the West. Any gink with half an eye can see it comin'."

"But what are we going to do about it?" Saxon questioned anxiously.

"Fight. That's all. The country's in the hands of a gang of robbers. Look at the Southern Pacific. It runs California."

"Aw, rats, Bert," Billy interrupted. "You're talkin' through your lid. No railroad can run California."

"You're a bonehead," Bert sneered. "And some day, when it's too late, you an' all the other boneheads'll realize the fact. Rotten? I tell you it stinks. Why, there ain't a man who wants to go to state Legislature but has to make a trip to San Francisco, an' go into the S. P. offices, an' take his hat off, an' humbly ask permission. Why, the governors of California has been railroad governors since before you and I was born. Huh! You can't tell me. We're finished. We're licked to a frazzle. But it'd do my heart good to help string up some of the dirty thieves before I passed out. D'ye know what we are?—we old white stock that fought in the wars, an' broke the land, an' made all this? I'll tell you. We're the last of the Mohicans."

Saxon was happy and busy every waking moment, nor was preparation for the little one neglected. The only ready-made garments she bought were three fine little knit shirts. As for the rest, every bit was made by her own hands—feather-stitched pinning-blankets, a crocheted jacket and cap, knitted mittens, embroidered bonnets; slim

little princess slips of sensible length; underskirts on absurd Lilliputian yokes; silk-embroidered white flannel petticoats; stockings and crocheted boots, seeming to burgeon before her eyes with wriggly pink toes and plump little calves; and, last, many deliciously soft squares of bird's-eye linen. A little later, as a crowning masterpiece, she was guilty of a dress coat of white silk, embroidered. And into all the tiny garments, with every stitch, she sewed love. Yet this love, so unceasingly sewn, she knew, when she came to consider and marvel, was more of Billy than of the nebulous, ungraspable new bit of life that eluded her fondest attempts at visioning.

"Huh," was Billy's comment, as he went over the mite's wardrobe and came back to center on the little knit shirts, "they look more like a real kid than the whole kit an' caboodle. Why, I can see him in them regular man-shirts."

Saxon, with a sudden rush of happy, unshed tears, held one of the little shirts up to his lips. He kissed it solemnly, his eyes resting on Saxon's.

"That's some for the boy," he said, "but a whole lot for you."

Saxon now broached a subject which she had been debating in her mind for days. "Billy," she said, "I could sell some of my pretties and get money for material to make lots more—for me and the boy. You don't know how much some women pay for things no nicer than I can make. Let me try, Billy," she unconsciously pleaded.

"Nope. That's one thing I won't stand for, Saxon," said Billy. "Not that I don't like fancy work. I do. I like every bit you make, but I like it on *you*. Go ahead and make *all* you want of it, for yourself, an' I'll put up for the goods. Why, I'm just whistlin' an' happy all day long, thinkin' of the boy an' seein' you at home here workin' away on all them nice things. Because I know how happy you are a-doin' it. But honest to God, Saxon, it'd all be spoiled if I knew you was doin' it to sell. You see, Bill Roberts's wife don't have to work. That's my brag—to myself, mind you. An' besides, it ain't right."

"You're a dear," she whispered, happy despite her disappointment.

"I want you to have all you want," he continued. "An' you're goin' to get it as long as I got two hands stickin' on the ends of my arms. I guess I know how good the

things are you wear—good to me, I mean, too. Maybe I learned a few things I oughtn't to before I knew you, but I know what I'm talkin' about, and I want to say that outside the clothes down underneath, an' the clothes down underneath the outside ones, I never saw a woman like you. Oh—"

He threw up his hands as if despairing of ability to express what he thought and felt, then essayed a further attempt.

"It's not a matter of bein' only clean, though that's a whole lot. Lots of women are clean. It ain't that. It's something more, an' different. It's—well, it's the look of it, so white, an' pretty, an' tasty. It gets on the imagination. It's something I can't get out of my thoughts of you. You're a wonder, that's all, and you can't get too many of them nice things to suit me, and you can't get them too nice.

"For that matter, Saxon, you can just blow yourself. There's lots of easy money layin' around. I'm in great condition. Billy Murphy pulled down seventy-five round iron dollars only last week for puttin' away the Pride of North Beach. That's what he paid us the fifty back out of."

But this time it was Saxon who rebelled. "There's Carl Hansen," Billy urged. "The second Sharkey, the alfalfa sportin' writers are callin' him. An' he calls himself champion of the United States navy. Well, I got his number. He's just a big stiff. I've seen 'm fight, an' I can pass him the sleep medicine just as easy. The secretary of the Sportin' Life Club offered to match me. An' a hundred iron dollars in it for the winner. And it'll all be yours to blow in any way you want. What d'ye say?"

"If I can't work for money, you can't fight," was Saxon's ultimatum, immediately withdrawn. "But you and I don't drive bargains. Even if you'd let me work for money, I wouldn't let you fight. I've never forgotten what you told me about how prize-fighters lose their silk. Well, you're not going to lose yours. It's half my silk, you know. And if you won't fight, I won't work—there. And more, I'll never do anything you don't want me to, Billy."

"Same here," Billy agreed. "Though just the same I'd like 'most to death to have just one go at that squarehead Hansen." He smiled with pleasure at the thought. "Say, let's forget it all now, an' you sing me 'Harvest Days.'"

When she had complied, she suggested his weird "Cowboy's Lament." In some inexplicable way of love, she had come to like her husband's one song. Because he sang it, she liked its inanity and monotonousness; and most of all, it seemed to her, she loved his hopeless and adorable flattening of every note. She could even sing with him, flattening as accurately and deliciously as he. Nor did she deceive him in his sublime faith.

"I guess Bert an' the rest have joshed me all the time," he said.

"You and I get along together with it fine," she equivocated; for in such matters she did not deem the untruth a wrong.

XVII

SPRING was on when the strike came in the railroad shops. The Sunday before it was called, Saxon and Billy had dinner at Bert's house. Saxon's brother came. Bert was blackly pessimistic, and they found him singing with sardonic glee:

"Nobody loves a mil-yun-aire.
Nobody likes his looks.
Nobody'll share his slightest care,
He classes with thugs and crooks.
Thriftiness has become a crime,
So spend everything you earn;
We're living now in a funny time,
When money is made to burn."

Mary went about the dinner preparations, flaunting unmistakable signals of rebellion; and Saxon, rolling up her sleeves and tying on an apron, washed the breakfast dishes. The three men smoked and talked about the coming strike.

"It oughta come years ago," was Bert's dictum. "It can't come any too quick now to suit me, but it's too late. We're beaten thumbs down. Here's where the last of the Mohicans get theirs, in the neck, ker-whop!"

"Oh, I don't know," Tom, who had been smoking his pipe gravely, began to counsel. "Organized labor's gettin' stronger every day. Why, I can remember when there wasn't any unions in California. Look at us now—wages, an' hours, an' everything."

"You talk like an organizer," Bert sneered, "shovin' the bull con on the bone-heads. But we know different. Organized wages won't buy as much now as unorganized wages used to buy. They've got us whipsawed. Look at Frisco, the labor leaders doin' dirtier politics than the old

parties, pawin' an' squabblin' over graft, an' goin' to San Quentin, while—what are the Frisco carpenters doin'? Let me tell you one thing, Tom Brown, if you listen to all you hear you'll hear that every Frisco carpenter is union an' gettin' full union wages. Do you believe it? It's a lie. There ain't a carpenter that don't rebate his wages Saturday night to the contractor. An' that's your buildin' trades in San Francisco, while the leaders are makin' trips to Europe on the earnings of the tenderloin—when they ain't coughing it up to lawyers to get out of wearin' stripes."

"That's all right," Tom concurred. "Nobody's denyin' it. The trouble is labor ain't quite got its eyes open. It ought to play politics, but the politics ought to be the right kind."

"Socialism, eh?" Bert caught him up with scorn. "Wouldn't they sell us out just as the Ruefs and Schmidts have?"

"Get men that are honest," Billy said. "That's the whole trouble. Not that I stand for socialism. I don't. All our folks was a long time in America, an' I for one won't stand for a lot of foreigners tellin' me how to run my country when they can't speak English yet."

"Your country!" Bert cried. "Why, you bonehead, you ain't got a country. That's a fairy story the grafters shove at you every time they want to rob you some more."

"But don't vote for the grafters," Billy contended. "If we selected honest men we'd get honest treatment."

"I wish you'd come to some of our meetings, Billy," Tom said wistfully. "If you would, you'd get your eyes open an' vote the Socialist ticket next election."

"Not on your life," Billy declined. "When you catch me in a Socialist meeting I'll be when they can talk like white men."

Mary was too angry with her husband because of the impending strike and his incendiary utterances, to hold conversation with Saxon, and the latter, bewildered, listened to the conflicting opinions of the men.

"Where are we at?" she asked them, with a merriness that concealed her anxiety at heart.

"We ain't at," Bert snarled. "We're gone."

"But meat and oil have gone up again," she chafed. "And Billy's wages have been cut, and the shop men's were cut last year. Something must be done."

"The only thing to do is fight," Bert answered. "Fight, an' go down fightin'. That's all. We're licked anyhow, but we can have a last run for our money."

"That's no way to talk," Tom rebuked. "The time for talkin' 's past, old rock. The time for fightin' 's come."

"A fine chance you'd have against regular troops and machine guns," Billy retorted.

"Oh, not that way. There's such things as greasy sticks that go up with a loud noise and leave holes. There's such things as emery powder—"

"Oh, ho!" Mary burst out upon him, arms akimbo. "So that's what it means. That's what the emery in your vest pocket meant."

Her husband ignored her. Tom smoked with a troubled air. Billy was hurt. It showed plainly in his face.

"You ain't been doin' that, Bert?" he asked, his manner showing his expectancy of his friend's denial.

"Sure thing, if you want to know."

"He's a bloody-minded anarchist," Mary complained. "He'll be hung. You'll see. Mark my words."

"It's hot air," Billy comforted her.

"He's just teasing you," Saxon soothed. "He always was a josh."

But Mary shook her head. "I know. I hear him talkin' in his sleep. He swears and curses something awful, an' grits his teeth. Listen to him now."

Bert, his handsome face bitter and devil-may-care, had tilted his chair back against the wall and was singing:

"Nobody loves a mil-yun-aire,
Nobody likes his looks,
Nobody'll share his slightest care,
He classes with thugs and crooks."

Tom was saying something about reasonableness and justice, and Bert ceased from singing to catch him up.

"Justice, eh? Another pipe-dream. I'll show you where the working class gets justice. You remember Forbes—J. Alliston Forbes—wrecked the Alta California Trust Company an' salted down two cold millions. I saw him yesterday, in a big hell-bent automobile. What'd he get? Eight years' sentence. How long did he serve? Less 'n two years. Pardon'd out on account of ill health. We'll be dead an' rotten before he kicks the bucket. Here. Look out this window. You see the back of that house with the broken porch rail. Mrs. Danaker



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Funny, isn't it?" said Billy, as the key turned in the lock. "You an' me. Just you an' me"

lives there. She takes in washin'. Her old man was killed on the railroad. Nitsky on damages—contributory negligence, or fellow-servant-something-or-other flimflam. That's what the courts handed her. Her boy, Archie, was sixteen. He was on the road, a regular road-kid. He blew into Fresno an' rolled a drunk. Do you want to know how much he got? Two dollars and eighty cents. Get that? Two-eighty. And what did the alfalfa judge hand 'm? Fifty years. He's served eight of it already in San Quentin. And he'll go on serving it till he croaks. Mrs. Danaker says he's bad with consumption—caught it inside, but she ain't got the pull to get 'm pardoned. Archie the Kid steals two dollars an' eighty cents from a drunk and gets fifty years. J. Alliston Forbes sticks up the Alta Trust for two million an' gets less 'n two years. Who's country is this, anyway? Yourn an' Archie the Kid's? Guess again. It's J. Alliston Forbes's."

Mary, at the sink, where Saxon was just finishing the last dish, untied Saxon's apron and kissed her with the sympathy that women alone feel for each other under the shadow of maternity. "Now you sit down, dear. You mustn't tire yourself, and it's a long way to go yet. I'll get your sewing for you, and you can listen to the men talk. But don't listen to Bert. He's crazy."

Saxon sewed and listened, and Bert's face grew bleak and bitter as he contemplated the baby clothes in her lap.

"There you go," he blurted out; "bring-in' kids into the world when you ain't got any guarantee you can feed 'em."

"You must 'a' had a souse last night," Tom grinned.

Bert shook his head.

"Aw, what's the use of gettin' grouched?" Billy cheered. "It's a pretty good country."

"It was a pretty good country," Bert replied, "when we was all Mohicans. But not now. We're jiggerooed. We're hornswoggled. We're backed to a standstill. We're double-crossed to a fare-you-well. My folks fought for this country. So did yourn, all of you. We freed the niggers, killed the Indians, an' starved, an' froze, an' sweat, an' fought. This land looked good to us. We cleared it, an' broke it, an' made the roads, an' built the cities. And there was plenty for everybody. And we went on fightin' for it. I had two uncles

killed at Gettysburg. All of us was mixed up in that war. Listen to Saxon talk any time what her folks went through to get out here an' get ranches, an' horses, an' cattle, an' everything. And they got 'em. All our folks got 'em, Mary's too—"

"And if they'd been smart they'd 'a' held on to them," she interpolated.

"Sure thing," Bert continued. "That's the very point. We're the losers. We've been robbed. We couldn't mark cards, deal from the bottom, an' ring in cold decks like the others. We're the white folks that failed. You see, times changed, and there was two kinds of us, the lions and the plugs. The plugs only worked, the lions only gobbled. They gobbled the farms, the mines, the factories, an' now they've gobbled the government. We're the white folks an' the children of white folks that was too busy being good to be smart. We're the white folks that lost out. We're the ones that's been skinned. D'ye get me?"

"You'd make a good soap-boxer," Tom commended, "if only you'd get the kinks straightened out in your reasoning."

"It sounds all right, Bert," Billy said, "only it ain't. Any man can get rich to-day—"

"Or be President of the United States," Bert snapped. "Sure thing—if he's got it in him. Just the same, I ain't heard you makin' a noise like a millionaire or a President. Why? You ain't got it in you. You're a bonehead, a plug. That's why. Skiddoo for you. Skiddoo for all of us."

At the table, while they ate, Tom talked of the joys of farm life he had known as a boy and as a young man, and confided that it was his dream to go and take up government land somewhere as his people had done before him. Unfortunately, as he explained, Sarah was set, so that the dream must remain a dream.

"It's all in the game," Billy sighed. "It's played to rules. Some one has to get knocked out, I suppose."

A little later, while Bert was off on a fresh diatribe, Billy became aware that he was making comparisons. This house was not like his house. Here was no satisfying atmosphere. Things seemed to run with a jar. He recollected that when they arrived, the breakfast dishes had not yet been washed. With a man's general obliviousness of household affairs, he had not noted details; yet it had been borne in on him, all

morning, in a myriad ways, that Mary was not the housekeeper Saxon was. He glanced proudly across at her, and felt the spur of an impulse to leave his seat, go around, and embrace her. She *was* a wife. He remembered her dainty undergarmenting, and on the instant, into his brain, leaped the image of her so appareled, only to be shattered by Bert.

"Hey, Bill, you seem to think I've got a grouch. Sure thing. I have. You ain't had my experiences. You've always done teamin' an' pulled down easy money prize-fightin'. You ain't known hard times. You ain't been through strikes. You ain't had to take care of an old mother an' swallow dirt on her account. It wasn't until after she died that I could rip loose an' take or leave as I felt like it.

"Take that time I tackled the Niles Electric an' see what a work-plug gets handed out to him. The Head Cheese sizes me up, pumps me a lot of questions, an' gives me an application-blank. I make it out, payin' a dollar to a doctor they sent me to for a health certificate. Then I got to go to a picture-garage an' get my mug taken—for the Niles Electric rogues' gallery. And I cough up another dollar for the mug. The Head Squirt takes the blank, the health certificate, and the mug, an' fires more questions. *Did I belong to a labor union. Me?* Of course I told 'm the truth I guess nit. I needed the job. The grocery wouldn't give me any more tick, and there was my mother.

"Huh, thinks I, here's where I'm a real carman. Back platform for me, where I can pick up the fancy skirts. Nitsky. Two dollars, please. Me—my two dollars. All for a pewter badge. Then there was the uniform—nineteen fifty, and get it anywhere else for fifteen. Only that was to be paid out of my first month. And then, five dollars in change in my pocket, my own money. That was the rule. I borrowed that five from Tom Donovan, the policeman. Then what? They worked me for two weeks without pay, breakin' me in."

"Did you pick up any fancy skirts?" Saxon queried teasingly.

Bert shook his head glumly. "I only worked a month. Then we organized, and they busted our union higher 'n a kite."

"And you boobs in the shops will be busted the same way if you go out on strike," Mary informed him.

"That's what I've been tellin' you all along," Bert replied. "We ain't got a chance to win."

"Then why go out?" was Saxon's question.

He looked at her with lack-luster eyes for a moment, then answered, "Why did my two uncles get killed at Gettysburg?"

XVIII

SAXON went about her housework greatly troubled. She no longer devoted herself to the making of pretties. The materials cost money, and she did not dare. Bert's thrust had sunk home. It remained in her quivering consciousness like a shaft of steel that ever turned and rankled. She and Billy were responsible for this coming young life. Could they be sure, after all, that they could adequately feed and clothe it and prepare it for its way in the world? Where was the guaranty? She remembered, dimly, the blight of hard times in the past, and the complaints of fathers and mothers in those days returned to her with a new significance. Almost could she understand Sarah's chronic complaining.

Hard times was already in the neighborhood where lived the families of the shopmen who had gone out on strike. Among the small storekeepers, Saxon, in the course of the daily marketing, could sense the air of despondency. Light and geniality seemed to have vanished. Gloom pervaded everywhere. The mothers of the children that played in the streets showed the gloom plainly in their faces. When they gossiped in the evenings, over front gates and on door-stoops, their voices were subdued, and less of laughter rang out.

Mary Donahue, who had taken three pints from the milkman, now took one pint. There were no more family trips to the moving-picture shows. Scrap-meat was harder to get from the butcher. Nora Delaney, in the third house, no longer bought fresh fish for Friday. Salted codfish, not of the best quality, was now on her table. The sturdy children that ran out upon the street between meals with huge slices of bread and butter and sugar, now came out with no sugar and with thinner slices spread more thinly with butter. The very custom was dying out, and some children already had desisted from piecing between meals.

Everywhere was manifest a pinching and



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Supper finished, she cleared the table and began washing the dishes at the sink. When he evinced the intention if you know what's good for you. Now be good and mind what I say. No, you are to read it, I'll be through with these dishes before you've started." As he

One thing more, she thought—slippers; and then the



of wiping them, she caught him by the lapels of the coat and backed him into a chair. "You'll sit right there, not going to watch me. There's the morning paper beside you. And if you don't hurry read at the paper, she continually glanced across at him from her work. picture of comfort and content would be complete

scraping, a cutting down of expenditure. And everywhere was more irritation. Women became angered with one another, and with the children, more quickly than of yore; and Saxon knew that Bert and Mary bickered incessantly.

"If she'd only realize I've got troubles of my own," Bert complained to Saxon.

She looked at him closely, and felt fear of him in a vague, numb way. His black eyes seemed to burn with a continuous madness. The brown face was leaner, the skin drawn tightly across the cheek-bones. A slight twist had come to the mouth, which seemed frozen into bitterness. The very carriage of his body and the way he wore his hat advertised a recklessness more intense than had been his in the past.

Sometimes, in the long afternoons, sitting by the window with idle hands, she caught herself reconstructing in her vision that folk-migration of her people across the plains and mountains and deserts to the sunset land by the Western sea. And often she found herself dreaming of the arcadian days of her people, when they did not live in cities and were not vexed with labor unions and employers' associations. She would remember the old people's tales of self-sufficingness, when they shot or raised their own meat, grew their own vegetables, were their own blacksmiths and carpenters, made their own shoes—yes, and spun the cloth of the clothes they wore. And something of the wistfulness in Tom's face she could see as she recollected it when he talked of his dream of taking up government land.

A farmer's life must be fine, she thought. Why was it that people had to live in cities? Why had times changed? If there had been enough in the old days, why was there not enough now? Why was it necessary for men to quarrel and jangle, and strike and fight, all about the matter of getting work? Why wasn't there work for all? Only that morning, and she shuddered with the recollection, she had seen two scabs, on their way to work, beaten up by the strikers, by men she knew by sight, and some by name, who lived in the neighborhood. It had happened directly across the street. It had been cruel, terrible—a dozen men on two. The children had begun it by throwing rocks at the scabs and cursing them in ways children should not know. Policemen had run upon the scene with drawn revolvers,

and the strikers had retreated into the houses and through the narrow alleys between the houses. One of the scabs, unconscious, had been carried away in an ambulance; the other, assisted by special railroad police, had been taken away to the shops. At him, Mary Donahue, standing on her front stoop, her child in her arms, had hurled such vile abuse that it had brought the blush of shame to Saxon's cheeks. On the stoop of the house on the other side, Saxon had noted Mercedes Higgins, an elderly neighbor, in the height of the beating up, looking on with a queer smile. She had seemed very eager to witness it, her nostrils dilated and swelling like the beat of pulses as she watched. It had struck Saxon at the time that the old woman was quite unexcited and only curious to see.

"I was frightened to death," Saxon declared to her later. "I was made sick by it. And yet you—I saw you—you looked on as cool as you please, as if it was a show."

"It was a show, my dear."

"Oh, how could you?"

"La, la, I have seen men killed. It is nothing strange. All men die. The stupid ones die like oxen, they know not why. It is quite funny to see. They strike each other with fists and clubs, and break each other's heads. It is gross. They are like a lot of animals. They are like dogs wrangling over bones. Jobs are bones, you know. Now, if they fought for women, or ideas, or bars of gold, or fabulous diamonds, it would be splendid. But no; they are only hungry, and fight over scraps for their stomach."

"Oh, if I could only understand!" Saxon murmured, her hands tightly clasped in anguish of incomprehension and vital need to know.

As the weeks passed, the strike in the railroad shops grew bitter and deadly. Billy shook his head and confessed his inability to make head or tail of the troubles that were looming on the labor horizon.

"I don't get the hang of it," he told Saxon. "It's a mix-up. It's like a rough-house with the lights out. Look at us teamsters. Here we are, the talk just starting of going out on sympathetic strike for the mill-workers. They've been out a week, most of their places is filled, an' if us teamsters keep on haulin' the mill-work the strike's lost."

"Yet you didn't consider striking for yourselves when your wages were cut," Saxon said with a frown.

"Oh, we wasn't in position then. But now the Frisco teamsters and the whole Frisco Water Front Confederation is liable to back us up. Anyway, we're just talkin' about it, that's all. But if we do go out, we'll try to get back that ten per cent. cut."

"It's rotten politics," he said another time. "Everybody's rotten. If we'd only wise up and agree to pick out honest men—"

"But if you, and Bert, and Tom can't agree, how do you expect all the rest to agree?" Saxon asked.

"It gets me," he admitted. "It's enough to give a guy the willies thinkin' about it. And yet it's plain as the nose on your face. Get honest men for politics, an' the whole thing's straightened out. Honest men'd make honest laws, an' then honest men'd get their dues."

The next evening when Billy came home from work, Saxon caused him to know and undertake more of the responsibilities of fatherhood. "I've been thinking it over, Billy," she began, "and I'm such a healthy, strong woman that it won't have to be very expensive. There's Martha Skelton—she's a good mid-wife."

But Billy shook his head. "Nothin' doin' in that line, Saxon. You're goin' to have Doc Hentley. He's Bill Murphy's doc, an' Bill swears by him. He's an old cuss, but he's a wooz."

"She confined Mary Donahue," Saxon argued; "and look at her, and her baby."

"Well, she won't confine you—not so as you can notice it."

"But the doctor will charge twenty dollars," Saxon pursued, "and make me get a nurse because I haven't any womenfolk to come in. But Martha Skelton would do everything, and it would be so much cheaper."

But Billy gathered her tenderly in his arms and laid down the law. "Listen to me, little wife. The Roberts family ain't on the cheap. Never forget that. You've gotta have the baby. That's your business, an' it's enough for you. My business is to get the money an' take care of you. An' the best ain't none too good for you. Why, I wouldn't run the chance of the teeniest accident happenin' to you for a million dollars. It's you that counts. An' dollars is dirt. Maybe you think I like that kid

some. I do. Why, I can't get him outa my head. I'm thinkin' about 'm all day long. If I get fired, it'll be his fault. I'm clean dotty over him. But just the same, Saxon, honest to God, before I'd have anything happen to you, break your little finger, even, I'd see him dead an' buried first. That'll give you something of an idea what you mean to me.

"Why, Saxon, I had the idea that when folks got married they just settled down and after a while their business was to get along with each other. Maybe it's the way it is with other people; but it ain't that way with you an' me. I love you more 'n' more every day. Right now I love you more 'n' when I began talkin' to you five minutes ago. An' you won't have to get a nurse. Doc Hentley'll come every day, an' Mary'll come in an' do the housework, an' take care of you an' all that, just as you'll do for her if she ever needs it."

As the days and weeks passed, Saxon was possessed by a conscious feeling of proud motherhood in her swelling breasts. So essentially a normal woman was she that motherhood was a satisfying and passionate happiness. It was true that she had her moments of apprehension, but they were so momentary and faint that they tended, if anything, to give zest to her happiness.

Only one thing troubled her, and that was the puzzling and perilous situation of labor which no one seemed to understand, herself least of all.

"They're always talking about how much more is made by machinery than by the old ways," she said to her brother Tom. "Then, with all the machinery we've got now, why don't we get more?"

"Now you're talkin'," he answered. "It wouldn't take you long to understand socialism."

But Saxon had a mind to the immediate need of things. "Tom, how long have you been a Socialist?"

"Eight years."

"And you haven't got anything by it?"

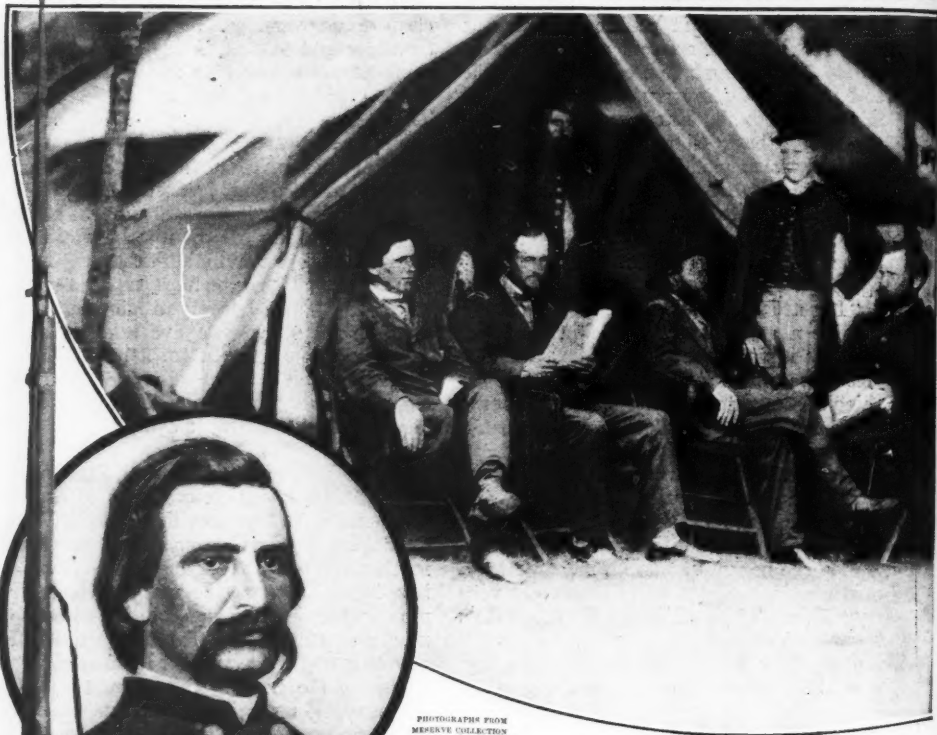
"But we will—in time."

"At that rate you'll be dead first," she challenged.

Tom sighed. "I'm afraid so. Things move so slow."

Again he sighed. She noted the weary, patient look in his face, the bent shoulders, the labor-gnarled hands, and it all seemed to symbolize the futility of his social creed.

Recollections of a Soldier's Wife



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
MEXICAN COLLECTION



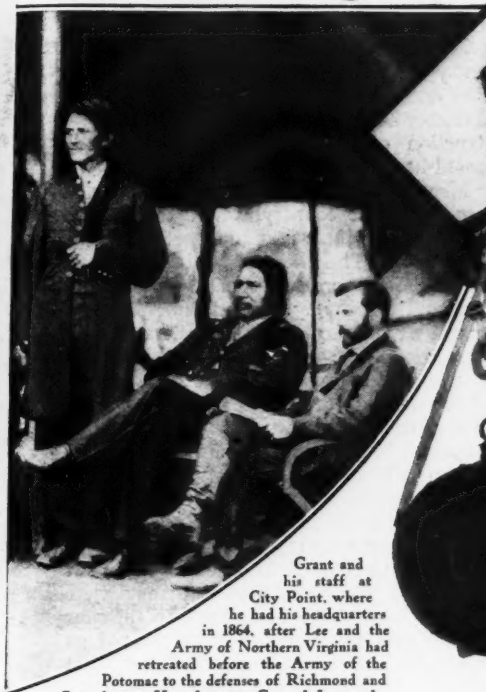
The war's foremost volunteer leader, who was on his way to relieve Thomas at Nashville when he was met with the news of Thomas's great victory

THE Ulysses S. Grant whom we had seen come to take charge of the disorganized camp at Cairo in '61 was now in supreme command of all the Federal armies. No Halleck and no military or political cabal stood in his way. In the election of '64 Lincoln had received the mandate of the people to prosecute the war to a finish. Lincoln in turn had transmitted this mandate to Grant.

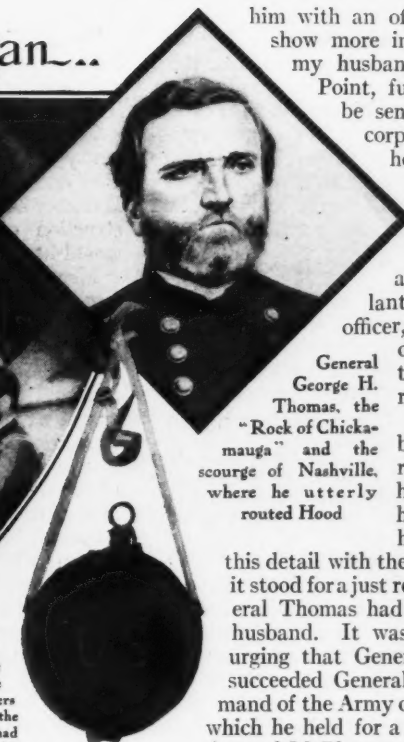
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The year 1865 was a year of triumph in the United States—triumph robbed of half its sweets by the assassination of the man who had carried most of the burdens of the great war and yet bore no malice. Appomattox was the triumph of arms—a guerdon bought with blood; the immediate fraternizing of North and South was the triumph of brotherhood—brotherhood made precious by strife; the return of the soldiers to farm

After the election, my husband, who had left the front in order to take part in the political campaign at the President's request, expected to rejoin his corps, which was then near Atlanta. Instead he was summoned to Grant's headquarters at City Point, Virginia. At that time both Grant and Sherman considered that the most effective movement for Sherman's army in forcing the final surrender of all the Confederate forces was to march through the Carolinas to Richmond. But this could not be undertaken without danger of a catastrophe until Hood's army was driven out of Tennessee

By Mrs. John A. Logan...



Grant and his staff at City Point, where he had his headquarters in 1864, after Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia had retreated before the Army of the Potomac to the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg. Here he gave General Logan the order to supersede Thomas at Nashville.



General George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga" and the scourge of Nashville, where he utterly routed Hood

him with an officer who would show more initiative. When my husband reached City Point, fully expecting to be sent on to join his corps with Sherman, he was met with a surprise. In his

Memoirs

Grant says, "Knowing him as a prompt, gallant, and efficient officer, I gave him an order to proceed to Nashville to relieve Thomas."

If there had been any spirit of revenge in my husband's nature he might well have welcomed

this detail with the conviction that it stood for a just retribution. General Thomas had never liked my husband. It was largely on his urging that General Howard had succeeded General Logan in command of the Army of the Tennessee, which he held for a short time after General McPherson was killed. The

assignment now offered General Logan was one to fire the ambition of any commander. It meant not only that he would be the head of a big army without any superior over him but Grant, but an opportunity for a most brilliant stroke which would forever make secure his reputation as the foremost volunteer leader of the war.

But, however free he was from any such thought, he realized that his enemies would say that he had intrigued to get Thomas's place. Thomas had prepared the army for the campaign before it. It was Thomas's army, my husband felt, just as the Army of the Tennessee had been his own. Very reluctantly he departed on the way to Nashville. At Louisville he was to communicate with Thomas and advise him of the orders he had received. But he stopped at Cincinnati, and instead of a direct communication he despatched one of his staff officers on a confidential mission to Thomas.

The officer was to show Thomas Grant's order for his release, to try to induce Thomas to make the attack which Grant wanted, and to impress on Thomas my husband's

and desk and factory was the triumph of free citizenship—citizenship worth waging a tremendous war to guarantee to every man under the one banner. Mrs. Logan's "Recollections" have reached this period; she gives us intimate views of men widely known then, but who are little more than names to us. Such guide-lights rob history of its brutality; that fact should make for these reminiscences a warm welcome everywhere.

by Thomas, who faced the Confederates at Nashville.

Grant had continually urged Thomas to attack Hood, while Thomas had ignored the orders on the ground that it was not practicable to obey them until his army was in a better position to take the offensive. The memory of Thomas's subsequent success makes it difficult to realize the exasperation of Grant at the time with his dilatoriness, for Grant was confident Thomas could win a great victory if he would only strike. Thomas's disinclination to agree with his superior had decided Grant to supersede

disinclination to supersede him. My husband, of course, agreed with Grant that, notwithstanding bad weather and almost impassable roads, which had been the excuse for delay, a blow should be struck immediately rather than allow the enemy to amass a larger force. In other words, my husband wanted the attack made and wanted Thomas himself to make it.

THE END OF HOOD'S ARMY

The result was all that General Logan could have wished. Thomas moved on December 15, 1864, and won a decisive victory. As soon as my husband had the news he sent Grant the following telegram:

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 17, 1864.

To Lt.-General U. S. Grant:

Have just arrived. Weather bad, raining since yesterday morning. People here jubilant over Thomas' success. Confidence seems to be restored. It would seem best that I return to join my command with Sherman.

JOHN A. LOGAN, Major-General.

Grant then assigned my husband to the command of the Fifteenth Corps, which was near Savannah. He went there by sea from New York and found his command pretty nearly in rags, but happy over the thought of continuing their march toward Richmond. The country was flooded, but it was nothing new for "Sherman's bummers" to build pontoons or to fell trees for corduroy roads over which they dragged their guns. Driving the Confederates before them, they proceeded. The enemy made a gallant stand at the Skalkewatchie River, trusting to the swollen streams to assist them in holding Sherman in check, but in vain. By February 12th, my husband's corps was at the North Edisto, where, in a short and sharp engagement, he took many prisoners.

I have often heard him tell of the horrors of the night when his corps entered Columbia, South Carolina. Before retreating, the Confederates had set fire to quantities of cotton and stores. The flames spread until they threatened to envelop the whole town. In their disorder the enemy had made free use of barrels of wine and whiskey, which were scattered everywhere. There was enough left, however, to demoralize many thirsty Federals. By promptly putting the worst culprits under arrest, General Logan soon had his forces in order, and they were fighting the fire at the same time that they were protecting the people. As a result, a portion of the town was saved.

From Columbia the corps proceeded to Goldsboro, across Lynch Creek and then the Lumber, Cape Fear, South, and Neuse rivers. Between these rivers were great stretches of swamps. No sooner had the weary men got their wagons and artillery over one than they would strike another. If timber had not been plentiful for the construction of roads and bridges progress would have been impossible.

Meanwhile, they were having to subsist largely off the country, where they could gather only the scantiest and most miserable provender. Their hope of finding food supplies at Goldsboro was dashed on their arrival. The country around had been devastated by the retreating Confederates, who were almost as hungry as their pursuers. As I have often heard the general say, the men of the Army of the Potomac may not have seen as much of the world as the men of his corps did, but at least they had plenty to eat.

Many a time "Sherman's bummers" would have been glad to make a charge in the face of canister in order to get a square meal. They were ragged and covered with vermin, lean to the point of emaciation, but toughened by hardship; and they were buoyed up by the thought that the war would soon be over, when they could go home, for at Goldsboro they had heard that Petersburg and Richmond had fallen.

Going into camp at Raleigh, North Carolina, my husband's corps waited for the rest of the army to come up. With the conclusion of the negotiations between Sherman and Johnston there was nothing left to do but push on to Washington and wait for the muster out.

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

But before they could start North came the saddest news that ever darkened a victorious army's hour of triumph. Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Patiently and sadly Mr. Lincoln had borne his heavy burden. Just as his end was gained and the Union saved and the country needed his wisdom for the work of reconstruction he was cut down. To a younger generation he has become the great incarnate figure of American democracy; yet the younger generation cannot have for him that familiar affection which was enjoyed by us who lived in his own time and believed in him and labored and sacrificed and fought for his cause when to many people that cause was

one of partisan bitterness. The soldiers had a feeling for "Old Abe" that they never could have for any of their generals. He was and ever will be the real hero of the war.

"Sherman's bummers" had not the same broad-minded feeling toward the Confederates that characterizes opinion to-day. They had seen their comrades killed and die of wounds and disease and had endured fearful hardships in order to put down the rebellion. When they heard that Lincoln's assassination was part of a plot their first impulse was that of anger, which naturally turned against their enemies. If left to themselves the hot-headed among them might have sought vengeance for Lincoln's death, which would have made an innocent population suffer for a crime to which it was in no way accessory.

THE WRATH OF THE SOLDIERS

On such occasions General Logan always went directly to his men. He understood them, and he appealed for moderation, which prevailed. Meanwhile, a pall hung over the whole North. The death of Lincoln was a matter of personal grief to every loyal citizen. It was the first time that we had had a President assassinated. Everybody in Washington felt that he was standing over a volcano. After all, was the republic a failure? Were the very lives of our great men insecure? Were we to fall into the methods of the Central American republics and medieval Europe? Many ultra-military enthusiasts of the army, who suspected Mr. Johnson, a Southerner, of being a party to the conspiracy, favored making Grant dictator. Of course Grant himself deprecated any such idea. His calm attitude did much toward quieting the excitement, especially when he assured the President that the army was back of him.

The war was over. Why should not all the survivors among the Union soldiers march down Pennsylvania Avenue, as the army of France passed in review down the Champs Élysée after Napoleon's Italian campaign? It would enable them all to have a glimpse of the White House and the capital of the nation that they had saved. It would send them home in realization of the power of their united country and with trust and confidence in its future. And so it was decided to have a grand review. Thus it was that the Army of the Potomac came from Appomattox to camp around Washing-

ton, Sherman's army from the Carolinas, Thomas's army from Tennessee, and the armies of the southwest by sea from New Orleans. General Howard was ordered to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, while my husband was once more put in command of the Army of the Tennessee.

THE GRAND REVIEW

The Army of the Potomac, looking trim and neat like regulars on parade, led the march. But there was a romance about "Sherman's bummers," in their old shoes and tattered uniforms, that brought a roar from the throats of the crowd. Bouquets were showered on the general. Enthusiastic men in the street rushed up to Black Jack and hung wreaths over the proud animal's head. Well the world might applaud "Sherman's bummers" in memory of what they had endured in the mud of Cairo, the chilling sleet of Forts Henry and Donelson, the heat and the bayous and the long siege around Vicksburg, the hard-fought march to Atlanta, and the swamps and corduroys of the Carolinas. From morning until night for two days the victorious troops were marching through Pennsylvania Avenue past the President and back to their quarters. Then their withdrawal for mustering out of the service began immediately. General Logan and the Army of the Tennessee were ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, where the army was to be disbanded. All were glad to go home, and yet there was a sad note in the parting of the comrades who had fought and marched and camped together.

General Logan reached home on July 28th; and to welcome him, besides his wife and his daughter Dolly, was a baby son, four days old, whom we named John A. Logan, Jr. Already the women folk of the town were arranging for a suitable welcome for the regiments recruited in the vicinity who were on their way from Louisville. The returned heroes must have pies and cakes and all the dainties which they associated with mother's cooking. There was no building in town large enough for the vast banquet planned. So we arranged to have it in a beautiful grove. The ground was literally swept clean of branches and twigs, and long tables were laid under the shade of the oaks. These were piled high with the best that the kitchens for twenty miles around could produce. The quantity was equaled only by

the variety. The soldiers who had not been killed by starvation in the Carolinas were in danger of being killed by overeating. After the feast was over some of them who were good speakers told of their experiences from a stand which had been put up for the purpose.

"WHEN JOHNNY CAME MARCHING HOME"

Much had been heard about the lawlessness of the men at the front. It was reported that they had fallen into habits of idleness of which they would not easily be cured. Therefore many conservative people were afraid that the troops would prove a disturbing element in the community as soon as the first excitement of the welcome home was past. Extreme pessimists even apprehended that they would form marauding parties which would move about taking possession of whatever they wanted, without regard for law or order or the rights of others. This was not true, however, in any sense of the word, of the men who returned to southern Illinois. A great majority, of course, had their own homes and vocations awaiting them. There was work on the farm or in the shop which needed to be done at once. The others soon found employment, as renewed confidence and the era of development in the West, which was already under way, created demand for labor of all kinds.

For four years the life of General Logan had been that of a soldier. Now that the war was over he must consider his future career. He was offered a brigadiership in the regulars, but intense as he was in serving his country in uniform when there was fighting to do, garrison life in time of peace had no attraction for one of his active temperament. Early in September, as soon as his accounts were audited and all the details of his command were in order for official record, he tendered his resignation as major-general, because he was unwilling to remain on the pay-roll when there was nothing for him to do. His idea was to settle down and practise law, thinking that that was the best way to make a competence for his family. But it was impossible for him to keep out of politics, for the very good reason that his friends and the men who looked to him as a leader would not permit him to keep out, as we shall see.

There was a good deal of apprehension concerning the situation in Mexico, where the French had set Maximilian up as em-

peror. In the absence of telegraphic communication with the City of Mexico the State Department could not keep in touch with its representative. So it was important that our minister to Mexico should be a man of judgment and capable of acting on it, if necessary. President Johnson offered General Logan the mission. Though the general practically refused, Secretary Seward actually made out his credentials and mailed them to him, while General Grant wired asking him to reconsider. Naturally Grant had an intense interest in the Mexican situation. As commander of the army, he would have charge of the military operations in case we should have to occupy Mexico. His wishes on any matter had great influence with my husband, who decided that he would go to Mexico if no other satisfactory man could be found. However, the execution of the unfortunate Maximilian brought an end to the crisis, which permitted my husband to refuse again with good grace. Soon afterward he was offered the mission to Japan. His acceptance of this would, no doubt, have gratified a number of men in the Republican party in the state of Illinois, who would have liked to have him isolated half-way around the world. They foresaw that the prestige he had won in the war must make him a power in state politics, whether he willed or not.

LOGAN'S RETURN TO POLITICS

S. W. Moulton, Congressman-at-large from Illinois, was a candidate for re-election in 1866. My husband had no inclination to enter the lists against him, but his popularity with the returned soldiers, who were naturally greatly interested in politics, started a strong movement in his favor. Mr. Moulton stated his willingness personally to withdraw if the general would allow his name to be used, because he believed that it was to the interest of the Republican party for him to make the race. Without waiting for his answer, the state convention nominated the general by acclamation. No sooner had he signified his acceptance than it seemed to me that the local committees of every town in the state sent telegrams or representatives to make sure that they had him for a speech during the campaign. Thus he was drawn back into the maelstrom of politics, from which he was not to be free until the end of his days. He had to give up his idea of making a competence

War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

\$100,000 REWARD!**THE MURDERER**

Of our late beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IS STILL AT LARGE.**\$50,000 REWARD!**

will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

\$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN H. SURREY, one of Booth's accomplices.

\$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of DANIEL C. HARROLD, another of Booth's accomplices.

LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or concealing the said person, or either of them, or aiding or assisting concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the other conspirators of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission for the punishment of DEATH.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider himself charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War

DESCRIPTION: BOOTH is 5 feet 7 or 8 inches; high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wears a heavy black mustache. JOHN H. SURREY is about 5 feet 10 inches; fair complexion and dark eyes; wears a black mustache. DANIEL C. HARROLD is 5 feet 10 inches; fair complexion and dark eyes; wears a black mustache. The above descriptions are given for the purpose of identifying the criminals. The names of the accomplices are given for the purpose of identifying the criminals. The names of the accomplices are given for the purpose of identifying the criminals.

GEO. F. RUSSELL & CO., Printers and Stationers, 107 Pearl and Pine Streets, N. Y.

The nation seeks vengeance. By fleeing through a war-devastated region Booth was able to elude his pursuers for nearly two weeks.

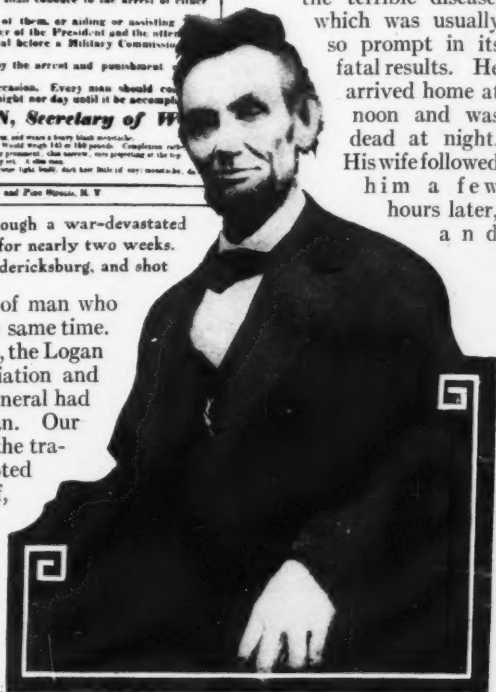
On April 26th he was overtaken, near Fredericksburg, and shot

for his family, as he was not the type of man who could hold office and make money at the same time.

In June and July of that summer of '66, the Logan family cut free from every other association and thought and took a vacation. The general had not really had a rest since the war began. Our party, consisting of Eliza Logan Wood, the tragedienne, Katie Logan, who was our adopted daughter, General Logan, and myself, our little daughter Dollie, and our infant son, John A. Logan, Jr., went to Minnesota. We made St. Paul our headquarters. From there we made journeys to all the important lakes in Minnesota. At that time the great Northwest was only on the threshold of the development which was to come. There were no trans-continental railways, and the energetic young James J. Hill was unknown

to the railroad world. We spent most of the time fishing. We would go out in the morning with our lunch and return late in the afternoon, our boat fairly laden with the catch.

When we returned to Illinois, while I was the guest of friends at Joliet I had word of the death of my mother at Marion. At that time there was an epidemic of cholera in southern Illinois. In the early days of our country such epidemics, which no longer occur, were not uncommon. Henry Hopper, a young man of Marion, while at a Democratic convention at Cairo, had been exposed to the terrible disease, which was usually so prompt in its fatal results. He arrived home at noon and was dead at night. His wife followed him a few hours later, and



FROM NEGATIVE COLLECTION

Lincoln on the day of triumph. April 9, 1865, the day Lee surrendered, the President sat for his last pictures.

This was one of them

then his mother, with whom he lived, was attacked. Having no one to aid her, she sent for my mother, who went to her and remained until after her death. Returning home with no thought of alarm on her own account, it was not twenty-four hours before she herself was gone.

My grief-stricken father and my younger brothers and sisters requiring my attention, I was unable to accompany General Logan on his speech-making tour, which resulted in his receiving the largest number of votes ever given to any candidate in the state of Illinois up to that time. In all parts of the country the Republican majorities were stupendous. The party that had carried the war through was safely retained in power, while it faced all the vexatious problems of reconstruction.

A MAN FAMOUS IN HIS DAY

With the two children I accompanied my husband to Washington when, on March 4, 1867, he again took his seat in Congress, after an absence of six years. He was immediately made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, which had before it the rather difficult task of providing for the reduction of the army to a peace footing at a period when there were a great many volunteer officers who wished to remain in the regular service. Among the men in Washington at that time were many of national distinction. I particularly remember that eccentric official, General Francis E. Spinner, United States treasurer. His cramped, illegible signature on the greenbacks was familiar to the whole land. With my first glance at him I looked to see if he was anything like his handwriting, and it seemed to me that he was. His German origin appeared in many ways. He was what I should call "built on the square" from the bottom of his feet to the top of his head. All his annual reports, including the tables of statistics, were written out by hand; and it was one of his vanities that he never made an erasure from beginning to end. He took his official responsibility very seriously. Every morning between twelve and one before going to bed he made a round of all the treasury vaults in person.

He was the first to introduce women clerks in any of the departments, an innovation which arose from the paucity of male labor during the Civil War. Long after his death the women clerks of Wash-

ington subscribed a fund for a statue to him; but Congress would not permit its erection in the capital, the only reason being, so far as I know, that it would set a precedent for statues to treasurers who were not considered important enough for the honor. Later, the Daughters of the Revolution, who had taken an interest in the matter, had the statue erected in a park in his native town of Herkimer, New York.

His profanity was proverbial. He used oaths in the place of adjectives, and hardly uttered a sentence without one. On account of his eccentricities he was one of the sights of Washington. It happened that once when I had not seen him for some time I took a number of ministers who had been attending a conference in Washington to meet him, and immediately I entered his office he called out, "Where in h—l have you been all this time?"

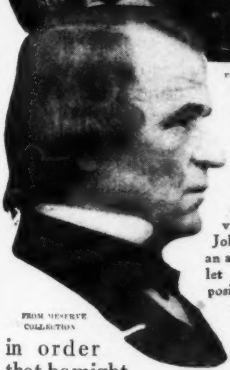
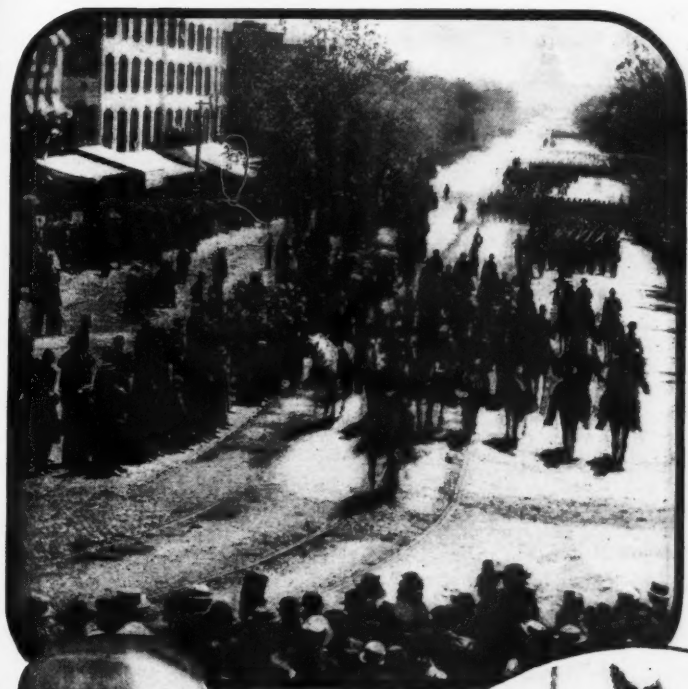
"Sh-h!" I warned him in a whisper. "These gentlemen are clergymen."

"I'm d—d glad to see you!" was his greeting to the delegates.

His only diversion was fishing. He had a boat on the river for the purpose, equipped with most elaborate tackle. He delighted in taking out parties and feasting them on fish which were broiled deliciously by an old colored woman. Fond of children, he liked to take them with him on these trips; but some mothers objected because their children sometimes returned with an enriched vocabulary. But there was no sin in his profanity. It merely expressed conversational emphasis.

WASHINGTON IN THE LATE SIXTIES

A man of another type of eccentricity was Senator Salisbury, of Delaware, a bachelor. Happily he was of a type, not uncommon in antebellum days, which has passed from the public stage. It was difficult to control him when he was in the midst of a wild debauch. On one occasion, when he eluded the colored attendant whose duty it was to watch him, he appeared in the large dining-room during the dinner-hour clad only in his under-garments. Hughes, the head waiter, who was a robust Irishman, and two or three of the colored waiters made a rush to get him out of the room. He was a man of tremendous physique and disinclined to go. Reënforcements came to Hughes's assistance, and while the senator continued to struggle and swear and insisted on being set down



FROM MERRITT COLLECTION

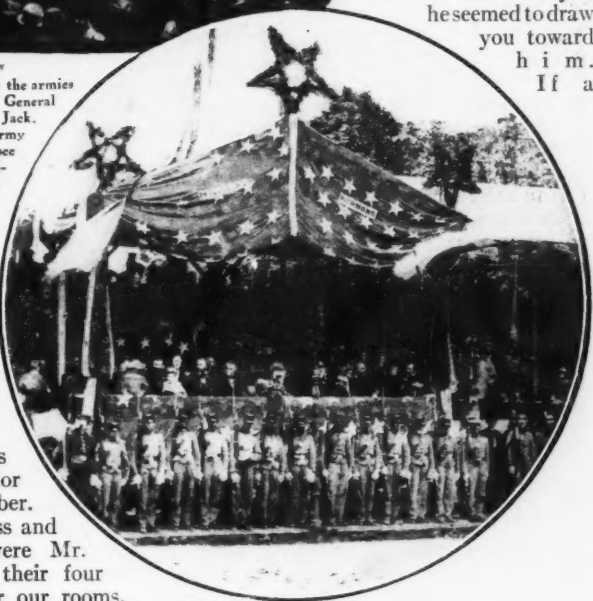
The war is over; the armies are going home. General Logan, on Black Jack, leading the Army of the Tennessee down Pennsylvania Avenue in the Grand Review.—Andrew Johnson, whom an assassin's bullet placed in a position he could scarcely fill

in order that he might make a speech, he was borne out bodily. Naturally the ladies present beat a hasty retreat through the rear entrance to the dining-room. It was more than a week before the senator reappeared in the Senate chamber.

Among the members of Congress and their families at the Willard were Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine, with their four children, who had a suite near our rooms. When Mrs. Blaine and I were out making calls, Emmons, Alice, and little James G. Blaine and Dollie and baby John A. Logan used to have the run of our rooms. Frequently we

returned to find them in confusion, the children having amused themselves by dressing up in their parents' clothes while they impersonated leading statesmen and their wives. Emmons presided over these affairs with much suavity of manner, which he had inherited from his father.

James G. Blaine had become Speaker of the House of Representatives for the first time. He was then in the prime of life and powers very unlike the pale and white-haired Blaine who was nominated for President in 1884. He was brilliant and magnetic. When he shook hands with you he seemed to draw you toward him. If a



(C) BROWN AND

The President's reviewing-stand. In the stand are President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, General Grant and other distinguished civilians and military men

politician went to him in anger and upbraiding, when he departed he was appeased, though his argument might be unanswered.

ENTERING UPON DARK DAYS

Blaine had an unwieldy majority in the House to deal with. At present the responsibility of selecting the committees and chairmen has been shifted to a committee elected by the House; but in those days choice lay entirely with the Speaker. It gave him great political power, but also subjected him to violent criticism and private enmity. With all his suavity, Mr. Blaine could not overcome the bitterness on the part of aspirants whose ambition he could not gratify. Many of the disappointed men held their grudges to their dying day and did their share toward his defeat in '84. While he held his friends with bonds of positive fascination, his enemies were equally ardent in their opposition. Those who read Mr. Blaine's speeches to-day sometimes wonder wherein his power lay. He owed it to his manner more than any public man I have ever known.

We had a Republican President, but it was soon evident that Andrew Johnson was out of touch with his party. My own principal impression of Johnson was an absence of downright sincerity. He seemed to me to be posing. Many spoke of the fact—though personally I never noticed it—that he was extremely fastidious about his dress and personal appearance; this was said to be due to the fact that he had begun life as a tailor and made the most of externals in order to prove that he was adapted to fill his exalted position.

When Congress convened in December, 1867, the political rivalries of the summer had intensified partisan feeling. There were grave apprehensions about reconstruction. The states lately in rebellion, finding that they had the sympathy of the administration, were clamorous for a full restoration of their forfeited rights. On the one hand, in the South, was the domination of the ignorant colored people who were unfit for the proper use of unfamiliar privileges and who were pliant, in many instances, in the hands of unscrupulous men. On the other hand, the native Southerners showed a resentful spirit toward all who came to make their home in the Southern states, while they were galled at the thought that in the absence of slaves to do their bidding

they must do their own work like the hated Northern "mudsills." It was a serious problem how these seemingly irreconcilable elements were to be harmonized and made to dwell in peace together until Congress should pass a law which would enable the seceded states again to take part in the government. The disagreement between President Johnson and the Republican party grew into bitterness. Mr. Johnson pardoned a great many men who had been convicted of treasonable offenses. Finally, when he had pardoned Spangler and Arnold, accused of conspiracy in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, there was universal public indignation. For the first time in the history of the United States impeachment proceedings were brought against a President.

SOCIAL WASHINGTON UNDER JOHNSON

Socially the winter of '67-8 was as brilliant as possible under the circumstances. Mr. Johnson's family was much out of health, and though his charming daughters, Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson, did all in their power they were unable to dispel the political gloom that always pervaded the White House. Secretaries Seward, Browning, McCullough, Randall, and Welles and General Grant, as general of the army, gave the regulation receptions and dinners. General and Mrs. Butler entertained lavishly. I recollect one magnificent party given by them at their home on the corner of I and Fifteenth streets, where the Normandie now stands, on the occasion of the debut of their daughter Blanche. The soulless and scentless camellias, whose petals will not bear the slightest touch, were then the fad among flowers. Thousands of them were used in the decorations, and the cost was equal to that of orchids to-day.

Among intellectual people, invitations to Mr. Sumner's dinners were the most sought after. He had no such fortune as that which General Butler had readily made, but he possessed a good many qualities which Butler lacked. When one sat beside him at dinner, one hardly paid any attention to what one had to eat. It was a case of a feast of reason. As a dinner-table talker he was at his best, for then his senatorial dignity unbent and he seemed to find relaxation from his duties in a brilliant flow of disquisition on all manner of subjects. His age and reputation added to the glamour of whatever he had to say.

The next instalment of "*Recollections of a Soldier's Wife*" will appear in the July issue.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get - Rich - Quick Wallingford

A man wrote in the other day attacking a certain promotion company which he claimed was crooked. He said the head of the concern was a "regular Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." In fiction it takes tremendous popularity to make the name of a character define a type in this way. Of course Dickens was the master-hand at it—a "regular Uriah Heep," a "regular Pickwick," and you have the man flashighted in a stroke. That Mr. Chester has succeeded in doing the same thing with "Wallingford" is a big achievement. Incidentally, we congratulate you and ourselves that he is doing the "achieving" in *Cosmopolitan*. In this story Wallingford buys a brand-new mother for himself—and some influential citizens foot the bill

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

AN AMAZINGLY pretty girl stopped the slender Blackie Daw and the impressive J. Rufus Wallingford at the corner of Beauregard and Van Buren streets, and pinned a crimson rambler on the lapel of each gentleman's coat.

"Welcome, little stranger!" enthusiastically accepted Blackie Daw, reaching his hand in his pocket.

The girl, who was black haired and black eyed, and was dressed in a smart white frock, dimpled, and laughed up at him.

"The same to you," she returned, in a voice which was soft and drawled deliciously.

Wallingford beamed on her with a smile which she did not relish so much as she had Blackie's. "Why the rose, little one?" he inquired, and his eyes were bold.

"It's for the Leesville Confederate Soldiers' Home," she soberly informed him. "This is Butternut Day in Leesville. That is a butternut leaf behind the rose."

"I might have known it," complained Blackie. "A pretty girl never slips me a rose because of my fatal fascination," and he laughingly handed her a two-dollar bill.

"Thank you!" she said, and again dimpled up at Blackie. "That's mighty nice of you."

"Piker," reproached Wallingford. "Is that the best you could do for as pretty a girl as this?"

She had flushed with half-mischievous pleasure when Blackie had called her pretty, for Butternut Day was the first chance she had ever been permitted for crossing wits with strange men, and she was enjoying the

exhilaration of it to the full; but Wallingford's compliment was different, somehow.

"I reckon he's paid for both," she stiffly observed, and, with her head in the air, turned to walk away.

"Don't be so much so," chuckled Wallingford. "Look at this, and see how hearty I am for the old soldiers."

He thrust a fifty-dollar bill in front of her, and she hesitated.

"I don't reckon I have any right to refuse that," she seriously stated, without a look into the big round pink face to which she had taken such a violent dislike. She accepted the bill slowly, with a quite obvious struggle between her duty and her inclination. "Thank you," she murmured, with some of the color gone from her cheeks. "That's mighty nice of you," and she hurried away.

A lady with gray hair, and a gray silk gown, and a gray bonnet which bobbed of Paris, came out of the adjoining drug-store and hurried to meet the girl. They started down the street together, talking earnestly, as Wallingford and Blackie crossed to the other side; but suddenly the two ladies wheeled and came back, and turned the corner of the cross street.

"Wasn't she a peach!" enthusiastically commented Wallingford.

Blackie scowled at him. "You big slob!" he returned, and hastily changed the subject. "I wonder why they never made a winter resort of this town?"

"It's probably too cold," judged Wallingford. "You know, just because a place

is south of some place else doesn't mean tennis-togs the year round."

"I saw a palm-tree while we were driving this morning," argued Blackie.

"It was in a tub," Wallingford informed him. "They take it in on frosty nights. I'm about ready to blow this burg."

"I like the towh, from the hills back yonder to the creek," declared Blackie.

"What's the matter with it?"

A tall, skinny young man, in a slouchy brown suit, and a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a ready smile, came swinging up the street, his coat and his soft shirt-front almost covered with roses. A plain-looking girl stepped from under an awning, with her little basket of flowers, and he stopped.

"I don't guess you have room for any more, Buck," she laughingly surmised, inspecting him critically.

"Well, sister, there's still my hat," he gaily invited, handing it to her.

With the happy understanding of friends, she pinned the rose on his hat, and he handed her a coin.

"There goes the reason I don't like the town," explained Wallingford, after they had passed. "That reckless spendthrift is being a howling sport at ten cents a throw. There's no money here."

Blackie turned to look after the lanky one with a friendly eye. "He's what I call a good sport, Jim. He's bought two dollars' worth of those roses, and probably his own garden is choked with them."

"Let's go pack up," grumpily suggested Wallingford, and led the way into Shepheard's Hotel.

II

A GRAY-HAIRED bell-boy, so black that he looked like a hole, knocked on the door. "Cunnel Tillbury an' Misteh Dick Tillbury to see you, suh," he announced.

Wallingford and Blackie gazed at each other speculatively.

"Of the Tillbury Tillburys?" gently inquired Blackie, by way of indicating that he had never before heard of a Tillbury.

"Yass, suh!" was the unexpected reply of the bell-boy. "Cunnel Tillbury used to live in Tillbury, but he done moved here right after the wah. They's some other Tillburys hyah, but they don't belong to the Tillbury Tillburys."

"I see," chuckled Wallingford, hauling

his shirts from the bureau drawer, preparatory to packing. "Well, bring them right up, Sam," and he turned to Blackie with a puzzled air, as Sam closed the door. "What boobs do you suppose they are?" he wondered.

Blackie thought the matter over carefully. "I don't remember that we ever bilked a Tillbury," he decided.

"Probably the proprietors of Tillbury's garage," chuckled Wallingford, beginning to spread his cravats between his shirts.

Blackie, busy with a letter to Violet Bonnie, grinned amiably, and, for two minutes, scratched silently away.

There was another knock on the door.

"Come in," called Wallingford cordially, sorting his collars.

The door opened, and there entered a corpulent man in a white linen suit. He had gray hair and a thick gray goatee, and just now his face was a trifle gray. Behind him was a bony young man, with high cheeks and a grim mouth and eyes like steel drills.

"Is this Mr. Wallingford?" demanded the older man, directing his earnest attention to J. Rufus.

Wallingford, catching the drill-like eyes of the younger man fixed on him, suddenly felt a cold dew beading his forehead, though he did not know why. "I believe it is," he smilingly answered. "I presume that this is Colonel and Mr. Richard Tillbury," and he stepped forward, with beaming suavity, to shake hands.

"Not yet, sir," announced the colonel, waving the hand aside. "Dick, now you behave yourself till we find out." He drew a neatly folded fifty-dollar bill from his coat pocket, and threw it on the table. "Now Mr. Wallingford, explain yourself. Dick!"

"Yes, father," agreed the young man, in a voice which vibrated. His fists were clenched, and the knots of his jaws were working, and his eyes burned perfectly parallel holes in the broad-chested Wallingford.

J. Rufus recognized that fifty-dollar bill, and his brain seethed actively. He drew himself up with pride, even with hauteur! "There is evidently some misunderstanding," he admitted, wondering how Blackie Daw, under such tragic circumstances, could be grinning as he wrote. "I do not imagine what it can be, but, in the meantime, I shall be very glad to make any



"I was not aware that I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with your daughter," Wallingford responded stiffly. "You have not, sir!" snapped Colonel Tillbury. "You spoke with her, however. You gave her that fifty-dollar bill for the Soldiers' Home"

explanation one gentleman can give to another; after that, I hope that you will do the same." He paused, for a moment, to expand his chest, which had exhibited a slight tendency to cave. He longed to reach for a handkerchief to mop his brow, but he felt that it would not be advisable. "Now, what is it?"

"You're a stranger in Leesville," charged Colonel Tillbury, of the Tillbury Tillburys, his thick gray goatee shaking.

Wallingford breathed a little more freely. "Very much to my regret, that is true," he acknowledged. "Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" and he sat chairs for them.

"Not yet, sir," refused Colonel Tillbury; and young Dick, who had closed the door, now leaned his back against it. "From my daughter's report of your manner toward her this afternoon, I judge that you insulted her!"

Wallingford, conscious that young Mr. Tillbury was with difficulty holding himself inside his skin, felt that he would soon be

compelled to reach for that handkerchief! "I was not aware that I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with your daughter," he responded stiffly.

"You have not, sir!" snapped Colonel Tillbury. "You spoke with her, however. You gave her that fifty-dollar bill for the Soldiers' Home. Moreover—"

"Oh, that!" interrupted Wallingford brightly, his eyes widening and his face beaming. He even smiled. "I made up my mind immediately afterward that I must give more to such a noble cause. What I cannot understand, however, is that your daughter could have mistaken anything I said or did."

Young Dick Tillbury thrust himself into the foreground. "Why should a stranger give fifty dollars for the Confederates' Home?" he demanded.

Wallingford almost dodged, but he was equal to the strained occasion. "Because I do not expect to remain a stranger," he smoothly assured them. "I have come

among you to make beautiful Leesville my future residence. I shall buy a home here."

There was a change in the expression of Colonel Tillbury, which gave Wallingford his first moment of relief; but young Dick was obviously incredulous.

"You're packing your bags," he asserted, with a contemptuous curl of his thin lips. "Now look here, Mr. Wallingford, I'm not going to fool much with you!"

"Just a moment, Mr. Tillbury!" sternly bluffed Wallingford, though he felt his knees shaking. "You are so hasty that you will be compelled to apologize," he went on, gaining courage from the fact that Blackie had at last arisen and was edging within one jump of young Dick. "I am packing my bags because I intend to move to larger quarters. I propose to purchase here the best residence I can find vacant, and I am so earnest in my admiration for the movement to establish a Confederate Soldiers' Home in the city of my adoption that I shall donate the balance of the funds needed by your committee, to the maximum amount of fifty thousand dollars!"

Even young Dick Tillbury wilted under that colossal proposition. The hard look on his face became uncertain. "Well, sir, if you carry through that program, I am bound to apologize, and to assume that the offensive manner of which my sister spoke was due to the fact that you are a stranger, and can't help it," he conceded. "But if you are lying, I warn you that I'll call on you, wherever you are!"

"Why are you making such a generous offer to the Confederate Veterans' Association?" inquired Colonel Tillbury, with a lingering trace of suspicion.

Wallingford had already thought fast enough to anticipate that. "My mother was a Southerner," he said softly. "She had two brothers killed in the war. It was her ambition to commemorate the deeds of those gallant soldiers. But, gentlemen, it is too late for her to enjoy this simple tribute of mine," and at last he could reach for his handkerchief!

III

"Would it soothe you if I played a little music, Jim?" kindly offered Blackie, reaching for his saxophone.

Wallingford, looking savagely out of the bay window of the bridal suite of Shepheard's Hotel, rumbled, "Shut up!"

"All right, Jim," grinned Blackie. "I merely meant to comfort and not to annoy. Are you thinking of some other nice little scheme to benefit the beloved city of your adoption?"

Wallingford lit a match, but discovering that his cigar was already glowing beautifully, threw down the match in disgust. "I've told you that offer of mine was made as a business proposition," he snapped.

"Gee, but your pride must have been stung, Jim," snickered Blackie. "When you start bluffing to me, you have certainly felt the barb."

Wallingford shifted uneasily in his chair. "Go on and kid me," he growled. "If you understood the first principles of business, you'd know that I've inspired a confidence which can be cashed for half a million dollars."

"You to supply the cash," supplemented Blackie. "It's already cost you fifty-thousand dollars for the Soldiers' Home, and the fifteen-hundred-dollar option you put up on Major Carrol Tillbury's beautiful colonial residence. I will say you use an expensive brand of confidence."

Wallingford screwed around in his chair, and glared at Blackie. "It's bad business to bluff about such things," he explained, chafed at finding himself on the defensive. "Having made the offer, it was policy to make good."

"You bet it was!" enthusiastically corroborated Blackie. "There's twenty-seven of these Tillbury Tillburys in town, and it's because old Tyler Tillbury is laid up with inflammatory rheumatism that there were only twenty-six of them loafing around the depot with guns. Let this be a lesson to you, Jim," and again Blackie reached for his saxophone.

"If you haul that brass gourd out of its case to-day, I'll smash it!" yelled Wallingford, whose nerves were very much on edge. "When I leave this town, I'll have so much Tillbury money that they can't buy ammunition."

"I'm strong for that," approved Blackie. "If you're not busy just now, suppose we go out and get it."

"There's no hurry," returned Wallingford, but his big pink face cleared, and he began to smile.

"Why not?" said Blackie. "You can go anywhere you like now. You're popular with all the Tillburys since you acquired

their confidence. Or are you waiting for an idea?"

"No, you pinhead!" barked Wallingford. "I'm only figuring how far I can make the idea reach. I'm going to turn Leesville into a winter resort."

Blackie dropped his cigarette. "Where do you intend to move the town?" he inquired. "Why, Jim, the natives save their money all year in order to get away from Leesville in winter."

"That's what the natives do in every winter resort," Wallingford pointed out.

"Oh, but Jim, you can't pull this over," protested Blackie. "They've been telling me about the climate. There's a cold fog rolls in from between those hills every afternoon at four o'clock, and all the Leesvillians who don't die young of pneumonia, die old of rheumatism."

"Perfectly regular for a winter resort," insisted J. Rufus, with a chuckle. "Why, Blackie, I'll have them coming here from Panama to get warm."

IV

CALEB TILLBURY, who was a small old man, but wiry, and with a gray curl in the middle of his smooth forehead, looked at Wallingford with a puzzled brow. "I judge eight thousand dollars is a fair enough price for that range of hillside property," he conceded, and then, with the characteristic frankness of the South, he added, "What do you want to do with it?"

Wallingford leaned confidentially over the edge of Caleb's library table. "I don't care to have people in general know until I have acquired the property, Mr. Tillbury," he said; "but I don't mind telling you. I expect to build a magnificent hotel there."

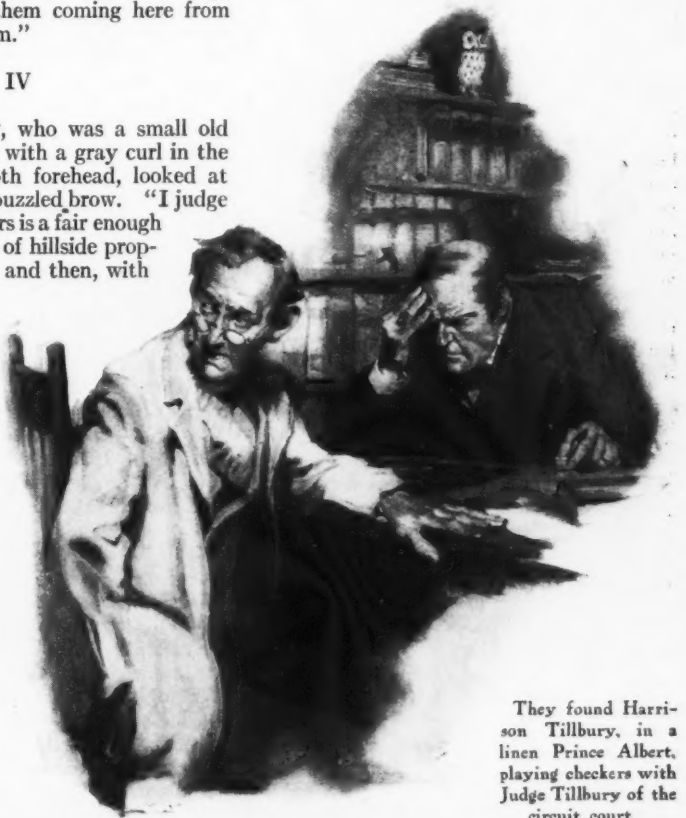
Caleb Till-

bury's smooth face stiffened. "I'm bound to say, Mr. Wallingford, that there's no room in Leesville for another hotel," he coldly stated. "Shepherd's is able to take care of all the high-class trade that comes to this city."

Wallingford's eyes glinted. "Shepherd's is the rottenest hotel this side of Pine Swamp, Arkansasaw."

Caleb Tillbury nearly jumped out of his chair! "I reckon you haven't traveled much, or else you've traveled cheap," he charged. "Shepherd's Hotel is kept by a second cousin of the Tillbury Tillburys, on his mother's side, and he knows the hotel business from straw to spun goods. I've heard say his corn-fritters are the best in the South."

"Sorry I haven't tried the corn-fritters," hedged Wallingford. "However, I'm here to talk business. I don't propose to run in



They found Harrison Tillbury, in a linen Prince Albert, playing checkers with Judge Tillbury of the circuit court

opposition to Shephard's. I plan to build a splendid resort hotel on that hillside, which will bring hundreds of visitors to Leesville in the winter time."

Caleb Tillbury viewed Wallingford incredulously. "I reckon you haven't been in Leesville in the winter," he surmised.

"I judge by your citizens," responded Wallingford, warming with enthusiasm. "Never have I seen more beautiful women, more stalwart young men, more youthful elderly people than here! That means to me that this is the garden spot of the earth!"

Caleb's countenance unstiffened a trifle. "Well, it is too far out to be much competition to Lee Shephard," he mused. "You know, I own a fourth interest in Shephard's Hotel, and Colonel Tillbury owns a little more than a fourth."

"Then you're the very men who should be in for this proposition," declared Wallingford, apparently highly pleased at having discovered this particular Tillbury. "Transients would not go out that far. Shephard's will benefit, as will the entire town, by this glorious commercial awakening. Why, Mr. Tillbury, I propose to organize a half-million-dollar company, to make Leesville the richest city in the state!"

Caleb thought that over very carefully, and considered again the enormous distance from the depot. "Well, I don't mind selling you the land," he finally decided.

"Then it's a bargain," said Wallingford briskly. "We'll fix it up immediately, if you can recommend a good lawyer."

Caleb Tillbury reached for his hat. "We'll go right across and see Harrison Tillbury," he stated.

They found Harrison Tillbury, in a linen Prince Albert, playing checkers with Judge Tillbury of the circuit court; and both gentlemen viewed Wallingford with suspended judgment, while Caleb explained their errand.

"Well, I reckon it's a fair price," speculated Judge Tillbury, who was a very square-mouthed old man.

"It might be a good thing for Tillbury's Omnibus Line, too," mused long-necked Harrison Tillbury, after he had been thoroughly convinced that the proposed new hotel would not hurt Shephard's, and thereupon they proceeded to draw up the necessary documents, though the process

was nearly stopped by the entrance of young Curt Tillbury, who pointed out that, if a winter resort hotel was to be built in Leesville, it should be built by the Tillburys.

Blackie Daw, who had suffered in silence long enough, now rose and declared himself. "I don't like you people for a minute!" he blurted, to Wallingford's intense consternation. "You treat a favor as if it were an insult! Here comes a financier, who says he's going to buy a residence in your town, and he buys it! He says he'll give you money enough to build your Soldiers' Home, and he hands you the cash! He offers to present you with a business which will give you all a chance to make money, and you hem and haw around about it as if he intended to gouge you! How much of that half-million-dollars' worth of stock did you propose to take up yourself, Jim?"

Wallingford, momentarily expecting the production of four revolvers, nevertheless backed up Blackie manfully. "Four hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"I think you're a sucker to do it!" stormed Blackie. "I consider that you've been insulted!"

To Wallingford's intense surprise, they treated the few remarks of Blackie with every appearance of respect.

"Well, Mr. Daw, there wasn't any intention to insult anybody," drawled Harrison, looking speculatively at the paper he had been preparing.

"No!" assented young Curt. "If you think that, we apologize."

"Then let's finish this business and have a drink," offered Blackie, who had asserted the quality which Wallingford lacked; and, that night, Blackie was playing poker with four of the young Tillburys. They voted him considerable of a man.

V

THE most difficult task Wallingford had ever essayed was to awaken local enthusiasm in Leesville. The Tillburys, their cousins, their uncles, and their nephews, permitted Wallingford and Daw to go about their business and spend as much money as they wished, but that was about all. True, Blackie had formed an extensive drinking acquaintance, but, for the time being, it did not seem negotiable.

"Why, confound it, I can't even organize my company!" worried Wallingford. "It takes five incorporators to secure a charter in this state, and I can't even get a Tillbury to accept a share of stock as a gift."

"Moral: stay where you belong," advised Blackie. "When there's so many suckers on Broadway, why should a wise man leave town?"

"Because he's a sucker himself!" growled Wallingford. "I don't see why I can't make this stunt move along. It's a good game."

Blackie, pulling reflectively at his carefully waxed mustache, looked out at the old family carriage of Judge Tillbury, and suddenly realized that in the decrepit turn-out there was an indefinable dignity which could never be approached by any sixty-horse-power limousine. "I think I know what's the matter, Jim," he mused. "You always skip the subject, and tell a funny story when they ask about that Southern mother."

Wallingford laughed, but there was not much mirth in it. "They have me buffaloed on that," he acknowledged. "They keep too close tabs on births and marriages down here, to run in that kind of a rannikaboo. I'll have my architect's drawings here to-morrow, and they should help some."

The architect's drawings helped. They displayed a hotel of limitless expanse, surrounded by a dense growth of tropical vegetation; lobbies and smoking-rooms, and parlors big enough to house a hippodrome, and stuffed with every conceivable luxury, including marvelously dressed men and women with money in their pockets, and incredibly handsome young men and beautiful young girls in boating- and tennis-suits.

Leesville flocked enmasse about the windows of Tillbury's drug-store, and very much admired these richly colored and highly embellished drawings; but Leesville nevertheless did not rush enmasse to Wallingford to help organize the half-million-dollar company; for, of a truth, Leesville did not believe those beautiful drawings. It could not.

Wallingford sat back discouraged, after the flat failure of this bid for interest; and Blackie, beginning by this time to sympathize, quietly put away his saxophone.

"You know I'm no quitter, Jim," he ventured; "but, honest to Mike, I'd be willing to pocket our losses here, and pull our freight, and put a tombstone over our memories of this burg."

"Not on your life!" declared Wallingford. "I'll never die happy unless I have Tillbury money in my clothes. Say! aren't there any points of local interest around here that we can photograph?"

"Leave it to me," promised Blackie, in relief at the prospect of action; and he secured the services of the local photographer, young Darson Tillbury. In two days, he brought back a dozen points of local interest, mostly created: Lovers' Leap, and Shepheard's Last Stand, and Tillbury's Mills, and Powwow Bend, on historic Sander's Creek, and Eagle's Nest, and seven other points of regulation thrill, far enough away to encourage the automobile business. Wallingford took these pretty photographs, and photographs also of the drawings of his architect, and hurried to New York.

A week after he returned he was able to distribute, to the Tillburys, beautifully illustrated folders of the most attractive winter resort in the United States; entrancing and historic Leesville, on picturesque Sander's Creek. The folder was full of delightful information, which Leesville was pleased to learn, and, on the following Sunday, most of the Tillbury carriages drove around to the points of interest which the ingenious Blackie Daw had found for them. But nothing else happened.

Wallingford all but bit himself in the neck, and Blackie once more urged him to leave town.

"It's no use, Jim," he insisted. "You made a rank bluff about that Southern mother, and unless you dig up one you're queered."

Wallingford, looking up from profound cogitation, gazed at Blackie in silence for a moment. "Once in a while you do have an idea," he granted, and hauled a time-table out of his pocket. "I can catch a train for New York at two-thirty."

"What's the play?" asked Blackie.

"I'm going to lay in an assortment of Southern relatives," declared Wallingford. "I know a genealogical sharp who will trace me back to George Washington for two hundred dollars, and to Adam for five hundred."

VI

THE local papers, though they had refused to betray any emotion over the half-million-dollar company which was to

turn their bleak stretch of hillside into an extravagant scene of tropical delight, bring riches to the town, and make Leesville more than a mere name on a timetable, suddenly blossomed into riotous adjectives over the furniture which their esteemed fellow citizen, J. Rufus Wallingford was installing in the magnificent residence of the late Major Carrol Tillbury. The fine old mahogany pieces had belonged to their esteemed fellow citizen's great-grandmother, on his mother's side, and were some of the most prized relics of the old Rudmore family of Georgia. Colonel Wallingford, who had been far too modest, on coming among them, to be boastful of his illustrious family history, had just cause to be proud of the Rudmores. Governor Rudmore, of their sister state, was a patriot of such notable deeds as to make a mention of them superfluous. No less than twenty Rudmores had died on the field of battle, upholding the mistaken but sacred cause. Colonel Wallingford's maternal great-grandmother had married a Northerner, and became lost to her family; and it was through this romantic branch that the able and gallant gentleman who had come among them traced his connection with the illustrious Rudmores.

"By George, sir, you're too diffident, Colonel!" exploded Colonel Tillbury. "You should have let us know that you are a member of the Rudmore family."

Wallingford beamed on him with mingled pride and magnanimity. "I hope, sir, you will remember that I have Northern ancestry also," he stated, expanding his chest. "In the North, it is customary for a man to stand or fall by his own personal achievements."

"It isn't just to your family, sir," maintained Colonel Tillbury. "However, I don't suppose we shall agree on that. We must have you out to dinner on Sunday, and we'll quarrel it all out. By the way, how are you progressing with your hotel company?"

VII

"GENTLEMEN," said Colonel Wallingford, beaming upon the assembled Tillburys in the big dining-room of the old Major Carrol Tillbury house, "we may as well organize on a sound commercial footing at once. I do not ask my fellow citizens, in the beginning, to carry any large share of the

burden of this enterprise. I will take four hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock, if Leesville will subscribe one hundred thousand dollars' worth."

"I reckon the colonel wants four-fifths of the profits himself," laughed young Dick Tillbury, turning his steel drill-like eyes on Wallingford with a friendly light which blunted their sharpness.

"By George, sir, he's entitled to it!" exploded Dick's father.

"Don't seem any two ways about that," drawled Harrison Tillbury.

"It's all in the family, gentlemen," announced the impressively big Wallingford with a bland smile. "I'd rather that at first you didn't take up more than a fifth of the stock, because, if there's to be a loss, I want to stand the most of it myself. However, I suggest that we do a little high financing. I advise that we pay in only one-fifth of the par value of our stock, and then work like nailers to make that stock worth par. If everybody will turn in and boost Leesville as a winter resort, we can do that in short order."

"That would multiply our investments by five," speculated Judge Tillbury. "I reckon that's making money pretty fast."

Young Curtis Tillbury had been figuring. "That gives us only a hundred thousand dollars to start on; eighty thousand from you, and twenty from we-all," he computed. "Will it be enough, Colonel?"

Wallingford grinned cheerfully down at him. "If it isn't, we'll make a new issue of stock," he replied; "but the new stockholders will have to buy in at par."

Unfamiliar as they were with stock-company proceedings, they could see the joke of that, and they rather enjoyed it. Curt Tillbury was still figuring.

"I suppose we could manage to carry a little more than a fifth of the company, if the colonel thinks he's shouldering too much of the load," he suggested.

"Don't worry about that," chuckled Wallingford. "The enterprise is so good that I wouldn't mind carrying all of it, but still it could never succeed without the cooperation of the good citizens of Leesville; so here's what I'll do. I'll take up four-fifths of the stock in the beginning, but as we progress, I'll be glad to give the stock activity by offering some of it on the floor of the Leesville stock-exchange."

They all laughed, and Harrison Tillbury



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

Wallingford all but bit himself in the neck, and Blackie once more urged him to leave town. "It's no use, Jim," he insisted. "You made a rank bluff about that Southern mother, and unless you dig up one you're queered"

explained the joke. "You see, Colonel, we have no stock-exchange."

"We'll organize one to-day," promptly declared Wallingford. "Gentlemen, while I appreciate the confidence you are reposing in me, I am quite sure that you do not understand all this movement means. It will give to Leesville not only a magnificent resort hotel, but a thermal bath establishment, a casino and theater, golf and tennis tournaments, races, new shops to cater to the wealthy people who will visit us, and a totally unexampled prosperity for every commercial enterprise now in existence here. My friends, I propose to turn over to this company, at cost, the property I secured for this purpose from our friend Caleb Tillbury. There are many more acres than the hotel itself will need, and these will be sold, at enormously increased values, to wealthy visitors who wish to build winter residences in this salubrious climate." He saw the struggle of doubt on their faces as he mentioned the climate. The booklets had done something to convince them that theirs was the world's winter paradise, and the tropical vegetation on the architect's drawings had done more; but still they had to remember that their coal bills, from November to May, were quite respectable; though they never had snow! Wallingford passed right on by that point. Faith is a plant of slow growth, but it bears prodigious fruit. "Property adjoining this," he went on, "will have an immediately increased value; handsome residences will line the boulevard from the city to that gloriously sunlit hillside, and real-estate prices all over Leesville will advance by leaps and bounds. Judge Tillbury, will you kindly act as chairman protém? Mr. Daw will oblige us, I am sure, by acting as secretary."

"By the way, Colonel," inquired young Dick, as Judge Tillbury, in the chair, prepared to rap for order, "what do you reckon you'll call the corporation?"

Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford reached for his handkerchief. "The Rudmore Health and Amusement Association," he stated, with the slight trace of a catch in his voice. "In honor of my mother!"

VIII

"SORRY, Caleb," regretted J. Rufus, on the day ground was broken for the hotel; "but every share of the stock has been subscribed."

"It's my own fault," acknowledged Caleb. "I should have taken up the full amount of shares the boys set off for me when we incorporated, but I couldn't see my way clear just then."

"I don't know what we can do," puzzled Wallingford. "Colonel Tillbury has more shares than any of the rest of you. Maybe he can accommodate you with some."

"The colonel won't let go of any of them," replied Caleb, with a laugh in which there was a trace of vexation. "The Tillburys stick mighty close together, you know; but still some of them likes to have more than some of the rest."

"I see," chuckled Wallingford, who had previously discovered this family peculiarity. "However, Caleb, there's a lot of Tillburys who were too slow to secure any of this stock at all."

"There was nothing slow about Colonel Tillbury," complained Caleb, though he smiled. "He gobbled up more than anybody: I'd give a little advance in price to have a few more shares; say, enough to let me hold as much as the colonel."

Wallingford devoted quite a bit of thought to helping out his friend Caleb. "The only hope I see is through the stock exchange," he suggested. "It's time we had the Rudmore shares becoming active anyhow."

"Where's the stock to come from?" puzzled Caleb.

"From all of us," J. Rufus informed him. "We'll call a meeting, and agree to each of us place one-tenth of his stock in activity on the floor of our new exchange."

Caleb shook his head. "I don't think the boys will favor that," he opined. "They don't seem to any of them be willing to hold less than the other Tillburys."

"That's selfish," reproached Wallingford. "I am offering to give one-tenth of my stock, too; forty thousand dollars' worth; nearly half the combined holdings of all of you."

"That's true," mused Caleb. If he could secure, on 'change, five thousand dollars' worth of Wallingford's stock, he would have as much as Colonel Tillbury. "I guess we had better begin to do a little trading."

"Certainly," Wallingford assured him. "The sooner we do that the sooner we'll make our stock worth a hundred dollars a share in place of twenty."

IX

EVERYBODY in Leesville talked Hotel Rudmore, and Casino, and Thermal Baths, and real estate! Again Wallingford displayed the tropically colored drawings of his architect in the windows of Tillbury's drug-store, but now the citizens believed; and Rudmore became the most active stock on 'change. It was twenty-eight!

On Wallingford's first trip to New York, he had visited the office of the S. & G. M. Railroad, and that enterprising company included Leesville in its beautifully printed booklet of winter resorts, carrying four of the Leesville photographs: the palm-clogged Hotel Rudmore, the gay Casino, Lovers' Leap, and Powwow Bend. Everybody in Leesville secured a copy of the booklet. Rudmore stock went up to thirty-five!

Wallingford bought, for the company, a second-hand auto-bus, enameled it a bright maroon, lettered it "Hotel Rudmore," and let Blackie ride around in it. Rudmore stock rose to over forty!

Wallingford, for the company, imported five car-loads of assorted palms, and set them out in rows on the hillside, to become acclimated until they froze; and this was a panorama so effective, when seen from the town, that the stock went soaring!

An eastern Sunday paper, partially owned by the S. & G. M., completed the work. It sent a feature writer to inspect the new winter paradise, and he arrived there in mid-summer, when crimson rambles nodded at him from every fence. He was a young man in a hurry. He looked at the palms on the hillside, interviewed the bus-driver, the hotel clerk, and two other leading citizens, all of whom were now mad enthusiasts for the local climate; grabbed, with gratitude, the bunch of local photographs with which Wallingford supplied him, and hurried back to where he could eat fresh sea-food. Later on, Leesville appeared in a double-page splatter of glory; and every newspaper in the country sent its advertising rates to the Rudmore Health and Amusement Association. The future of the city was assured!

There was a mad scramble, on the part of the citizens, to secure an interest in the miraculously profitable enterprise, or rather group of enterprises, inaugurated by their esteemed fellow townsman, Colonel J. Rufus Wallingford, the most able and active

modern representative of the ancient and illustrious Rudmore family! There was urgent talk of a new half-million-dollar stock issue. There was an ambitious plan afoot to bond the company, for the immediate completion of the casino, the baths, a macadamized private boulevard, and control of all the loose real estate in town!

As for the original stock, it was scarcely to be had, at any price! It was at par now! Colonel Wallingford had laughingly confessed that he had not been able to resist an offer of a hundred and two for a block of his own shares; and, as laughingly, he threatened to start a panic so that he could buy them back at a respectable figure!

Mighty smart man, Colonel Wallingford; busy with a dozen things at once, and buying and selling on the stock-exchange all the time! Nobody knew where he stood!

"Well, Jimmy, how does she balance?" inquired Blackie, as they whirled eastward after that exciting day on 'change when Rudmore went to a hundred and four!

"I'll have to figure it," chuckled Wallingford. "Fifty thousand for the Soldiers' Home, fifteen hundred for the option on my residence, three thousand for that antique furniture, five hundred to the genealogist, five hundred for his expenses in finding me a some-time-since deceased Rudmore mother and a package of old Rudmore letters, a thousand for printing, eighty thousand for stock, and three thousand for general expenses; a hundred and thirty-nine thousand five hundred, in all."

"That's some gamble," worried Blackie. "I always feel nervous when we're working on our own money. What did we get for the stock?"

"An average of seventy-six," replied Wallingford with a sigh. "We're a hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred to the good."

Blackie was silent for a while. "Well, there's coin down here," he admitted.

"They may keep it!" snapped Wallingford, whose vest hung loosely on him. "North of the line, hereafter, for mine!"

"Where they don't shoot when they're stung," grinned Blackie. "By the way, Jim; did you count in the fifty dollars for that rose?"

Wallingford glared at him, then chuckled. "Shut up, you poor white trash!" he said.

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the July issue.



He looked and saw, as he might have seen any night at this hour, his father's figure drawn up behind the panes, and felt, if he did not see, the wistfulness of his gaze and nothing more; nothing peculiar; nothing unusual. All was as it had been many times before

The Grotto Specter

Anna Katharine Green's first big fiction hit was "The Leavenworth Case." It was her first book. Its sales were enormous. In fact, with its appearance the public recognized immediately and without argument a newcomer to the very first rank among writers of detective fiction. Now with a score of successes to her credit she still sticks to the original idea—in a way she has made it her own—and in our opinion writes better "thrillers" than ever. In the present story a home is wrecked, and the blame falls in a most unexpected place through the skill of a young woman detective.

By Anna Katharine Green

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The House of the Whispering Pines," etc.

With photographic illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

MISS PEABODY was not often pensive, at least, not when under the public eye. But she certainly forgot herself at Mrs. Provost's musicale, and that, too, without apparent reason. Had the music been of a high order, one might have understood her abstraction; but it was decidedly mediocre, and Ruth's ear was much too fine and her musical sense too cultivated for her to be beguiled by anything less than the very best.

Nor had she the excuse of a dull companion. Her escort for the evening was a man of marked attainments and of conversational powers quite unusual; but she seemed to be almost oblivious of his presence, and when, through some sudden courteous impulse, she did turn her ear his way, it was with just that tinge of pre-occupation which betrays the divided mind. She had never seemed more out of tune with her surroundings, nor shown a mood further removed from trivial entertainment. What had happened to becloud her gaiety in the short time which had elapsed?

We can answer in a sentence: She had seen, among a group of young men in a distant doorway, one with a face so individual and of an expression so extraordinary that all interest in life as she had known it, or in the people about her, had stopped as a clock stops when a hand holds back the pendulum. She could see nothing else, think of nothing else. Its expression of haunting melancholy—a melancholy so settled and so evidently the result of long-continued sorrows—had reached her inmost spirit and shaken her heart-strings as never before in her whole life. Yet, she was not

conscious of the least desire to know who the young man was or even to be made acquainted with his story.

It was, therefore, with a sense of unwelcome shock that, in the course of the reception which followed the program, she perceived this same young man approaching her. Scorning all preliminaries in his eagerness to discharge himself of a burden which was fast becoming intolerable, he addressed her at once in these words:

"You are very good, Miss Peabody, to receive me in this unconventional fashion. I am in that desperate state of mind which precludes etiquette. Will you listen to my petition? I am told—you know by whom—that you have resources of intelligence which especially meet the extraordinary difficulties of my position. May I beg you to exercise them in my behalf? No man would be more grateful if— But I see that you do not recognize me. I am Roger Upham. That I am admitted to this gathering is owing to the fact that our host knew and loved my mother. In my anxiety to meet you and proffer my plea, I was willing to brave the cold looks of people who once loaded me with favors. But I have no right to subject you to criticism. We can meet another time. I—"

"Remain." Ruth's voice was troubled, her self-possession disturbed, but there was a command in her tone which he was only too glad to obey. "I know the name, and possibly my duty to myself should make me shun a confidence which may burden me without relieving you. But you have been sent to me by one whose behests I feel bound to respect, and—"

The Grotto Specter

Mistrusting her voice, she stopped. The suffering which she saw in the countenance before her appealed to her heart in a way to rob her of her judgment. She did not wish this to be seen, and so fell silent.

He was quick to take advantage of her obvious embarrassment. "Should I have been sent to you if I had not first secured the confidence of the sender?" he asked. "You know the scandal which surrounds my name, some of it just; some of it very unjust. If you will grant me an interview to-morrow, I will make an endeavor to refute certain charges which I have hitherto let go unchallenged. Will you do me this favor? Will you listen, in your own house, to what I have to say?"

Instinct cried out against any such concession on her part, bidding her beware of one who charmed without excellence and convinced without reason. But compassion urged compliance, and compassion won the day. Though conscious of weakness she—Ruth Peabody, on whom strong men had come to rely in critical hours calling for well-balanced judgment—did not greatly concern herself or indulge in useless regrets, even after the first effect of his presence had passed and she had succeeded in recalling the facts which had cast such a cloud about his name.

Roger Upham was a widower, and the scandal affecting him was connected with his wife's death.

Though a degenerate in some respects, lacking the domineering presence, the strong mental qualities and inflexible character of his progenitors—the wealthy Massachusetts Uphams, whose great place on the coast possessed a history as old as the State itself—he yet had gifts and attractions of his own which made him an object of pride and affection to his father, and a source of hope to all. With a brain capable of extreme cultivation, he possessed a heart both warm and constant if only it had not become fixed on a woman so cold and so heedless that both good men and bad would have shrunk from her in doubt and aversion had she not possessed the beauty and physical fascination which sometimes accompanies a hard heart and a scheming brain. It was this beauty and the power inherent in it which had caught the lad; and one day, just as the careful father had mapped out a course of study which would make

a man of his son, that son drove up to the gates with this lady, whom he introduced as his wife.

The shock of the overthrow of all his hopes and plans nearly prostrated Homer Upham. He saw, as most men did the moment judgment returned, that for all her satiny skin and rosy flush, the wonder of her hair, and the smile which pierced like arrows and warmed like wine, she was more likely to bring a curse into the house than a blessing.

And so it proved. In less than a year the young husband had lost all his ambitions and many of his best impulses. No longer inclined to study, he spent his days in satisfying his wife's whims and his evenings in carousing with the friends with whom she provided him. This in Boston, whither they had fled from the old gentleman's displeasure. But after their little son came, the father insisted upon their remaining at home, which led to great deceptions and precipitated a tragedy no one ever understood. They were natural gamblers, and as Homer Upham loathed cards with the natural bias of his Puritan ancestors, they found life slow in the great house, and grew correspondingly restless till they made a discovery—or shall I say a rediscovery?—of the once famous grotto hidden in the rocks lining their portion of the coast. Here they found a retreat where they could hide themselves, often when they were thought to be abed and asleep, and play together for money, or for a supper in the city or for anything else their foolish fancy suggested. This was when their little son was an infant; later, they were less easily satisfied. They craved company, excitement, and gambling on a large scale. So they took to inviting friends to meet them in this grotto, which, through the agency of one old servant devoted to Roger to the point of folly, had been fitted up and lighted in a manner not only comfortable but luxurious. The fortune which Roger had inherited from his mother had made all these excesses possible; but many thousands, let alone a few, soon go under the witchery of a woman like this, and the few who knew his secret had to stand by and see his ruin without daring to utter a word to the only one who could stop it.

In all this, as anyone could see, Roger had been her slave and the willing victim of all her caprices. What was it, then, which so completely changed him that



Finding his wife missing from the house, he had traced her to the grotto, where he came upon her playing a desperate game with the one friend he had the greatest reason to distrust

a separation began to be talked of and even its terms discussed? One rumor had it that the father had discovered the secret of the grotto and exacted this as a penalty from the son who had dishonored him. Another, that Roger himself was the one to take the initiative in this matter. That, coming home one evening unexpectedly from New York, and finding his wife missing from the house, he had traced her to the grotto, where he came upon her playing a desperate game with the one friend he had the greatest reason to distrust.

But, whatever the explanation of this sudden change in their relations, there is but little doubt that a legal separation between this ill-assorted couple was pending, when one bleak autumn morning she was discovered dead in her bed under circumstances peculiarly open to comment.

The certificate made out by the physicians laid her death to heart disease, symptoms of which had lately much alarmed the family doctor; but that a personal struggle of some kind had preceded the fatal attack was evident from the marks of violence

which showed upon her wrists. Had there been the like upon her throat, it might have gone hard with the young husband who was then contemplating her dismissal from the house. But the discoloration of her wrists was all, and as bruised wrists do not kill, and no evidence could be found of the two having spent one minute of the preceding ten hours together, but rather full and complete testimony to the contrary from the oldest and most reliable servant in the house, the matter lapsed, and all criminal proceedings were avoided.

But not the scandal which always follows the unexplained. As time passed and the peculiar look which betrays the haunted soul began to show itself in the young widower's restless eyes, doubts rose in the public mind, and reports were heard which cast strange reflections upon the tragic end of his married life. Stories of the disreputable use to which the old grotto had been put were mingled with vague hints that the bottom of this affair had never been reached, and that if it ever were, Roger Upham would be found to be more blameworthy in the matter than had hitherto appeared. The result was his general avoidance, not only by the social set dominated by his high-minded father, but by his own less reputable coterie, which, however lax in its code, has very little use for a coward.

Such was the gossip which had reached Ruth's ears in connection with this young man, prejudicing her mind altogether against him till she caught that beam of deep and concentrated suffering in his eye, and recognized an innocence which insured her sympathy and led her to grant him the interview for which he had so earnestly entreated.

He came prompt to the hour, and when she saw him again, with all the signs of a sleepless night upon him and every mark of suffering intensified in his unusual countenance, she felt her heart sink within her in a way she failed to understand. A dread of what she was about to hear robbed her of all semblance of self-possession, and she stood like one in a dream as he made his first greetings and then paused, to gather up his own moral strength before he began his story. When he did speak, it was to say:

"I shall have to break a vow I have made to myself. You cannot understand my need without I show you my heart. My trouble

is not the trouble I have been credited with. It has another source, and is infinitely harder to bear. Personal dishonor! I have deserved in greater or less measure, but the trial which has come to me now involves another person, and is without alleviation unless you—" He paused, choked, then recommenced abruptly: "My wife—" Ruth held her breath—"was supposed to have died from heart disease or—or some strange species of suicide. There were reasons why the physicians should so conclude, and why I should accept their word and rest in it, for all the cold looks of my family and friends, until some five weeks ago, when I made a discovery which led me to fear— But I may be under some grievous mistake. I am not sure of my conclusions. If my doubts have no real foundation, if they are simply the offspring of my own diseased imagination, what an insult to one I revere! what a horror of ingratitude and misunderstanding!"

"Relate the facts," came in a startled murmur from Ruth. "They may enlighten us both."

He gave one quick shudder, buried his face for one moment in his hands, then dropped them and spoke up quickly and with unexpected firmness.

"I came here to do so, and do so I will. But where begin? Miss Peabody, you cannot be ignorant of the circumstances, open and avowed, which attended my wife's death. But there are other and secret events in its connection which have been happily kept from the world, but which I must now disclose to you, at any cost to my pride or so-called honor. This is the first: On the morning preceding the day of her death, an interview occurred between us at which my father was present. You do not know my father, Miss Peabody. A strong man and a stern one, with a hold upon old traditions which nothing can shake. If he has a weakness, it is not for his unworthy son, but for my little boy Roger, who loves him and constitutes the one hope which has survived the shipwreck of all for which our name has stood. Knowing this, and realizing what the child's presence in the house meant to his old age, I felt my heart turn sick with apprehension when, in the midst of the discussion between us three as to the terms upon which my wife would consent to a permanent separation, the little fellow came dancing into the room, his



He paused, choked, then recommenced abruptly: "My wife—" Ruth held her breath—"was supposed to have died from heart disease or—or some strange species of suicide"

curls all atoss and his whole face beaming with life and joy.

"*She* had not mentioned the child; but I knew her heart well enough to be sure that, at the first sign of preference on his part for his grandfather or myself, she would raise a claim to him which she would never yield up. I dared not speak, but I met his eager looks with my most forbidding frown and hoped by this to hold him back. But his little heart was full, and ignoring her

outstretched arms he bounded toward mine, with his most loving cry. She saw, and uttered her ultimatum. The child should go with her, or she would sign no paper, consent to no separation. It was useless for us to plead; she had said her last word. The child would have to go unless I could find a way to influence her through her own nature. I knew of but one (do not look at me, Miss Peabody), a most unmanly and dishonoring one, which it horrifies me now to think

The Grotto Specter

of. But to me as I was then it was natural enough, and seemed the last resort. There was but one debt which my wife ever paid, but one promise she ever kept. It was the one made at the gaming-table. I offered—the moment my father realized the hopelessness of the discussion and had gone tottering from the room—to gamble with her for the child. *And she accepted!*

"Our house is large, and its rooms many; but for such work as we two contemplated there was but one spot where we could command absolute seclusion. You may have heard of it, a famous natural grotto, hidden in our own portion of the coast, and so fitted up as to form a retreat for our miserable selves when escape from my father's eye seemed desirable. It was not easy of access, and no one, so far as we knew, had ever followed us there. But to make ourselves safe from all possible interruption, we waited till the whole household was abed before we left for the grotto. We went by boat, and oh, the dip of those oars! I hear them yet. And the beauty of her face in the moonlight, and the mockery of her low, fitful laugh! As I caught this sinister note in the silvery rise and fall of her voice, I knew what was before me if I could not retain my composure. And I strove to hold all passion in check and meet her calmness with stoicism and the taunt of her expression with a mask of ice. But the effort was hopeless; and when the moment came for dealing out the cards, my eyes were burning in their sockets, and my hands shivering like leaves in a storm.

"We played one game—and my wife lost. We played another—and my wife won. We played the third—and the fate I had foreseen from the first became mine. The luck was with her, *and I had lost my boy!*"

A gasp, a pause, then a hurried catching up of his breath, and the tale went on:

"A burst of laughter, rising gaily above the boom of the sea, announced her victory—her laugh and the taunting words: 'You play badly, Roger. The child is mine. Never fear that I shall fail to teach him to revere his father.' Had I a word to throw back? No. When I realized anything but my dishonored manhood, I found myself in the grotto's mouth, staring helplessly out upon the sea. The boat which had floated us in at high tide lay stranded but a few feet away; but I did not reach for

it. Escape was quicker over the rocks, and I made for the rocks.

"When I reached the house, the sight of the small door by which we had stolen out standing slightly ajar startled me. I was sure that we had closed it, but the impression was brief. Entering, I pushed it to, and went stumbling up to my room, leaving the way open behind me more from sheer inability to exercise my will than from any thought of her.

"Miss Peabody, I must ask you to believe implicitly what I have now to say concerning my own experiences during the remainder of that fatal night. It was not necessary for me to pass my little son's door, but anguish took me there and held me glued to the panels for what seemed a long, long time. When I finally crept away, it was to go to the remote room I had chosen at the top of the house, where I had my hour of hell and faced my desolated future. Did I hear anything meanwhile in the halls below? No. Did I even listen for any sounds of my wife's return? No. I was callous to everything, till suddenly, with a shrillness no ear could ignore, there rose, tearing through the silence of the house, that great scream from my wife's room which announced the discovery of her body lying stark and cold in her bed.

"They said I showed little feeling. Do you wonder at this when my whole being stood appalled at this stroke of a benevolent Providence? My wife being dead, Roger was saved to us! It was the one song my soul sang, and I had to assume coldness lest they should see my joy. A wicked and a guilty rejoicing, you will say, and alas! you are right; but I had no memory then of the part I had played in this fatality; of the excitement she had been under, or the recklessness of my departure from the grotto, leaving her with no aid but that of her own triumphant spirit to help her back over those treacherous rocks. The necessity for keeping secret this part of our disgraceful story led me to exert my full powers to keep it out of my own mind. It has only come to me in all its force since a new horror, a new suspicion, has driven me to review carefully every incident of that awful night.

"I was never a man of much logic, and when they came to me on that morning of which I have just spoken, and took me in where she lay and pointed to her beautiful



"We played one game—and my wife lost. We played another—and my wife won. We played the third—and the fate I had foreseen from the first became mine. The luck was with her, *and I had lost my boy!*"

cold body stretched out in seeming peace under the satin coverlet, and then to the pile of dainty clothes neatly folded and lying upon a chair with one fairy slipper on top, I shuddered at her fate, but asked no questions, not even when one of the women about mentioned the circumstance of the solitary slipper, and said that a search should be made for its mate. Nor was I as much impressed as one would naturally think by the whisper which was dropped in my ear, 'There is something the matter with her wrists.' It is true that I lifted the lace they had carefully spread over them, and saw the discoloration which extended in a ring about each pearly arm; but, having no memories of any violence having been offered her (I had not so much as laid hand upon her in the grotto) these marks conveyed nothing to me, and failed to rouse even my curiosity. But—and now I must leap a year in my story—there came a time when both these facts recurred to my mind with a startling distinctness, clamored for

explanation and fully received it—but in a way to break my life anew, as you shall hear.

"I had risen above the shock which such a death after such events must bring even to one with sympathies as blunted as mine were, and was striving to enter upon a new life under the encouragement of my now fully reconciled and seemingly contented father, when accident forced me to re-enter the grotto, where I had never stepped foot since that night. A favorite dog, in chase of some innocent prey, had escaped the leash and run into its dim recesses, and would not come out at my call. As I needed him immediately for the hunt, I followed him over the promontory, and, swallowing my repugnance, clambered down into the grotto to get him. I wish that fate had led me instead to plunge from the height of those rocks to my death; for there in a remote corner, lighted up by a reflection from the sea, I beheld my setter crouched above an object which in another moment

I recognized as my dead wife's missing slipper. Here! Not in the waters of the sea, or in the interstices of the rocks without, but *here!* Proof that she had never walked back to the house where she was found lying quietly in her bed; proof positive, for I knew the path too well and the more than usual tenderness of her feet. How then, did she get there; and by whose agency? Was she living when she went, or already dead?

"Though I no longer loved even the memory of my wife, I felt my hair lift as I asked myself these questions. Was the answer to the last, 'Struggle, possibly a blow, and then quick death?' It would seem so. The shoe fallen from her foot before she left the grotto, the clothes found folded in her room (my wife was never orderly), and the dimly blackened wrists which were snow-white when she dealt the cards—all seemed to point to such a conclusion. She may have died from heart failure, but a struggle had preceded her death during which some man's strong hands had been locked about her wrists. Then rose the question, *Whose?*

"If any place was ever hated by mortal man, that grotto was hated by me. I loathed its walls, its floor, its every visible and invisible corner. To linger there—to look—almost tore the soul from my body; yet I did linger and did look, and this is what I found by way of reward.

"Behind a projecting ledge of stone from which a tattered rug still hung, I came upon two nails driven some feet apart into a fissure of the rock. I had driven those nails myself long before for a certain gymnastic attachment much in vogue at the time, and on looking closer I discovered hanging from them the rope-ends I was wont to clutch and pull myself about by. So far, there was nothing to rouse any but innocent reminiscences; but when I heard the dog's low moan, and saw him leap at the curled-up ends and nose them with an eager look my way, I remembered the dark marks circling the wrists around which I had often clasped the bracelets I had given her, and the world went black before me.

"When consciousness returned, when I could once more see and move and think, I noted another fact. Cards were strewn upon the floor, face up, and in some semblance of order, as though laid in a mocking mood to be looked upon by reluctant eyes; and near the ominous half-moon they made

upon the floor was a cushion from the lounge stained horribly with what I then thought to be blood, but which I afterward found to be wine. Revenge spoke in those ropes and in the carefully laid-out cards, and murder in the smothering pillow; the revenge of one who had watched her corroding influence sap the life from our honor, and whose love for our little Roger was such that any deed which insured his continued presence in the home appeared not only warrantable but obligatory; and I knew of but one person in the whole world who could cherish feeling to this extent, or possess sufficient moral strength after an act demanding frenzy in its committal, to carry her back to the house and lay her in her bed and make no sign from that day on to this.

"Miss Peabody, there are men who have a peculiar conception of duty; to whom an idea is more precious than the law, or even the commandments of God. My father—"

"You need not go on," said Ruth gently, "I understand your trouble."

Did she? She paused to ask herself, and he, as though she had not spoken at all, caught up his broken sentence, and went on:

"My father was in the hall the day I came staggering in from my visit to the grotto. No words passed, but our eyes met, and from that hour I have seen death in his countenance, and he has seen it in mine, like two opponents each struck by the other's sword who stand facing each other with simulated smiles till they fall. My father will drop first. He is old—very old since that day, five weeks ago. He will not live a month, but—oh, to see him die, and not be sure! To see the grave close over a possible innocence and I be ignorant of the blissful fact till my own eyes close forever! Can you not find some way by which this suspense might be spared me without an appeal it would shame me to make? Think! think! A woman's mind is strangely penetrating, and yours, I am told, has an intuitive faculty more to be relied upon than the reasoning of men. It must suggest some means of confirming my doubts or definitely ending them."

And then Ruth stirred, and looked about at him and finally found voice. "Tell me something about your father's ways. What are his habits? Does he sleep well, or is he wakeful at night?"

"There is something the matter with her wrists." I lifted the lace they had carefully spread over them, and saw the discoloration which extended in a ring about each partly arm



The Grotto Specter

"He has poor nights. I do not know how poor because I am not often with him. His valet, who has always been in our family, shares his room and acts as his constant nurse. He can watch over him better than I can. He has no distracting trouble on his mind."

"And little Roger? Does your father see much of little Roger? Does he fondle him and seem happy in his presence?"

"Yes, yes. I have often wondered at it, but he does. They are great chums. It is a pleasure to see them together."

"And the child clings to him—shows no fear—sits on his lap or on the bed and plays as children do, with his beard, or with his glasses?"

"Yes. Only once have I seen my little chap shrink, and that was when my father gave him a look of unusual intensity."

"Mr. Upham, forgive me the question; it seems necessary. Does your father, or rather, did your father before he fell ill, ever walk in the direction of the grotto or haunt, in any way, the rocks which surround it?"

"I cannot say. The sea is that way; he naturally loves the sea. But I've never seen him standing on the promontory."

"Which way do his windows look?"

"Toward the sea."

"Therefore, toward the promontory?"

"Yes."

"Can he see it from his bed?"

"No. Perhaps that is the cause of a peculiar habit he has."

"What habit?"

"Every night before he retires—he is not

yet confined to his bed—he stands for a few minutes in his front window looking out. He says it's his good-night to the sea. When he no longer does this we shall know that his end is very near."

The face of Ruth began to clear. Rising, she turned on the electric light, and then, sitting again, said with an aspect of quiet cheer: "I have two ideas; but they necessitate my presence at your place. You will not mind a visit? I shall bring my brother with me."

He did not need to speak; hardly to make a gesture, his features were so eloquent.

But she thanked him as if he had answered her in words, adding with an air of gentle reserve: "Providence assists us in this matter. I am invited to Beverly

next week to attend the wedding of a school friend. I was intending to stay two days, but I will make it three, and the third one shall be yours."

"What are your requirements, Miss Peabody? I presume you have some."

Ruth turned from the imposing portrait of Mr. Upham before which she had been standing in grave contemplation, and met



A specter stands on the brow of the promontory! Outlined in supernatural light, it faces them with lifted arms showing the ends of rope dangling from either wrist

the troubled eye of her young host with a flash of her own. "One of the most important you have already fulfilled. You have given your servants a half-holiday, and by so doing insured to us three full liberty of action. What else I need in the attempt I propose to make I have presumed to note down in this memorandum." And, taking a small slip of paper from her bag, she held it toward him, with a hand whose trembling would have caught his eye had he been free enough in his mind to notice it.

As he read it, she watched him, with her hand nervously clutching her throat.

"Can you supply what I ask?" she faltered, as he failed to raise his eyes or make any move or even to utter the groan she almost saw on his lips. "Will you?" she suddenly called out, daunted, but determined, as his fingers closed spasmodically upon the paper, and he gave evidence at last of understanding her and her purpose.

The answer came slowly, but it came. "I will," said he. "But what—"

Her hand went quickly up. "Do not ask," she begged; "but take Arthur and myself into the garden and show us the flowers, and afterward lead us to where we can have a look at the sea."

He bowed, and they joined her brother, who had already strolled out upon the terrace. "We will keep the sea for the last," remarked Roger, as he led the way toward the shrubbery.

Ruth was seldom at a loss for talk even at the most critical moments. But she was strangely tongue-tied on this occasion, as was Roger himself. Save for a few observations casually thrown out by the naturally reticent Arthur, the three passed in a disquieting silence through pergola after pergola, and around beds gorgeous with every variety of fall flower, till they turned a sharp corner and came in full view of the sea.

"Ah!" fell in soft murmur from Ruth's lips, as her eyes swept the horizon and then ran along the broken line of the shore till they rested on a mass of rock jutting out into the sea.

"The promontory!" she whispered, leaning toward her host.

Roger Upham nodded. Ruth ventured no further, but stood for a little while gazing at the tumbled rocks, before she said, with a quick wheel about,

"Point out your father's window."

He did so. She appeared satisfied, for both her tone and expression showed a pleasing change when, on their return to the piazza, she made a motion toward an old man who was picking blossoms from one of the vines, and asked who he was.

"Our oldest servant and my father's special man," was Roger's reply. "He is gathering jessamine for my father's room. Its blossoms are sweet only at night."

"How fortunate! Speak to him, Mr. Upham. Ask him how your father is to-night."

"Follow me, and I will. And do not be afraid to address him yourself. He is the mildest of creatures and devoted to his patient. He likes nothing better than to talk about him."

Ruth cast back at her brother a look which held him in admiration of the sea, and stepped quickly in Roger's wake. As she did so, the old man turned their way and saw her, and Ruth was astonished at the wistfulness of his look.

"What a dear old creature!" she murmured. "See with what interest he stares this way. You would think he knew me."

"He is glad to see a woman about the place. You are the first—Ah, Abram, good evening. Let this young lady have a spray of that jessamine. And, Abram, before you go, how is father to-night? Still sitting up?"

"Oh, yes, sir; he is very regular in his ways. Nine is his hour; not a minute before and not one later. I don't have to look up at the clock any longer to be sure of the time, when he says, 'There! I've sat up long enough, Abram,' and rises from his chair."

"When my father retires before his time or goes to bed without a final look at the sea, he will be a very sick man, Abram?"

"That he will, Mr. Roger; that he will," murmured the aged servitor, gathering up his jessamine, with a sad shake of the head. "But he's very feeble now, very feeble. I noticed that he gave the boy fewer kisses than usual this evening. Perhaps he was put out because the child was brought in a half-hour earlier than usual. He don't like changes. You know that, Mr. Roger; he don't like changes. I hardly dared to tell him that all the servants were going out in a bunch to-night."

"I'm sorry," muttered Roger; "but he'll forget it all by to-morrow. I couldn't bear

to keep a single one from the concert. They will be back in good season, and you are as good as half a dozen of them, at any time."

"Thank you, Mr. Roger; thank you. I try to do my duty." And with another wistful glance at Ruth, who looked very sweet and innocent in the half-light, he pattered away.

The silence which followed his departure was as painful to her as it evidently was to Roger. When she broke it, it was with this decisive remark:

"That man must not speak of me to your father. He must not mention the presence of any guest in the house to-night. Run after him and tell him so. It is requisite that your father's mind should not be taken up with present happenings. Run."

Roger, without a word, obeyed her. When he came back she was on the point of joining her brother, but stopped to utter a final word.

"I shall leave the library just as the clock strikes half-past eight," said she. "Arthur, too, who will probably by that time wish to smoke on the terrace. Do not follow either him or myself, but take your stand in this exact place on the piazza where you can get a full view of the front of the house, without attracting his attention to yourself. When you hear nine strokes from the big clock in the hall, look up sharply at your father's window. What you see may determine—Oh, Arthur, still admiring the prospect? I do not wonder. But I find it chilly. Let us go in."

Roger Upham, alone in the library, was watching the clock, the hands of which were slowly approaching the designated hour.

Never had silence seemed deeper, nor his sense of loneliness greater. Yet the boom of the ocean was distinct to the ear; and human presence no farther away than the terrace where Arthur Peabody could be seen smoking out his cigar in solitude. The silence and the solitude were in his own soul, and in face of the approaching revelation which would make or unmake his future, the desolation they wrought was measureless.

To cut his misery short, he rose at length and hurried out to the place fixed by Miss Peabody for the watch she had bade him to keep upon his father's window. It was at

that end of the piazza where the jessamine grew, and the odor of the blossoms well nigh overpowered him, not only by its sweetness, but by the countless memories it called up. Visions of that father as he looked at all stages of their mutual relationship passed in a bewildering maze before his eyes. He saw him as he appeared to his childish eyes in the days of confidence and when the loss of the mother cast them in mutual dependence upon each other; then a sterner picture of the relentless parent who sees but one straight course to success in this world and the next; then the teacher and the matured adviser, and then—oh, bitter change, the man whose hopes he had crossed, whose life he had undone—and all for her who now came stealing upon the scene, with her slim, white, jeweled hand forever lifted up between them. And she! had he ever seen her more clearly! Once more from fairy-land the dainty figure stepped, girt with every grace that can allure and finally kill a man. And as he saw he trembled, and wished that any other fate might have been his than this awful waiting for the strange unknown test which should lay bare his father's heart and justify his fears or forever dispel them.

But the crisis, if crisis it was, was one of his own making, and he did not dare to shun it. With one quick glance at his father's window, he turned slowly but irresistibly toward the sea, whose restless and continuous moaning had at length struck his ear. What call had it for him to-night that he should sway thus toward it like a puppet drawn by some invisible string? He had been born to the dashing of its waves, and knew its every mood and all the passion of its song from gaysome ripple to thunderous dirge. But there was something new in its effect upon his spirit as he faced it at this hour. Grim and implacable—a sound rather than a sight—it seemed to hold within its mysterious shadows the image of his future fate. What this image was and why he should seek for it here, he did not know. The terror of the unknown was upon him, and he was shuddering back from a contemplation of these unseen distances, when faintly from within there rang out the preparatory chimes, and then the nine slow strokes of the clock, which signalized the moment when he was to look for his father's presence at his window.

Had he wished, he could not have foreborne the one quick flash of his eye in the direction to which it was thus summoned. Had he been dead, or so he thought, his lids would have trembled apart at this call and the revelations it promised. He looked and saw, as he might have seen any night at this hour, his father's figure drawn up behind the panes, and felt, if he did not see, the wistfulness of his gaze and nothing more; nothing peculiar; nothing unusual. All was as it had been many times before. In another moment he will see his father's hand rise to draw down the shade and—No! The hand lifted for this purpose has fallen back. A change has taken place in his father's easy attitude. He is staring now—not merely gazing out upon the sea; and Roger, following that glance, stares also, in breathless emotion, at what those distances, but now so impenetrable in their darkness, had now given to the eye.

A specter stands on the brow of the promontory! A woman's form—his wife's form, dressed as she had been dressed that fatal night! Outlined in supernatural light, it faces them with lifted arms showing the ends of rope dangling from either wrist. A sight awful to any eye, but to a guilty heart—

Ah! it comes! the cry for which he had been listening! An old man's shriek, hoarse with the remorse of sleepless nights and days of unimaginable regret and foreboding! It cuts the night; it cuts its way into his heart; he feels his senses failing him, yet must he glance once more at the window, and see with his last conscious look—But what does he see! not the distorted form of his father sinking back in shame and terror before this image of his secret sin made suddenly visible to the eye, but that of another weak, old man at his back—Abram! the attentive, seemingly harmless guardian of the household! Abram! who had never spoken a word or given a look to warn them of his guilt or to suggest that he had played any other part in the hideous drama of their

lives than that of their humble and devoted servant!

The shock was too great; the relief too absolute for credence. *He*, the revenger of the family's honor? *He*, the insurer of little Roger's continuance in the family, at a cost the one who loved him best would rather die himself than pay? Yes! there is no mis-doubting his attitude of abject appeal, or the meaning of Homer Upham's joyfully uplifted face and arms. The servant begs for mercy from man, and the master is giving thanks to Heaven. Why? Has he had his doubts also, and of the son he thus beholds exonerated?

As Roger sees and understands his father at last, he drops to his knees amid the jesamine's deep recesses.

"How did you dare?"

This from Arthur to his sister as they rode to the train in the early morning.

The answer came a bit waveringly. "I do not know. I wonder at myself yet. Look at my hands. They are all in a tremble. They have been in a tremble ever since that moment you threw the light upon me on the rocks. The figure of old Mr. Upham, as he approached the window, looked so august."

Arthur, with a side glance at the little hands she held out, shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly. It struck him that the tremulousness she complained of was due rather to some parting word from their young host than from prolonged awe of her own daring. But he said nothing of this, only remarked, "This Abram has confessed his guilt, I hear."

"Yes, and will die of it. The master will bury the man, and not the man the master."

"And Roger? Not the little fellow; but the father?"

"We will not talk of him," said she, her eyes roaming far off toward the sea, where the sun in its rising was battling with a troop of lowering clouds and gradually gaining the victory.

GET THE HARRISON FISHER GIRL

who adorns this month's cover. She breathes a timely suggestion of the fresh countryside, of fragrant fields and green pastures. "PHYLLIS" is the name of this country maid, and her winsome face framed in the gingham sun-bonnet will be a favorite in many a home. You can procure a copy printed without any lettering, of course, on high-grade pebbled paper, size 14x11 inches, for 15c. Should you have failed to take advantage of our previous offers of FISHER PICTURES, or should your set be still incomplete, you may include this in your selection of any four for 50c, and as a special concession the entire set of thirteen pictures will be mailed on receipt of \$1.50. Remit in cash or stamps at our risk, and address

COSMOPOLITAN PRINT DEPARTMENT, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

100

The Phantom Circuit

From letters we get about the mystery and detective stories published in *Cosmopolitan* it seems sure that the spirit which prompted every boy-kid to read the old-fashioned dime-novel "thriller" has never passed. A few months ago when we omitted these "Craig Kennedy" stories for a short time letters literally poured in asking for more. And the curious part to us was that a large proportion of them were from women. Women read detective stories? Impossible! Against all traditions of the business. But why not? In our opinion it isn't the detective or non-detective story that counts. It is the story with interest—the story that stirs imagination—that makes you think or feel—the story with the "punch." These "Craig Kennedy" stories fill the bill—and the result is they are immensely popular. Here Kennedy thwarts a plot to murder a millionaire by poisoning the very air he breathes—and incidentally saves his daughter from being kidnapped

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Silent Bullet," "The Poisoned Pen," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"WHERE away—the coast or down East?" I asked, bantering and breathless one afternoon when I had hurried up to the new Grand Central in answer to an urgent telephone call from Kennedy.

"Woodrock," he replied quickly, taking my arm and dragging me down a ramp to the train that was just leaving for that fashionable suburb.

"Well," I queried eagerly, as the train started. "Why all this secrecy?"

"I had a caller this afternoon," he began, running his eye over the other passengers to see if we were observed. "She is going back on this train. I am not to recognize her at the station, but you and I are to walk to the end of the platform and enter a limousine bearing that number."

He produced a card on the back of which was written a number in six figures. Mechanically I glanced at the name as he handed the card to me. Craig was watching intently the expression on my face as I read, "Miss Yvonne Brixton."

"Since when were you admitted into society?" I gasped, still staring at the name of the daughter of the millionaire banker, John Brixton.

"She came to tell me that her father is in a virtual state of siege, as it were, up there in his own house," explained Kennedy in an undertone, "so much so that, apparently, she is the only person he felt he dared trust with a message to summon me. Practically everything he says or does is spied on; he can't even telephone without what he says being known."

"Siege?" I repeated incredulously. "Impossible. Why, only this morning I was reading about his negotiations with a foreign syndicate of bankers from southeastern Europe for a ten-million-dollar loan to relieve the money stringency there. Surely there must be some mistake in all this. In fact, as I recall it, one of the foreign bankers who is trying to interest him is that Count Wachtmann who, everybody says, is engaged to Miss Brixton, and is staying at the house at Woodrock. Craig, are you sure nobody is hoaxing you?"

"Read that," he replied laconically, handing me a piece of thin letter-paper such as is often used for foreign correspondence. "Such letters have been coming to Mr. Brixton, I understand, every day."

The letter was in a cramped foreign scrawl:

JOHN BRIXTON,

Woodrock, New York.

American dollars must not endanger the peace of Europe. Be warned in time. In the name of liberty and progress we have raised the standard of conflict without truce or quarter against reaction. If you and the American bankers associated with you take up these bonds you will never live to receive the first payment of interest.

THE RED BROTHERHOOD OF THE BALKANS

I looked up inquiringly. "What is the Red Brotherhood?" I asked.

"As nearly as I can make out," replied Kennedy, "it seems to be a sort of international secret society. I believe it preaches the gospel of terror and violence in the cause of liberty and union of some of the peoples of southeastern Europe. Anyhow, it keeps its secrets well. The identity

of the members is a mystery, as well as the source of its funds, which, it is said, are immense."

"And they operate so secretly that Brixton can trust no one about him?" I asked.

"I believe he is ill," explained Craig. "At any rate, he evidently suspects almost everyone about him except his daughter. As nearly as I could gather, however, he does not suspect Wachtmann himself. Miss Brixton seemed to think that there were some enemies of the Count at work. Her father is a secretive man. Even to her, the only message he would entrust was that he wanted to see me immediately."

At Woodrock we took our time in getting off the train. Miss Brixton, a tall, dark-haired, athletic girl just out of college, had preceded us, and as her own car shot out from the station platform we leisurely walked down and entered another bearing the number she had given Kennedy.

We seemed to be expected at the house. Hardly had we been admitted through the door from the porte-cochère, than we were led through a hall to a library at the side of the house. From the library we entered another door, then down a flight of steps which must have brought us below an open courtyard on the outside, under a rim of the terrace in front of the house for a short distance to a point where we descended three more steps.

At the head of these three steps was a great steel and iron door with heavy bolts and a combination lock of a character ordinarily found only on a safe in a banking institution.

The door was opened, and we descended the steps, going a little farther in the same direction away from the side of the house. Then we turned at a right angle facing toward the back of the house but well to one side of it. It must have been, I figured out later, underneath the open courtyard. A few steps farther brought us to a fair-sized, vaulted room.

Brixton had evidently been waiting impatiently for our arrival. "Mr. Kennedy?" he inquired, adding quickly without waiting for an answer: "I am glad to see you. I suppose you have noticed the precautions we are taking against intruders? Yet it seems to be all of no avail. I cannot be alone even here. If a telephone message comes to me over my private wire, if I talk with my own office in the city, it seems that

it is known. I don't know what to make of it. It is terrible. I don't know what to expect next."

Brixton had been standing beside a huge mahogany desk as we entered. I had seen him before at a distance as a somewhat pompous speaker at banquets and the cynosure of the financial district. But there was something different about his looks now. He seemed to have aged, to have grown yellower. Even the whites of his eyes were yellow.

I thought at first that perhaps it might be the effect of the light in the center of the room, a huge affair set in the ceiling in a sort of inverted hemisphere of glass, concealing and softening the rays of a powerful incandescent bulb which it enclosed. It was not the light that gave him the altered appearance, as I concluded from catching a casual confirmatory glance of perplexity from Kennedy himself.

"My personal physician says I am suffering from jaundice," explained Brixton. Rather than seeming to be offended at our notice of his condition he seemed to take it as a good evidence of Kennedy's keenness that he had at once hit on one of the things that were weighing on Brixton's own mind. "I feel pretty badly, too. Curse it," he added bitterly, "coming at a time when it is absolutely necessary that I should have all my strength to carry through a negotiation that is only a beginning, important not so much for myself as for the whole world. It is one of the first times New York bankers have had a chance to engage in big dealings in that part of the world. I suppose Yvonne has shown you one of the letters I am receiving?"

He rustled a sheaf of them which he drew from a drawer of his desk, and continued, not waiting for Kennedy even to nod:

"Here are a dozen or more of them. I get one or two every day, either here or at my town house or at the office."

Kennedy had moved forward to see them.

"One moment more," Brixton interrupted, still holding them. "I shall come back to the letters. That is not the worst. I've had threatening letters before. Have you noticed this room?"

We had both seen and been impressed by it.

"Let me tell you more about it," he went on. "It was designed especially to be, among other things, absolutely soundproof."

We gazed curiously about the strong room. It was beautifully decorated and furnished. On the walls was a sort of heavy, velvety green wall-paper. Exquisite hangings were draped about, and on the floor were thick rugs. In all I noticed that the prevailing tint was green.

"I had experiments carried out," he explained languidly, "with the object of discovering methods and means for rendering walls and ceilings capable of effective resistance to sound transmission. One of the methods devised involved the use under the ceiling or parallel to the wall, as the case might be, of a network of wire stretched tightly by means of pulleys in the adjacent walls and not touching at any point the surface to be protected against sound. Upon the wire network is plastered a composition formed of strong glue, plaster of Paris, and granulated cork, so as to make a flat slab, between which and the wall or ceiling is a cushion of confined air. The method is good in two respects: the absence of contact between the protective and protected surfaces and the colloid nature of the composition used. I have gone into the thing at length because it will make all the more remarkable what I am about to tell you."

Kennedy had been listening attentively. As Brixton proceeded I had noticed Kennedy's nostrils dilating almost as if he were a hound and had scented his quarry. I sniffed, too. Yes, there was a faint odor, almost as if of garlic in the room. It was unmistakable. Craig was looking about curiously, as if to discover a window by which the odor might have entered. Brixton, with his eyes following keenly every move, noticed him.

"More than that," he added quickly, "I have had the most perfect system of modern ventilation installed in this room, absolutely independent from that in the house."

Kennedy said nothing.

"A moment ago, Mr. Kennedy, I saw you and Mr. Jameson glancing up at the ceiling. Sound-proof as this room is, or as I believe it to be, I—I hear voices, voices from—not through, you understand, but from—that very ceiling. I do not hear them now. It is only at certain times when I am alone. They repeat the words in some of these letters—'You must not take up those bonds. You must not endanger the peace of the world. You will never live to get the interest.' Over and over I have heard such sen-

tences spoken in this very room. I have rushed out and up the corridor. There has been no one there. I have locked the steel door. Still I have heard the voices. And it is absolutely impossible that a human being could get close enough to say them without my knowing and finding out where he is."

Kennedy betrayed by not so much as the motion of a muscle even a shade of a doubt of Brixton's incredible story. Whether because he believed it or because he was diplomatic, Craig took the thing at its face value. He moved a blotter so that he could stand on the top of Brixton's desk in the center of the room. Then he unfastened and took down the glass hemisphere over the light.

"It is an Osram lamp of about a hundred candle-power, I should judge," he observed.

Apparently he had satisfied himself that there was nothing concealed in the light itself. Laboriously, with such assistance as the memory of Mr. Brixton could give, he began tracing out the course of both the electric light and telephone wires that led down into the den.

Next came a close examination of the ceiling and side walls, the floor, the hangings, the pictures, the rugs, everything. Kennedy was tapping here and there all over the wall, as if to discover whether there was any such hollow sound as a cavity might make. There was none.

A low exclamation from him attracted my attention, though it escaped Brixton. His tapping had raised the dust from the velvety wall-paper wherever he had tried it. Hastily, from a corner where it would not be noticed, he pulled off a piece of the paper and stuffed it into his pocket. Then followed a hasty examination of the intake of the ventilating apparatus.

Apparently satisfied with his examination of things in the den, Craig now prepared to trace out the course of the telephone and light wires in the house. Brixton excused himself, asking us to join him in the library up-stairs after Craig had completed his investigation.

Nothing was discovered by tracing the lines back, as best we could, from the den. Kennedy therefore began at the other end, and having found the points in the huge cellar of the house where the main trunk and feed wires entered, he began a systematic search in that direction.

A separate line led, apparently, to the den, and where this line feeding the Osram lamp

passed near a dark storeroom in a corner Craig examined more closely than ever. Seemingly his search was rewarded, for he dived into the dark storeroom and commenced lighting matches furiously to discover what was there.

"Look, Walter," he exclaimed, holding a match so that I could see what he had unearthed. There, in a corner concealed by an old chest of drawers, stood a battery of five storage-cells connected with an instrument that looked very much like a telephone transmitter, a rheostat, and a small transformer coil.

"I suppose this is a direct-current lighting circuit," he remarked, thoughtfully regarding his find. "I think I know what this is, all right. Any amateur could do it, with a little knowledge of electricity and a source of direct current. The thing is easily constructed, the materials are common, and a wonderfully complicated result can be obtained. What's this?"

He had continued to poke about in the darkness as he was speaking. In another corner he had discovered two ordinary telephone receivers.

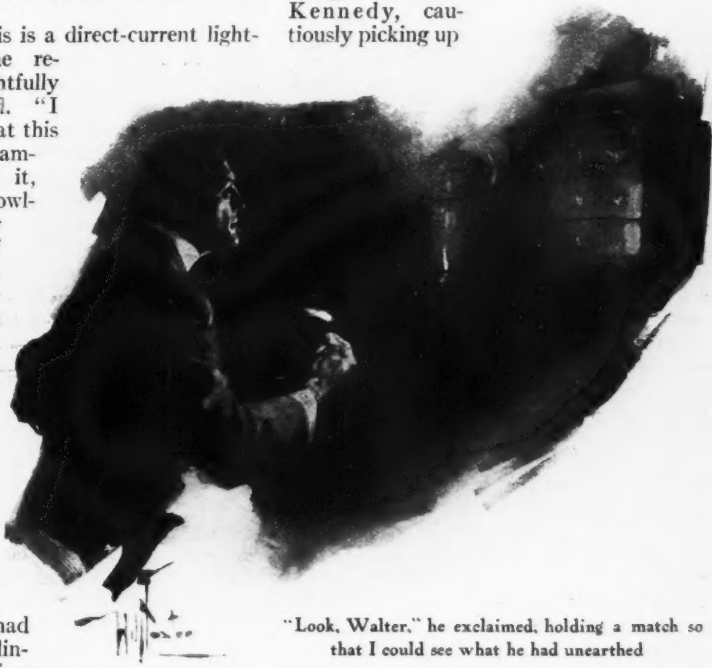
"Connected up with something, too, by George!" he ejaculated.

Evidently some one had tapped the regular telephone wires running into the house, had run extensions into the little storeroom, and was prepared to overhear everything that was said either to or by those in the house.

Further examination disclosed that there were two separate telephone systems running into Brixton's house. One, with its many extensions, was used by the household and by the housekeeper; the other was the private wire which led, ultimately, down into Brixton's den. No sooner had he discov-

ered it than Kennedy became intensely interested. For the moment he seemed entirely to forget the electric-light wires and became absorbed in tracing out the course of the telephone trunk-line and its extensions. Continued search rewarded him with the discovery that both the household line and the private line were connected by hastily improvised extensions with the two receivers he had discovered in the out-of-the-way corner of a little dark storeroom.

"Don't disturb a thing," remarked Kennedy, cautiously picking up



"Look, Walter," he exclaimed, holding a match so that I could see what he had unearthed

even the burnt matches he had dropped in his hasty search. "We must devise some means of catching the eavesdropper red handed. It has all the marks of being an inside job."

We had completed our investigation of the basement without attracting any attention, and Craig was careful to make it seem that in entering the library we came from the den, not from the cellar. As we waited in the big leather chairs Kennedy was sketching roughly on a sheet of paper the plan of the house, drawing in the location of the various wires.

The door opened. We had expected John

Brixton. Instead, a tall, spare foreigner with a close-cropped mustache entered. I knew at once that it must be Count Wachtmann, although I had never seen him.

"Ah, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed in English which betrayed that he had been under good teachers in London. "I thought Miss Brixton was here."

"Count Wachtmann?" interrogated Kennedy, rising.

"The same," he replied easily, with a glance of inquiry at us.

"My friend and I are from the *Star*," said Kennedy.

"Ah! Gentlemen of the press?" He elevated his eyebrows the fraction of an inch. It was so politely contemptuous that I could almost have throttled him.

"We are waiting to see Mr. Brixton," explained Kennedy.

"What is the latest from the Near East?" Wachtmann asked, with the air of a man expecting to hear what he could have told you yesterday if he had chosen.

There was a movement of the portières, and a woman entered. She stopped a moment. I knew it was Miss Brixton. She had recognized Kennedy, but her part was evidently to treat him as a total stranger.

"Who are these men, Conrad?" she asked, turning to Wachtmann.

"Gentlemen of the press, I believe, to see your father, Yvonne," replied the count.

It was evident that it had not been mere newspaper talk about this latest rumored international engagement.

"How did you enjoy it?" he asked, noticing the title of a history which she had come to replace in the library.

"Very well—all but the assassinations and the intrigues," she replied with a little shudder.

He shot a quick, searching look at her face. "They are a violent people—some of them," he commented quickly.

"You are going into town to-morrow?" I heard him ask Miss Brixton, as they walked slowly down the wide hall to the conservatory a few moments later.

"What do you think of him?" I whispered to Kennedy.

I suppose my native distrust of his kind showed through, for Craig merely shrugged his shoulders. Before he could reply Mr. Brixton joined us.

"There's another one—just came," he ejaculated, throwing a letter down on the

library table. It was only a few lines this time:

"The bonds will not be subject to a tax by the government, they say. No—because if there is a war there won't be any government to tax them!"

The note did not appear to interest Kennedy as much as what he had discovered. "One thing is self-evident, Mr. Brixton, he remarked. "Some one inside this house is spying, is in constant communication with a person or persons outside. All the watchmen and Great Danes on the estate are of no avail against the subtle, underground connection that I believe exists. It is still early in the afternoon. I shall make a hasty trip to New York and return after dinner. I should like to watch with you in the den this evening."

"Very well," agreed Brixton. "I shall arrange to have you met at the station and brought here as secretly as I can."

He sighed, as if admitting that he was no longer master of even his own house.

Kennedy was silent during most of our return trip to New York. As for myself, I was deeply mired in an attempt to fathom Wachtmann. He baffled me. However, I felt that if there was indeed some subtle, underground connection between some one inside and some one outside Brixton's house, Craig would prepare an equally subtle method of meeting it on his own account. Very little was said by either of us on the journey up to the laboratory, or on the return to Woodrock. I realized that there was very little excuse for a **commuter not to be** well informed. I at least had plenty of time to exhaust the newspapers I had bought.

Whether or not we returned without being observed, I did not know, but at least we did find that the basement and dark storeroom were deserted, as we cautiously made our way again into the corner where Craig had made his enigmatical discoveries of the afternoon.

While I held a pocket flashlight Craig was busy concealing another instrument of his own in the little storeroom. It seemed to be a little black disk about as big as a watch, with a number of perforated holes in one face. Carelessly he tossed it into the top drawer of the chest under some old rubbish, shut the drawer tight and ran a flexible wire out of the back of the chest. It was a simple matter to lay the wire through some bins next the storeroom and then around to

the passageway down to the subterranean den of Brixton. There Craig deposited a little black box about the size of an ordinary kodak.

For an hour or so we sat with Brixton. Neither of us said anything, and Brixton was uncommunicatively engaged in reading a railroad report. Suddenly a sort of muttering, singing noise seemed to fill the room.

"There it is!" cried Brixton, clapping the book shut and looking eagerly at Kennedy.

Gradually the sound increased in pitch. It seemed to come from the ceiling, not from any particular part of the room, but merely from somewhere overhead. There was no hallucination about it. We all heard. As the vibrations increased it was evident that they were shaping themselves into words.

Kennedy had grasped the black box the moment the sound began and was holding two black rubber disks to his ears.

At last the sound from overhead became articulate. It was weird, uncanny. Suddenly a voice said distinctly: "Let American dollars beware. They will not protect American daughters."

Craig had dropped the two ear-pieces and was gazing intently at the Osram lamp in the ceiling. Was he, too, crazy?

"Here, Mr. Brixton, take these two re-



"Who are these men, Conrad?" she asked, turning to Wachtmann. "Gentlemen of the press, I believe, to see your father. Yvonne," replied the count

The Phantom Circuit

ceivers of the detectaphone," said Kennedy. "Tell me whether you can recognize the voice."

"Why, it's familiar," he remarked slowly. "I can't place it, but I've heard it before. Where is it? What is this thing, anyhow?"

"It is some one hidden in the storeroom in the basement," answered Craig. "He is talking into a very sensitive telephone transmitter and—"

"But the voice—here?" interrupted Brixton impatiently.

Kennedy pointed to the incandescent lamp in the ceiling. "The incandescent lamp," he said, "is not always the mute electrical apparatus it is supposed to be. Under the right conditions it can be made to speak exactly as the famous 'speaking-arc,' as it was called by Professor Duddell, who investigated it. Both the arc-light and the metal-filament lamp can be made to act as telephone receivers."

It seemed unbelievable, but Kennedy was positive. "In the case of the speaking-arc or 'arcophone,' as it might be called," he continued, "the fact that the electric arc is sensitive to such small variations in the current over a wide range of frequency has suggested that a direct-current arc might be used as a telephone receiver. All that is necessary is to superimpose a microphone current on the main arc current, and the arc reproduces sounds and speech distinctly, loud enough to be heard several feet. Indeed, the arc could be used as a transmitter, too, if a sensitive receiver replaced the transmitter at the other end. The things needed are an arc-lamp, an impedance coil, or small transformer-coil, a rheostat, and a source of energy. The alternating current is not adapted to reproduce speech, but the ordinary direct current is. Of course, the theory isn't half as simple as the apparatus I have described."

He had unscrewed the Osram lamp. The talking ceased immediately.

"Two investigators named Ort and Ridger have used a lamp like this as a receiver," he continued. "They found that words spoken were reproduced in the lamp. The telephonic current variations superposed on the current passing through the lamp produce corresponding variations of heat in the filament, which are radiated to the glass of the bulb, causing it to expand and contract proportionately, and thus transmitting vibrations to the exterior air. Of course, in sixteen- and thirty-two-candle-

power lamps the glass is too thick, and the heat variations are too feeble."

Who was it whose voice Brixton had recognized as familiar over Kennedy's hastily installed detectaphone? Certainly he must have been a scientist of no mean attainment. That did not surprise me, for I realized that from that part of Europe where this mystical Red Brotherhood operated some of the most famous scientists of the world had sprung.

A hasty excursion into the basement netted us nothing. The place was deserted.

We could only wait. With parting instructions to Brixton in the use of the detectaphone we said good night, were met by a watchman and escorted as far as the lodge safely.

Only one remark did Kennedy make as we settled ourselves for the long ride in the accommodation train to the city. "That warning means that we have two people to protect—both Brixton and his daughter."

Speculate as I might, I could find no answer to the mystery, nor to the question, which was also unsolved, as to the queer malady of Brixton himself, which his physician diagnosed as jaundice.

Far after midnight though it had been when we had at last turned in at our apartment, Kennedy was up even earlier than usual in the morning. I found him engrossed in work at the laboratory.

"Just in time to see whether I'm right in my guess about the illness of Brixton," he remarked, scarcely looking up at me.

He had taken a flask with a rubber stopper. Through one hole in it was fitted a long funnel; through another ran a glass tube, connecting with a large U-shaped drying-tube filled with calcium chloride, which in turn connected with a long open tube with an up-turned end.

Into the flask Craig dropped some pure granulated zinc coated with platinum. Then he covered it with dilute sulphuric acid through the funnel tube. "That forms hydrogen gas," he explained, "which passes through the drying-tube and the ignition-tube. Wait a moment until all the air is expelled from the tubes."

He lighted a match and touched it to the open up-turned end. The hydrogen, now escaping freely, was ignited with a pale-blue flame.

Next, he took the little piece of wall-paper I had seen him tear off in the den,

scraped off some powder from it, dissolved it, and poured it into the funnel-tube.

Almost immediately the pale, bluish flame turned to bluish white, and white fumes were formed. In the ignition-tube a sort of metallic deposit appeared. Quickly he made one test after another. I sniffed. There was an unmistakable smell of garlic in the air.

"Arseniureted hydrogen," commented Craig. "This is the Marsh test for arsenic. That wall-paper in Brixton's den has been loaded down with arsenic, probably Paris green or Schweinfurth green, which is acetoarsenite of copper. Every minute he is there he is breathing arseniureted hydrogen. Some one has contrived to introduce free hydrogen into the intake of his ventilator. That acts on the arsenic compounds in the wall-paper and hangings and sets free the gas. I thought I knew the smell the moment I got a whiff of it. Besides, I could tell by the jaundiced look of his face that he was being poisoned. His liver was out of order, and arsenic seems to accumulate in the liver."

"Slowly poisoned by minute quantities of gas," I repeated in amazement. "Some one in that Red Brotherhood is a diabolical genius. Think of it—poisoned wall-paper!"

It was still early in the forenoon when Kennedy excused himself, and leaving me to my own devices disappeared on one of his excursions into the underworld of the foreign settlements on the East Side. About the middle of the afternoon he reappeared. As far as I could learn all that he had found out was that the famous, or rather infamous, Professor Michael Kumanova, one of the leaders of the Red Brotherhood, was known to be somewhere in this country.

We lost no time in returning again to Woodrock late that afternoon. Craig hastened to warn Brixton of his peril from the contaminated atmosphere of the den, and at once a servant was set to work with a vacuum cleaner.

Carefully Craig reconnoitered the basement where the eavesdropping storeroom was situated. Finding it deserted, he quickly set to work connecting the two wires of the general household telephone with what looked very much like a seamless iron tube, perhaps six inches long and three inches in diameter. Then he connected the

tube also with the private wire of Brixton in a similar manner.

"This is a special repeating-coil of high efficiency," he explained in answer to my inquiry. "It is absolutely balanced as to resistance, number of turns, and everything. I shall run this third line from the coil into Brixton's den, and then, if you like, you can accompany me on a little excursion down to the village where I am going to install another similar coil between the two lines at the local telephone central station opposite the railroad."

Brixton met us about eight o'clock that night in his now renovated den. Apparently, even the little change from uncertainty to certainty so far had had a tonic effect on him. I had, however, almost given up the illusion that it was possible for us to be even in the den without being watched by an unseen eye. It seemed to me that to one who could conceive of talking through an incandescent lamp seeing, even through steel and masonry, was not impossible.

Kennedy had brought with him a rectangular box of oak, in one of the large faces of which were two square holes. As he replaced the black camera-like box of the detectaphone with this oak box he remarked: "This is an intercommunicating telephone arrangement of the detectaphone. You see, it is more sensitive than anything of the sort ever made before. The arrangement of these little square holes is such as to make them act as horns or magnifiers of a double receiver. We can all hear at once what is going on by using this machine."

We had not been waiting long before a peculiar noise seemed to issue from the detectaphone. It was as though a door had been opened and shut hastily. Some one had evidently entered the storeroom. A voice called up the railroad station and asked for Michael Kronski, Count Wachtmann's chauffeur.

"It is the voice I heard last night," exclaimed Brixton. "By the Lord Harry, do you know, it is Janeff the engineer who has charge of the steam heating, the electric bells, and everything of the sort around the place. My own engineer—I'll land the fellow in jail before I'll—"

Kennedy raised his hand. "Let us hear what he has to say," remonstrated Craig calmly. "I suppose you have wondered why I didn't just go down there last night and grab the fellow. Well, you see now. It

The Phantom Circuit

is my invariable rule to get the man highest up. This fellow is only one tool. Arrest him, and as likely as not we should allow the big criminal to escape."

"Hello, Kronski!" came over the detectaphone. "This is Janeff. How are things going?"

Wachtmann's chauffeur must have answered that everything was all right.

"You knew that they had discovered the poisoned wall-paper?" asked Janeff.

A long parley followed. Finally, Janeff repeated what apparently had been his instructions. "Now, let me see," he said. "You want me to stay here until the last minute so that I can overhear whether any alarm is given for her? All right. You're sure it is the nine-o'clock train she is due on? Very well. I shall meet you at the ferry across the Hudson. I'll start from here as soon as I hear the train come in. We'll get the girl this time. That will bring Brixton to terms sure. You're right. Even if we fail this time, we'll succeed later. Don't fail me. I'll be at the ferry as soon as I can get past the guards and join you. There isn't a chance of an alarm from the house. I'll cut all the wires the last thing before I leave. Good-by."

All at once it dawned on me what they were planning—the kidnaping of Brixton's only daughter, to hold her, perhaps, as a hostage until he did the bidding of the gang. Wachtmann's chauffeur was doing it and using Wachtmann's car, too. Was Wachtmann a party to it?

What was to be done? I looked at my watch. It was already only a couple of minutes of nine, when the train would be due.

"If we could seize that fellow in the closet and start for the station immediately we might save Yvonne," cried Brixton, starting for the door.

"And if they escape you make them more eager than ever to strike a blow at you and yours," put in Craig coolly. "No, let us get this thing straight. I didn't think it was as serious as this, but I'm prepared to meet any emergency."

"But, man," shouted Brixton, "you don't suppose anything in the world counts beside her, do you?"

"Exactly the point," urged Craig. "Save her and capture them—both at once."

"How can you?" fumed Brixton. "If you attempt to telephone from here, that fellow Janeff will overhear and give a warning."

Regardless of whether Janeff was listening or not, Kennedy was eagerly telephoning to the Woodrock central down in the village. He was using the transmitter and receiver that were connected with the iron tube which he had connected to the two regular house lines.

"Have the ferry held at any cost," he was ordering. "Don't let the next boat go out until Mr. Brixton gets there, under any circumstances. Now put that to them straight, central. You know Mr. Brixton has just a little bit of influence around here, and somebody's head will drop if they let that boat go out before he gets there."

"Humph!" ejaculated Brixton. "Much good that will do. Why, I suppose our friend Janeff down in the storeroom knows it all now. Come on, let's grab him."

Nevertheless there was no sound from the detectograph which would indicate that he had overheard and was spreading the alarm. He was there yet, for we could hear him clear his throat once or twice.

"No," replied Kennedy calmly, "he knows nothing about it. I didn't use any ordinary means to prepare against the experts who have brought this situation about. That message you heard me send went out over what we call the 'phantom circuit.'"

"The phantom circuit?" repeated Brixton, chafing at the delay.

"Yes, it seems fantastic at first, I suppose," pursued Kennedy calmly; "but, after all, it is in accordance with the laws of electricity. It's no use fretting and fuming, Mr. Brixton. If Janeff can wait, we'll have to do so, too. Suppose we should start and this Kronski should change his plans at the last minute? How would we find it out? By telepathy? Believe me, sir, it is better to wait here a minute and trust to the phantom circuit than to mere chance."

"But suppose he should cut the line," I put in.

Kennedy smiled. "I have provided for that, Walter, in the way I installed the thing. I took good care that we could not be cut off that way. We can hear everything ourselves, but we cannot be overheard. He knows nothing. You see, I took advantage of the fact that additional telephones or so-called phantom lines can be superposed on existing physical lines. It is possible to obtain a third circuit from two similar metallic circuits by using for each side of this third circuit the two wires



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"It is the voice I heard last night," exclaimed Brixton. "My own engineer—I'll land the fellow in jail before I'll—" Kennedy raised his hand. "Let us hear what he has to say," he remonstrated

The Phantom Circuit

of each of the other circuits in multiple. All three circuits are independent, too.

"The third telephone current enters the wires of the first circuit, as it were, and returns along the wires of the second circuit. There are several ways of doing it. One is to use retardation or choke-coils, bridged across the two metallic circuits at both ends, with taps taken from the middle points of each. But the more desirable method is the one you saw me install this afternoon. I introduced repeating-coils into the circuits at both ends. Technically, the third circuit is then taken off from the mid-points of the secondaries or line windings of these repeating coils.

"The current on a long-distance line is alternating in character, and it passes readily through a repeating-coil. The only effect it has on the transmission is slightly reducing the volume. The current passes into the repeating-coil, then divides and passes through the two line wires. At the other end the halves balance, so to speak. Thus, currents passing over a phantom circuit don't set up currents in the terminal apparatus of the side circuits. Consequently, a conversation carried on over the phantom circuit will not be heard in either side circuit, nor does a conversation on one side circuit affect the phantom. We could all talk at once without interfering with each other."

"At any other time I should be more than interested," remarked Brixton grimly, curbing his impatience to be doing something.

"I appreciate that, sir," rejoined Kennedy. "Ah, here it is. I have the central down in the village. Yes? They will hold the boat for us? Good. Thank you. The nine-o'clock train is five minutes late? Yes—what? Count Wachtmann's car is there? Oh, yes, the train is just pulling in. I see. Miss Brixton has entered his car alone. What's that? His chauffeur has started the car without waiting for the Count, who is coming down the platform?"

Instantly Kennedy was on his feet. He was dashing up the corridor and the stairs from the den and down into the basement to the little storeroom.

We burst into the place. It was empty. Janeff had cut the wires and fled. There was not a moment to lose. Craig hastily made sure that he had not discovered or injured the phantom circuit.

"Call the fastest car you have in your garage, Mr. Brixton," ordered Kennedy. "Hello, hello, central! Get the lodge at the Brixton estate. Tell them if they see the engineer Janeff going out to stop him. Alarm the watchmen and have the dogs ready. Catch him at any cost, dead or alive."

A moment later Brixton's car raced around, and we piled in and were off like a whirlwind. Already we could see lights moving about and hear the baying of dogs. Personally, I wouldn't have given much for Janeff's chances of escape.

As we turned the bend in the road just before we reached the ferry, we almost ran into two cars standing before the ferry house. It looked as though one had run squarely in front of the other and blocked it off. In the slip the ferry boat was still steaming and waiting.

Beside the wrecked car a man was lying on the ground groaning, while another man was quieting a girl whom he was leading to the waiting-room of the ferry.

Brixton, weak though he was from his illness, leaped out of our car almost before we stopped and caught the girl in his arms.

"Father!" she exclaimed, clinging to him.

"What's this?" he demanded sternly, eyeing the man. It was Wachtmann himself.

"Conrad saved me from that chauffeur of his," explained Miss Brixton. "I met him on the train, and we were going to ride up to the house together. But before Conrad could get into the car this fellow, who had the engine running, started it. Conrad jumped into another car that was waiting at the station. He overtook us and dodged in front so as to cut the chauffeur off from the ferry."

"Curse that villain of a chauffeur," muttered Wachtmann, looking down at the wounded man.

"Do you know who he is?" asked Craig with a searching glance at Wachtmann's face.

"I ought to. His name is Kronska, and a blacker devil an employment bureau never furnished."

"Kronska? No," corrected Kennedy. "It is Professor Kumanova, whom you perhaps have heard of as a leader of the Red Brotherhood, one of the cleverest scientific criminals who ever lived. I think you'll have no more trouble negotiating your loan or your love affair, Count," added Craig, turning on his heel.

Another *Craig Kennedy* story, "*The Elixir of Life*," will appear in the July issue.

"Wolfville"

Alfred Henry Lewis's "Wolfville" has gone through several editions—each edition a series of separate stories. You remember his "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks"—each of them as popular a series of Western yarns as had been published in many a long day. And now just plain "Wolfville"—a story-series brimful of the humor and quick-on-the-trigger action of the small Western town of frontier days. There wasn't much effete polish out there in those days, but hearts were big and in the right place and pumped plenty of good red blood. In this story Jimjam Wallis tells a bear story—and gets in wrong

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," etc.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

Jimjam Wallis: Liar

"**T**HIS yere profligate," explained the Old Cattleman, as he rapped the ashes from his brier-root pipe, "gets himse'f run out of Red Dog an' takes temp'rary refooge with us on his way to Col'rado, whar he allows he'll find a more leenient field. He's camped with us only one night, but from the speed he shows I allers allows that, savin' an' exceptin' Enright's uncle, old Dick Stallins, he's the most high-powered liar on whom it's ever my luck to keep tabs. He's shore a jodarter! An' on no onusual allowance of nose-paint neither.

"To be shore, as Enright himse'f explains, I don't see his aged rerelative at his best. Old Stallins is some gone in the vale of years, what you-all might call fallen into the sear an' yaller leaf, when we-all exper'ences him, an' he ain't puttin' the life into his lyin' which he does formèr. Still, he displays onmistakable genius that a-way, an' if I'm to jedge he lays over the Red Dog outcast as bein' more ornate.

"No; lyin' ain't no art, it's a inspiration. Liars is born, not made. Shore, any gent can go about it delib'rate, an' lie successful from a rest. Also, thar's mediocre liars who advance by practice to whar they lies fa'rly ackerate offhand, an' even on the wing. But at that, they ain't in the same class with sech past-masters of fiction as old Stallins an' that hobo from Red Dog. Them two is nacheral liars, the effortless sort that can wake up after eight hours of honest

sleep, an' begin lyin' instantan as a mere matter of instinct.

"Women? Compared to men, women ain't one-two-three. Many of 'em has the inclination, but they're shy on imag'nation, an' ain't thar with the reequred flex'bility of fancy. The most ordinary he-liar bests a woman every time, as easy as three-of-a-kind bests jacks-up.

"This yere Red Dog liar shows up about third drink time one evenin'. The first news we gets of him he lights in front of the Red Light bar, claps his wings like a dom'-nick rooster, an' cuts loose a boist'rous crow. He's a long, ga'nt, gangling form of horned toad, with a weasel face an' a mouth like a Newhouse trap.

"Boggs has jest lost a stack of bloos, an' is feelin' peevish. He's had 'em open on the deuce, an' the kyards fallin' deuce-nine, nacherally Faro Nell on the lookout stool rakes 'em home. This yere finanshul blow renders Boggs a leetle acrid. Not that he's penoorious; but havin' placed them chips on the assumption that the deuce'll fall to win, it sort o' rubs his fur wrong to see it lose. Nell's rakin' 'em in, when this yere Red Dog exile takes to lettin' on he's poultry.

"He's organizin' for a second crow, an' has slapped his wings twict, when Boggs grabs him by the collar, nippin' his crow in the bud.

"Which you've got a heap of conf'dence in yourse'f', an' Boggs gives this Red Dog

chanticleer sech a shake his bones rattles in his skin same as throwin' down a armful of wood. 'What's your idee to come vagabondizin' 'round, disturbin' quiet folks? Whatever do you-all reckon your p'sition is in s'ciety anyhow? One more roar out o' you, an' I'll boot you into the street.'

"You'll boot me into the street?" says the chanticleer tramp, twistin' 'round so's to get a slant at Boggs's countenance.

"That's whatever!" ree'itates Boggs, givin' him another roustin' which knocks his heels together; 'b-o-o-t, boot.'

"Boot me, Jimjam Wallis, into the street!" repeats the chanticleer person, in a musin' tone. 'All right, my boundin' prog-horn, if that's what you're p'intin' out to do I'll fool you up a whole lot. Which I'll nacherally refoose to crow ag'in at any cost.'

"Who be you?" deemands Texas, from over whar he's settin' into a triffin' game of draw with Enright, Peets, an' Tutt; 'what low-down place do you-all infest an' call your home?'

"Who be I?" repeats the chanticleer party. 'Sech ignorance shore excites my admiration. You-all wouldn't have to put that conundrum the second time along White River. Gents, I'm Sommerville Wallis, known in all-night, Arkansaw circles as Jimjam Wallis. As to my home camp, I ain't got none. Speshully since this evenin' when I've been run out of Red Dog.'

"What objections do them Red Dogs raise ag'inst you?" asks Tutt, holdin' up three fingers to Enright, who's dealin', to show he needs three kyards. 'It's your looks, I reckon; they certainly be plenty disadvantageous.'

"Looks nothin'! Which I'm run out on a charge of lyin'. Think of it, gents:—Red Dog, an' for lyin'! If that don't beat a royal flush what does?'

"It must have been mighty flagrant fiction," observes Peets, 'that'd set them tarra-pins to makin' war medicine.'

"Nothin' so treemenjus neither. It's about a b'ar. Back in Arkansaw that tale would've only gained me respectful attention; but yere in Arizona it looks like sech reminiscences is plumb over the pop'lar head.'

"Whatever's on your mind about this b'ar?" asks Enright, drawin' in the pot on a king-full ag'in Tutt's club flush, Texas an' Peets not bein' in; 'onbosom yourse'f, so we can jedge how far them Red Dogs is right

to go sendin' you skallyhootin' across the face of nacher.'

"You understands folks," an' the chanticleer party casts a dry an' wistful eye towards Black Jack, 'that Arkansaw, that a-way, is kingdom-come for the entire tribe of b'ars. Thar the huntin' season's all the year round. The tallow-fat harvest is continyooos, though I confess the b'ars be a mite more greasy some months than others. Which I've downed b'ars along old White, that a-way, who's so mis'rably fat they couldn't feel cross.'

"Sech talk shore smells some tall!" remarks Boggs. 'If them Red Dogs is in their usual beastly state of intoxication, I don't wonder none it frets 'em.'

"This yere individyooal b'ar," goes on chanticleer, not mindin' Boggs's butt-in—'this yere individyooal b'ar, which starts them Red Dog criminals to pesterin' at me with their bullets, is, I admits, more or less huge. Speakin' mod'rate, I'd say now he's about four sizes bigger'n a eight-mule baggage-wagon. But he's a mighty engagin' b'ar all the same, at least I thinks so, only them murderers over to Red Dog never lets me get beyond whar he first begins pickin' on me by starin' into my winder. It's yere a onbridled fanatic they calls the Lightnin' Bug begins cuttin' the ground 'round my moccasins permiscus with his .45, an' the rest j'ins in. Thar's quite a foosilade; an' reealizin' that maybe thar's a local prejewdice arisen either ag'in me or ag'in b'ars, I breaks off in my narratif an' adjourns across to you.'

"An' I s'ppose," comments Boggs, sarkastic, 'that now you're yere, you'll onload them threadbar' personal'ties about yourse'f an' your deboshed b'ar on us?'

"Not necessar'ly. Whatever you-all may reckon to the contrary, folks who knows Jimjam Wallis intimate 'll tell you he don't go surgin' 'round forcin' his confidences onto no gent. Also, thar's the b'ar to be thought of. He's got some rights, I take it. He's dead; but if he was yere now listenin', he himse'f, as the biggest b'ar ever seen along White River, an' the ondoubted king of all the b'ars in Arkansaw, would have too much se'f-respect to want to be drug into onsympathetic notice only to be scorned. Which I've seen some few b'ars in my time, gents, an' this yere's the most sens'tive b'ar I ever meets up with. Also the most ree-served.'

"Boggs is about to unbuckle in further caustic observations, when Nell chips in.

"Don't, Dan," she says; 'which I'm dyin' to hear about this b'ar.'

"Permit me, Miss," returns this yere Wallis party, addressin' Nell personal, 'to say that your cur'osity ain't misplaced none. He's a mighty meritorious b'ar, this b'ar is.'

"Go on!" urges Nell, signin' up to Black Jack.

"Well, then," an' the Wallis person, bein' waited on by Black Jack, tilts himse'f out a stiff hooker, 'this partic'lar b'ar takes the rag off the bush for all the b'ars I ever encounters; an', as I p'int out prior, if I ain't been on speakin' terms with more b'ars than any Democrat along the old White—an' you hear me, Democrats ain't none sparse in them parts—then thar ain't no catfish in the Mississippi. Which our 'nitial meetin' is one evenin' when me, with Seven-up an' Sandyland—them's my dogs—is settin' all peaceable by the fire. I'm cleanin' old Killdeer—as good a rifle, Killdeer is, as ever a gent lays his cheek ag'in, bullets thirty to the pound—an' roominatin' on Polly Dooley, old Bark Dooley's daughter, who live t'other side of the ridge on Warrior Run.

"Is this yere Polly Dooley girl your sweetheart?" asks Nell.

"That'd be about the fit of it, I reckon. I'd licked the three Grangerford boys, an' fou't Bud Smiley, who's the boss fighter of Warrior Run, to a stand-still, for dancin' with her, an' nacherally Polly's some soft on me. To be shore, me an' her don't get married none at that; but this yere oversight's doo solely to Bud Smiley's takin' advantage of me bein' down at Little Rock, sellin' my pelts an' b'ar's grease, to go cirk-yoolatin' lies about me never comin' back, an' marryin' her first. At the time I'm speakin' of, however—I by the fire cleanin' old Killdeer, an' Sandyland an' Seven-up sleepin' off the labors of the day, that a-way—me'n Polly'd be oblegged to plead guilty to bein' a heap gone on each other.'



"Is this yere Polly Dooley girl your sweetheart?" asks Nell

"Look yere," breaks in Texas, takin' advantage of the Wallis party buryin' his nose in the Old Jordan, 'before we goes any farther with your autobiography, I deemands to know is this yere a love story or a b'ar story?'

"B'ar," the Wallis party replies.

"Then stick to b'ar," retorts Texas, mighty feverish. 'Beggin' parding of Nell yere, I wants to say that my nerves ain't in no state for one of these yere sweet an' sticky love tales. Which thar ain't a gent present but savvys what I goes through with that Laredo wife of mine an' her divorce; an' yet it looks like every sport, who's allowed to talk ten minutes on a stretch, is bound to go luggin' in love scenes an' weddin' mem'ries an' sech. - Sometimes it shore seems as if thar's a gen'l plot to harrow me all up.'

"Ca'm yourse'f," says the Wallis sport; 'I'll not mention Polly Dooley ag'in. - As I states, I'm settin' thar greasin' the lock of old Killdeer, with Sandyland an' Seven-up yelping occasionally as they dreams of

huntin', when I sees something at the winder.'

"Permit me,' observes Enright; 'but whatever is your trade or callin' at this White River eepock to which you're alloodin'?"

"Hunter an' trapper; mostly hunter. Not that I notices sech trash, you understands, as turkeys or muskrats or badgers or 'coons, or even bobcats. Which I'm above 'em; b'ars is my long suit."

"An'," goes on Enright, 'Seven-up an' Sandyland, I take it, assists?"

"Assists? Which them canines when it comes to b'ars is the whole check-rack. Me an' them dogs gets so cel'brated that time an' ag'in we has to change our names. It's either that, or shift camp. You let it get brooited about that me an' Seven-up an' Sandyland is on the range, an' every b'ar'll up sticks an' quit the country. Them b'ars reegyards us like we're a epidemic."

"Which Seven-up an' Sandyland,' says Enright, 'must have been pow'ful fine dogs."

"Fine! B'ars is made for Sandyland an' Seven-up, an' Seven-up an' Sandyland is made for b'ars. They goes together by a law of nacher, same as a deck of kyards an' a stack of chips. Not but what them dogs is different, same as folks. Sandyland has a keener nose than Seven-up, an' could track a b'ar through runnin' water or tell a Republican by the smell. Now Seven-up ain't not got sech nose. He could tell a Democrat, but most any dog does that. Runnin' water an' Republicans is, however, beyond him. An' yet Seven-up has his p'int. What I likes most about Seven-up is he'll listen to reason, an' is plumb anx'ous to learn. Now Sandyland that a-way—"

"Get back to your b'ar,' interjects Tutt; 'you're too plumb diffosive.'

"Right you be. All I was goin' to say, though, is that Sandyland's too headlong, too spontaneous. To resume: I'm planted thar on a three-laiged stool, workin' the ile in back of old Killdeer's hammer with a turkey feather, at the same time makin' up my views an' reorganizin' my opinions on current eevents, when something which seems to be standin' on eend, takes a peek into my one winder. I glances up, an' thar's a sight which, puttin' it tamest, shore sets my heart back on its ha'nches. It's a b'ar, gents; but sech a b'ar! Standin' on his hind laigs that a-way, he's easy

twenty-two hands high, an' could've reached up over the eaves an' toyed with my chimbley. That's straight, gents! Thar's a foot of fat on his ribs, an' the marks of his paws, as seen at sun-up, is the size of dinner-plates."

"Be you-all tellin' the trooth?" interrupts Enright. 'Why I asks is so's we can gyard ag'inst false impressions.'

"Pards,' returns the Wallis party, he'pin' himse'f to lick an' speakin' gen'ral, 'trooth with me is a mania. I believes in the virchoos of trooth. Not to excess of course, because experience shows me that a virchoo carried to excess becomes a vice.' Then to Enright: 'Shore, what I'm reelatin' is the oncivilized trooth. You-all can lay your weary head on every word I utters, an' go to sleep. Also, took right, everything I says is useful.'

"Proceed!' an' Enright waves his hand some benignant."

"Whar'm I at? Certainly, the b'ar's peerin' in the winder: He's shore the devil's baby of a b'ar—an' thar I sets with old Killdeer as empty as a church! I breaks out into a profoose perspiration. No, it ain't that I'm skeered; I'm only indignant at bein' so caught off my gyard. Something's got to be did, however; it won't pass as a joke none along old White for the best hunter between the Big Bend of the Missouri an' the Loosiana brakes to take a bluff from a b'ar. So grabbin' my g-inch bootcher, I makes for the door. Seven-up an' Sandyland? Gents, you-all should've seen them dogs! They simply t'ars the front out of the shack, they're that eager."

"When we're all outside once, the b'ar's gone. I can hear him thrashin' off among the trees an' bresh, makin' more noise than a empty wagon on a frozen road. Away skoots Seven-up an' Sandyland, me followin' grippin' the old bootcher. Do our best though, none of us overtakes him. Leastwise none of us does onless it's Sandyland. He come flyin' back through the atmosphere, out of the dark of the woods, with a twist in him like a fishhook, an' from the reemarks he makes subsequent I allers infers he meets the b'ar. You bet, old Seven-up's all right. He don't go closin' with no sech prop'sition as that b'ar, daylight or dark; he's too ree-flective. You should have beheld them dry quiet grins of his, as Sandyland goes limpin' about freein' his mind. That wise old Seven-up knows more'n a hired man."



DRAWN BY J. N. HARMAND

"'Lightnin' Bug begins cuttin' the ground 'round my moccasins permiscus with his .45, an' the rest j'ins in. Thar's quite a foosilade; an' realizin' that maybe thar's a local prejewdice arisen either ag'in me or ag'in b'ars, I breaks off in my narratif an' adjourns across to you '"

"An' your b'ar?" says Peets, by way of reecallin' the Wallis party to the main trail.

"We misses him, as I says; an' after a while we returns to the shack, me he'pin' Sandyland, who's temp'rarily crippled.

"Nothin' more's seen or said about this yere b'ar for quite a spell. It's in the early mornin' of the seventh day mebbey, an' I'm down by the old White takin' a buffalo-fish off one of my trot-lines. All of a sudden, a big hairy paw, the size of the hand of Destiny, reaches over my shoulder an' scoops in that buffalo-fish. I reealizes instanter it's that egreegious b'ar, an' my reetreat bein' cut off to the r'ar I goes overboard head-first into the White. Two rods down, I crawls ashore as wet as a mink, an' climbs a tree. The b'ar don't make no speshul splurge about hivin' me; he appeariantly preefers fish. Thar he plants, not two rods away, an' goes to eatin'. Cuss? Gents, I sw'ars to sech a degree that, only it's a hemlock, the tree I'm in'd 've shed all its leaves. What else can I do?—me, with no more amyooniten than my ten toe-nails an' two front feet?

"The row I kicks up arouses Seven-up an' Sandyland up at the shack, an' them two faithfuls comes chargin' full chisel. Knowin', however, that I ain't got no weepens with me, going out that a-way simply to take a fish off a trot-line, they don't go to minglin' with the b'ar permiscus. They simply sasses him from a safe distance, while waitin' for me to plan something. I don't blame 'em; ain't I myse'f done took to a tree? The b'ar finishes foreclosin' on my buffalo-fish, an' after picking his teeth with a 'leven-inch foreclaw mighty deelib'rate, he goes sa'nterin' off up-stream an' disappears in the woods.

"Havin' reegained my composure, I c'llects old Killdeer, an' me an' the dogs crosses over the hawback which sep'rates us from old Dooley, an' recommends that he come with us to hunt that b'ar. Whatever do you think? The mis'rable an' on-mitigated file wants us to pay him two dollars a day! Thar's a high-minded sportin' character for you! This yere Dooley allers was the meanest man the length of the White. Which he's that wedded to money he wouldn't give a dollar to see a y'earthquake, an' so ornery stingy that if he owned a lake he wouldn't give a duck a drink. That's old Dooley every time!

"After me deescribin' it, old Dooley shakes his low-flung head, an' claims that this yere's a onhunttable b'ar. He explains how it's a sort o' witch b'ar; but that's jest his crawl. He allows he hunts a witch b'ar once, but ain't goin' to ag'in unless it's a speshul occasion. Thar's no movin' the old felon, so merely reemarkin' that I'd gladly give him my note of hand for a hundred dollars at thirty days if he'd let me kill him, I whistles up Sandyland an' Seven-up, an' we three pirootes off after that b'ar by ourselves. Shore, you don't reckon, do you, I'll allow no sech onreegen'rate Philistine as that b'ar to go sashayin' about defyin' the embattled hosts of Israel in this yere reedic'lous way?

"For three days we keeps it up, but never a smell of our b'ar. It's the afternoon of the third, an' Sandyland an' Seven-up is off rannikaboooin' an' ransackin' 'round in a hollow over about half a mile from me when, as unexpected as a shell game at a Sunday-school picnic, thar's my b'ar. An' I can see he's ruffled about something. His eyes is flashing so's to set fire to your hide. An' the size of him! Gents, the biggest buffalo bull you ever sees wouldn't be no part of a gun-wad to him! Thar he squats, r'ared back for battle, an' 'lookin' like a enraged bale of black cotton.

"Givin' a chance, I allers like to study a b'ar before I goes to a showdown with him. Wharfore, I pauses an' takes to intently considerin' my prey. I can tell by his expression that he's that quarrelsome trouble in its most acote form's goin' to be a pleasure to him. The way he feels, he can't have no comfort of his life without a muss. Thar he sets, jest honin' to whip somebody, as clean a case of fight or git out of the way as I ever beholds. An' snort?—which I should wonder! "All right, my friend," I says, edgin' over towards a oak tree in case he charges, meanwhile wishin' Seven-up an' Sandyland'd come along—"all right, my friend, you'll keep on tantalizin' 'round ontill you inherits a maulin'. As to them snorts, you'd a heap sight better save your breath to groan with when you're dyin'. For all your teeth-grindin' an' paw-wavin', I'm the onmuzzled hoss-fly who's about to acquire your hide; that, or thar ain't no crockydiles in Alabama!"

"While I'm repeatin' these menaces to myse'f, I'm movin' the muzzle of old Killdeer to the front, an' gen'rally speakin'

arrangin' for what they calls in St. Louie a *grande coope*. Before I'm half ready, like a bolt from the bloo, he makes a dash. I don't know no more about the details of what happens than 'possums do about makin' cornbread. All I'm shore of is I'm down, an' that twenty foot in the air I sees the b'ar jumpin' over me same as if I'm a bresh fence. It comes off that quick I never gets a shot. No one's hurt, though, neither old Killdeer nor me, and while I'm feelin' myse'f to make certain, Seven-up an' Sandyland flocks up an' extends congratoolations.

"You has," says Enright, motionin' to Black Jack, 'what even a prejewdyced mind'd admit is a narrow escape.'

"Narrow? It's nothin' short o' the mercy o' hell I'm yere to talk about it.

"On the hocks of this disapp'intment, me an' Sandyland an' Seven-up withdraws to our shack to talk things over an' consider ways an' means. Thar's nothin' partic'lar settled, more'n we're all three reesolved to go at that b'ar on sight. The next day an' the next passes, an' never no sign of him. On the third—it has the look, too, of him pickin' out times when Sandyland an' Seven-up ain't along—as I'm romancin' about clost to the shack, c'llectin' pine knots for light

wood, thar he stands off to one side of the cl'arin'. He's only a short piece off. What's more, his back's towards me, an' he acts like he's plunged in thought. I don't waste no time takin' p'sition, but slams away with old Killdeer, an' ketches him as squar'

at the base of the brain as you-all could p'int with a whipstock. Drop him!

Gents it don't even rock him on his pins!

An' thar's a jet of steam, too, shootin' out o'

the bullet hole, five-foot high, like the lead's perfrated his b'iler. But he don't seem to mind none. I'm that plumb overcome I forgets to load. After a spell, the b'ar swings slowly off, an' all with a pree-ockyoopied air like he's wropped in contemplations. Which

I'm rendered that weak an' broken down by the eepiside, I'd 've gladly stood a gallon of corn-jooce to be carried to my shack.

"Draggin' one

moccasin after t'other, I at last finds my way back. Sandyland an' Seven-up sees at a glance that I've been up ag'inst our b'ar, an' thar's no limit to their interest. Certainly, I can't give 'em every angle, because after all thar's boundaries goes with dogs in the matter of the English language. Gleanin' all they can, however, from what words they savvys, an' addin' that to the expression in my eyes—which they feels fixed an' fishy, an' I presoomes looks it



"After me deescribin' it, old Dooley shakes his low-flung head, an' claims that this yere's a onhuntable b'ar"

a whole lot—they dogs makes a vociferous sortie to see what they can turn up by themselves. They're back in half an hour, an' by dejectedly w'arin' their tails at half-mast gives me to know they ain't found out nothin'.

"Night comes, but I can't sleep or eat. I throws down a h'anch of deer for Seven-up an' Sandyland, but don't take nothin' myse'f except some baldface whiskey. I can't get over that b'ar walking off with old Killdeer's bullet. Which I've seen that weep on—the best rifle, she is, that old Hawkins of Looneyville ever fits a stock to—drive the lead through eight solid inches of pine. An' that b'ar don't even turn his head! I begins to think like old Dooley, that he's onhunte-able.

"It gets well along into the shank of the night, an' Seven-up an' Sandyland has done dozed off. I'm settin' thar, roominatively chawin' tobacco, an' tryin' to bed down my nerves—meanwhile, sharpenin' my bootcher on a bloostone—when, wake snakes an' Gen'ral Jackson fit the Injuns! thar befalls a smashin' an' a crashin', an' that b'ar comes ragin' an' kickin' through the roof kerplunk, an' the next instant is down on me like a cavin' bank. Talk of wrack an' rooin! At first I thinks he does it by design, but later when I sees the broken bough I onderstands it's inadvertent. Thar's a tree at the back of the shack which overhangs the roof, an' the b'ar has done shin up it with the result I deescribes. What that b'ar's little game is I never fathoms; it's some too deep for me. Thar he is, however, with most of the tree an' half the roof, sprawlin' on my floor. The door's open, an' takin' advantage of it, Sandyland an' Seven-up, roused out of sleep that a-way, an' allowin' it's the dawnin' of the day of judgement, goes howlin' for safety off into the timber.

"The b'ar's strugglin' to his feet—a great colossal gob of fat, he is—when I'm took by a frenzy. As he aims his snout for the door, I lands straddle of him, an' goes to plyin' my bootcher for every ounce. Which I shore sends it in to the wood each jab. Gents, it don't even attract his attention, don't so much as arouse his curiosity. You recalls about me sayin' thar's a foot of fat on him? That ain't no hyperbole. An' besides thar's the ribs, the size of bed-slats. My bootcher, havin' only a nine-inch blade, all things considered I don't figger an' dig

the deepest I comes within techin' distance of his mortals. It shore don't affect him none; an' he keeps up his lick, in an' out among the trees, same as if me an' my bootcher don't exist. Which you'd nacherally reckon, with me an' that b'ar stormin' along through bresh an' branches that a-way it'd rip my clothes to chitlin's. Not a chance, gents; not a chance. I've got on a new huntin'-shirt which the storekeep down to Little Rock warrants as grapevine woof, hoop-pole warp, an' wove in a ladder, an' thar's no livin' force can t'ar it.

"Me an' the b'ar goes squanderin' along, with never a idee on my part. Also, bein' the night's as dark as the inside of a cow, I ain't able to take no observations. The wind-up comes when he surges full-tilt into a cave, which opens in the side of a bluff. The ceilin' of this yere cavern is so plumb low, he has to lower his head a lot. As for me, cocked up on his back, it scrapes me off like a poultice. I gets something of a jolt, too, an' stunned an' onable to move I lays thar all spraddled out till daybreak.

"You remember about mesayin' 'cave'? That's error. An' it shows the satanic strategy of that b'ar! Later it develops that what I thinks is a cave when I'm scraped off, turns out to be a tunnel. My b'ar goes plumb through the bluff, an' eemerges on t' other side. Not only eemerges, but trots across to Warrior Run—not that I'm complain'—an kills thirty of old Dooley's hawks.

"Shore it's thirty?" puts in Texas.

"Since you insists on ackeracy, it ain't thirty; it's thirty-one. If you're to take old Dooley's word, he actchooally ate 'leven an' I counts twenty more myse'f, which the b'ar kills an' cords up between two pecan trees for footure reference.

"Gents, when I a'preeciates what's happened, I staggers back to camp an' takes to my blankets. The thing, you see, is killin' me. The whole business, so to speak, gets sunk into my feelin's, an' I ain't carin' if I lives or dies. I can't eat none, an' begins fallin' off like persimmons after a frost. Day an' night, that b'ar ha'nts me. The thing gets out along the White, too, an' makes talk, an' folks takes to sneerin'. In the eend, it's more'n flesh an' blood can stand, an' I reesolves to get up from my dyin' bed, an' notify that b'ar thar's shore a warrant out after him, an' it's done goin' to be served. Callin' in the neighbors, I in-



DRAWN BY A. N. MACDONALD

" 'I'm settin' thar, roominatively chawin' tobacco, an' tryin' to bed down my nerves, when thar befalls a smashin' an' a crashin', an' that b'ar comes ragin' an' kickin' through the roof kerplunk, an' the next instant is down on me like a cavin' bank'"

forms 'em that if I don't fetch in that b'ar by Saturday night, they can divide my pelts an' skins among 'em, the owner havin' died or disappeared.

"Tossin' old Killdeer across my shoulder, I whistles up Sandyland an' Seven-up, borrys a shovel of old Dooley, an' sallies fo'th."

"Shovel?—to go hunt b'ar?" says Boggs, mighty skeptical.

"Wait! Thar's nothin' in goin' off half-cock. Borrys a shovel, I says; of old Dooley, an' sallies fo'th. Reeparin' over to the mouth of the tunnel, I puts in two days diggin an' shovelin'. When I'm done, I've built up the run-way which leads to it, something like six inches. As it stands orig'nally, that b'ar only squeezes through with the utmost diffikulty. The roof rasps his withers as he goes in. The way I fixes things, let him ondertake to make that tunnel's entrance at a mile a minute clip, same as when he scrapes me off, an' he'll nacherally knock in the top of his head. You see, I'd tried old Killdeer, an' I'd tried the bootcher. Neither lands the bacon, an' I loses faith in both. Which they're not adequate enough. My one chance is to fool the b'ar into buttin' out his own brains. Wharfore, I moils an' toils, raisin' the path to the tunnel a round six inches."

"Enright's listenin' all y'ears, like a field of wheat. Which I never sees our old war-chief more held. When this Jimjam Wallis party reaches the tunnel part, Enright holds up his hand for a recess.

"You he'p yourse'f to a drink," he says to the Wallis party, "while I onbelt in a few words private to the Doc yere."

"Enright draws Peets one side, an' says:

"Doc, this yere's the most fasc'natin' liar I ever encounters. Them Red Dog eediot's have been entertainin' a angel onawares. What do you all say about makin' him a offer to stay?"

"Sam, it wouldn't do," returns Peets. "It's a trooth well understood to science that mendacity that a-way is contagious, same as mumps an' measles. Keep this yere Wallis party among us, an' inside of a month we'd all ketch the lyin' habit from him. By two months thar wouldn't be a syllable of

trooth spoke yere week in an' week out. That trick of lyin' 'd overgrow us like mosses over stone."

"That settles it," returns Enright; "an' we'll not deetain this yere Munchausen. It's too much of a price, Doc, too much of a price."

"Enright an' Peets resettled themselves in their cha'rs, an' turns to the Wallis party.

"Give us the rest of it," says Enright. "I'll be oneasy until I learns how them machinations of yours works through."

"They works through like shuckin' corn," says the Wallis person. "As a starter, I drug over one of old Dooley's dead hawgs, an' puts it out for bait. Next, me an' Sandyland an' Seven-up goes into ambush off to one side.

"It's about midnight, an' the three of us is crouched thar, anxiously waitin' for our b'ar to show up. The smell of old Dooley's hawg fetches him; he shore keeps the app'ntment.

"Once the b'ar's busy fillin' up on hawg, we three comes bulgin' out of our hidin' place, like we ain't got a minute to live. An' noise! Seven-up howls, Sandyland roars, while I slams loose old Killdeer. The b'ar does percisely as I foresees, an' streaks it for the tunnel. Thar's a moment of profound strain. Will my intrigue work, or won't it? Gents, it works. Thar's a head-on collision between the bluff an' the b'ar, the rock edge of the tunnel ketches the b'ar jest above the eyebrows, an' whang! his skull is busted like a eggshell. Old Dooley declar's he hears the crack away over on Warrior Run, an' it sounds like forty rifles.

"The b'ar gives a howl which sounds worse'n the dying groans of a thousand sinners; an' then he expires. It takes five hosses an' as many ropes to snake him into camp. Also, besides a thousand pounds of sassage, thar's six full kegs of b'ar's grease in him, an' his hide 'd kyarpet this yere Red Light room. Whatever becomes of the hide? I traffics it off to old Pap Sellers of St. Looey for five hundred pesos, an' the last I sees of it he's usin' it as a rug for the ladies' cabin of the *Robert E. Lee*."

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in an early issue



A Star of Romance

By
Alan Dale

THAT bane of my life, the stage mommer, has at last been eclipsed. She was

bad enough, goodness knows, but there are worse things, and I have discovered one. I found it in the shape of Adelina, in Miss Doris Keane's dressing-room at Maxine Elliott's Theater, the other day when I called upon that young actress. Adelina sounds very nice, but—Adelina is a monkey. Adelina is the monkey that Miss Keane uses in "Romance," Mr. Edward Sheldon's play, and is not merely a stage "prop." In fact, Adelina is a pet, and all the time I sat with Miss Keane she behaved like one. She clambered up the side of my coat, plucked at my collar as I tried to be "dignified," and really made herself terribly at home. Of course Adelina is merely a matter of taste, and some might like her. I confess that I didn't. Monkeys always seem so horribly personal to me. I smiled one or two ghostly smiles, and pretended that I didn't mind Adelina in the



Miss
Doris Keane,
who is now starring in
Edward Sheldon's play,
"Romance"

least—that, in fact, I rather liked her—but in strict confidence I'd sooner have had a stage mommer, and even the very worst of the brand that I've encountered.

Miss Keane smiled at my efforts. She was fastening on the jewels that she wears in "Romance"; she was clad in a low-necked crinoline gown, and she was doing her best to look "old time."

She had the star dressing-room, because—she is now really a star!

"Of course I want to be a star," she said, rather ruefully when I asked her "how about it?" "What else is there for an ambitious person on the stage? I want to be a star, because I want to be able to do what I like, and play the plays that appeal to me. To do that, one must be a star. There are no stock companies to-day; there is no standard of acting. One has to earn the ability to make one's appeal, so it is best to be a star. Oh, I've thought it all out. This part in 'Romance' is really the first conspicuous part I have played. I have just begun to realize that people are really



A Star of Romance

paying to see me play, and I feel quite important. Don't I, Adelina?"

That monkey! It was pawing around my neck, and tickling dreadfully. I expected it to answer Miss Keane, but it didn't.

"Sometimes I think I have been on the stage for years," Miss Keane went on, "and I speak of the hard life! But my career has not been a very comprehensive one. Did you know that I graduated from a school of acting? Well, I did. I had no influence; I dimly felt that the stage was the life I wanted; I didn't know how to 'get on'; so I went to a school of acting, and while there Charles Frohman saw me, and gave me a

ing Clementine' in both New York and London, and that was surely a very fine experience for me. I've really worked hard. Do you know"—she broke off suddenly and looked askance at me—"I used to hate you! I wouldn't even read what you wrote.

You made me peevish. One day my maid came to me and said, 'Oh, Mr. Dale gave you a beautiful notice.' Then of



"Of course I want to be a star. I want to be a star, because I want to be able to do what I like, and play the plays that appeal to me. To do that, one must be a star."

chance. I think he saw me playing 'Mrs. Dane's Defense'—a nice and ambitious play for a school-of-acting girl. But it was a splendid way to get attention, and I got it. I really made my first appearance in the play called 'Whitewashing Julia,' and that's not so fearfully long ago."

It certainly was within the ken of even the youngest inhabitant, and—no need to "reminisce."
"Then I played in 'The Hypocrites' and in 'Decorat-

course, I had to read it, and—it made all the difference."

She smiled, and so did I—and so didn't Adelina. That little brute hadn't even the dawn of a sense of humor.

"As I said," she continued, "I have worked very hard. I was in England for a long time, with Miss Gladys Unger, and I studied five Shakespearian rôles. I committed them, to memory, and really worked at them as though I were going to play them. I don't think I'll tell you what they were, because I know you'll laugh at me."

"One was Juliet," I ventured clairvoyantly, and for a moment she looked surprised—such a daring clairvoyant was I!

"Well, of course" she admitted. "Juliet,





Constance, and Rosalind were three of them. I think I should like to play Juliet, and to play it just a little differently. I fancy I could do it. I'd

"I never liked my speaking voice, and I've tried hard to alter it. Somehow or other, I felt that it was all wrong, and that it was something I ought to get away from."

Still, I think that my little speech pleased her, and I meant it. Miss Keane has a peculiar drawl that is very fascinating, and that is unique. It would be ten



Scene in "Romance"—Miss Keane, A. E. Anson, and Adelina, who in real life is very much the pet of her mistress



make her just a little less 'romantic' than we're accustomed to see her. Don't laugh. I have just as keen a sense of humor as you have, and I'm quite serious about this. And that's why I want to star. It will give me the chance to do the things I believe I can do, and there's nothing else worth working for. I enjoyed those months in England, and they did a lot for me. Then, you know, I've lived in France—quite near to the theaters of Paris, and that was an education for me. My rôle in 'Romance' has pleased me a good deal. You didn't like my foreign accent, but it had to be, and I considered it a lot."

"I didn't like your accent, because you have such a lovely speaking voice that I thought it a pity to mar it by dialect." (That was quite a long speech for me on such an occasion.)

thousand pities to lose it.

I was going to say something else—something really quite nice,—but that devilish monkey, who had been brushing up an acquaintance with me all the time I talked with her mistress, put her paw down my neck, made me "jump," caused Miss Keane to exercise her sense of humor (yes, she has one), and I beat a retreat. I have never believed in the Darwinian theory.

An Interpreter of Youth

WHEN the writing Man-who-Murders-the-King's-English went prowling behind the scenes to find Miss Viola Dana, playing the dream-child Gwendolyn in that whimsical blend of fact and fancy, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," he made the surprising discovery that actress and "kiddie" are one. Gwenny and Viola, by the strange alchemy of the stage, are so mixed up and merged into each other that it is impossible to tell where one exits and the other enters. Even Eleanor Gates, who wrote the piece for fun without knowing who, if anybody, would act it, confesses that she watches with wonderment as Viola romps through the part, putting in a thousand little

shades of sentiment and flashes of fun that she, the author, had never dreamed of, though now they seem inevitable.

Here, indeed, is one of the fairy children of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird"—or, more like, one of the elfin creatures that J. M. Barrie makes so reassuringly human in "Peter Pan"—one who belongs right here "in our midst."

Her family name is Flugrath, but that is rather too clumsy to get display type on the billboards and theater programs. She was born in Brooklyn, lives in the Bronx, and has played with the "movies" at Hoboken and Union Hill, New Jersey.

"So, you see, I've traveled round the world some," she says.

When cornered for this par-



Viola Dana, who plays Gwendolyn in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates

ticular little chat, she was sitting in a high chair in the star's dressing-room, dangling a pair of chubby bare feet that didn't quite reach down to the floor, eating candy, and waiting four minutes for her cue to go on in the scene of the Land of Lights, where candles burn at both ends. A somewhat roly-poly child, brown haired and brown eyed, she looks even littler than when she was "The Littlest Rebel," a season or so back.

"Oh, it's all put on," she declares, quite seriously. Just fancy *littleness* being "put on"!

"Really, you continues Miss a burst of confidence, "since I am this P. L. R. getting into ways un-ously, all the Why, at for in-anything me feel

know," Dana, in dence, playing G., I'm babyish consci-time. home, stance, if makes bad,

isn't acting, it's only being foolish and natural. To get the sad touches, and make the audience sympathize with you, that is what I should call being an artiste."

"And what do you expect to do, Miss Dana, when it is officially settled that you are a grown-up actress, and in the way to realize your highest ambition?"

"Play 'Juliet,'" she answered promptly, as though anybody might have known it.

Who can tell? That is what they all mature actresses Muses never actual-ly the part of Shakespeare's loveliest tragic are enabled to thrill us in new and unexpected ways, just through having cherished the ambition to be Romeo's lady love while they were still in the "movies" or with Pete Dailey

I start to cry. If this thing goes on, the next you know I'll be rolling a hoop, and making really-truly mud pies. And here am I, fifteen years old."

"Well, how does it feel to be a grown-up actress, since you are so grown-up?"

"It's certainly great to walk along Broadway with the famous ones, and think that I, also, am doing something that counts. Not that I imagine myself a real, serious actress, though—not yet, but some day, I hope. I have seen great artists, and I know what acting is. I was in the company with Pete Dailey, at one time. It was lots of fun, and so is this piece, especially the dancing. But I guess having fun and making people smile

To be Broadway's youngest leading lady, and not spoiled, at fifteen, is already some distance on the way.



Fishing at Johnny Blake's—a part of the tableau just at the close of the play which represents the realization of the little rich girl's dreams

A Lily of France

that your gaiety on the stage is natural and spontaneous, and not the least little bit forced."

"No, it is not forced. I was not born and raised in Marseilles for nothing. Thank heaven, that gaiety of the South, when it is in the blood, can't be extinguished. But what I mean is, this is a career of hard work and study, like any other. It couldn't possibly be like—like those stories you have heard. Now you will write of me differently, yes? Do you know, I am very serious when I have the time. And also, will you tell them that I am very religious?"

This little confidential chat was being



THERE'S many a true word spoken in a magazine interview. Certainly Mademoiselle had the air of being in earnest when she said:

"I am not born to be one gr-r-r-and actress. My singing and dancing are perhaps not more than mediocre. But I am ambitious, and I have an opportunity. So, therefore, having also my youth and strength, and as much of good looks as I am ever likely to possess, I put these into what I can do best: that is, into playing the more or less fictitious character which the public know and seem to like as Gaby Deslys. Oh! that Gaby is so very different from the real me. Yes, truly, she is not the same, *pas du tout*."

"Then, Mademoiselle, you are indeed a wonderful artiste. Anyone would swear

PHOTO (C) WHITE

Miss Gaby Deslys, who is again delighting New York in "The Honeymoon Express." That merely happens to be the name of the play; Gaby herself is the "show"

snatched piecemeal behind the scenes, in the rare moments when Mademoiselle's tiring woman was not hustling her out of and into a bewildering assortment of beautiful gowns.

"No! because nobody would believe it."

"It is true, nevaire-ze-less. Well, you tell them I am not mercenary, I have heart, and if I take pleasure it is for rest, not for notoriety and money-making. I am not what you call the tight-wad" (Miss Deslys is making splendid progress in her English vocabulary, thank you), "and I am not wasteful or extravagant. If I spend 250,000 francs a year, it is my own money that I have earned myself. It goes principally for my stage gowns and other professional expenses—and then I save as much as I possibly can. I know this sort of thing isn't going to last forever. Anyway, the theater shall not comprise my whole life. If ever I permit



"I am not wasteful or extravagant. If I spend 250,000 francs [\$50,000] a year, it is my own money that I have earned myself. It goes principally for my stage gowns and other professional expenses"

myself the luxury of getting married, it will be truly for sentiment, for love—even though the man should happen to be rich. That is the only real independence a woman can have—what she earns by hard work, and buys with her own money. I work hard—we all work hard, in the music-hall. Won't they believe that?"

It is a fact, sure enough. Gaby has actually trained herself down thin, with the strenuous exertion of ten performances a week in "The Honey-

moon Express." Besides dancing, and singing in what is approximately the English language, she has to be a moving picture of the latest Parisian modes.

This means about a dozen elaborate and quick changes in the course of the three-hours performance. And it all hits immensely with the brilliant matinée audience—for she has won a large and loyal following of American women. No wonder! They recognize in Gaby that eternal irresponsible child, the tantalizing, the adorable type of Latin femininity.

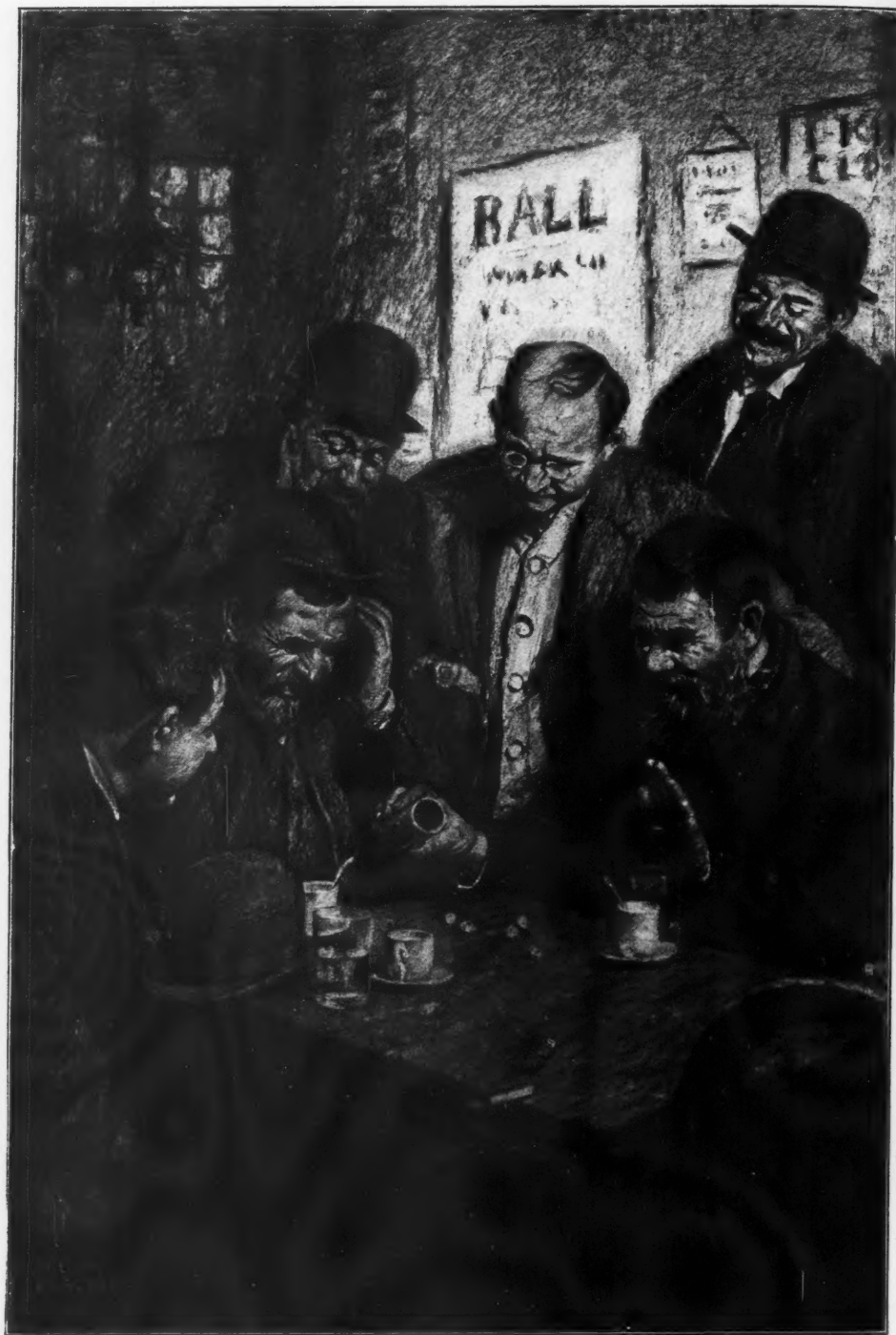
It is the type over which, incidentally, the boy King of Portugal lost his head, with the crown upon it, at an inopportune moment.

Older and wiser crowned, as well as uncrowned, heads have been and will continue to be similarly turned and the world go on unheeding—but here happened a combination affording such gorgeous press-agent material that inevitably it was overworked the first season. That was not so much Gaby's fault as it was her opportunity. She played her trump card at its full value.

Now she is following up her advantage unerringly, spiritedly, and with assured success. Such is the open secret of her sunny smile.



PHOTOS (C) WHITE



DRAWN BY M. LEES BRACKER

Klein stared at what he had thrown. It was a pair of twos. "That looks easy," said his opponent, and calmly threw a pair of threes

("G. Klein's Financial System")

G. Klein's Financial System

Here is a query we often get—how is it an author is able to continue a story-series indefinitely—and make each story a “winner”? Well, it's simple enough. A skilled writer—a trained observer—can find a story-subject anywhere. De Maupassant wrote one of his little masterpieces on a piece of string. In the case of a writer like Bruno Lessing, for example, story-material in the Ghetto is like the oil in the cruse. It can't run dry. The contrasts in the every-day lives of the great horde of half-Americans who make up New York's swarming East Side are always sharp. Tears and smiles, humor and near-tragedy, go hand in hand. There is a story everywhere. Bruno Lessing, like all great writers, simply has the skill to see it. Here he looks into a dice-box—and tells what came out

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IF you delve long enough into the literature of ancient Greece you will probably come across this proverb,
“When a woman dominates a man, the gods laugh!”

I merely remember reading this quotation somewhere, and deeply regret that I cannot place it more accurately. If it is not in Grecian literature it may be in Persian literature or Aramaic or Swedish. I am quite sure that it is not in the Talmud, because most of the authors of the Talmud were married men. In these days of feminine unrest this quotation might, possibly, present interesting thoughts for discussion as, for instance, Who cares whether the gods laugh or not? Besides which, as everyone knows, the relation of the sexes has undergone a complete change. The old idea of man being the dominant, masterful creature and woman being selected by him to administer to his pleasure and comfort has been so thoroughly exploded that you could hardly find a fragment of it. The New Thought, the Suffrage Movement, the Bull Moose platform, and the Zeitgeist have had a tremendous effect upon the laws of nature, and the old order of things has been changed.

I would like exceedingly to dwell upon this theme and, if possible, convert those who still believe in the old-fashioned order of the universe, but the limits of a short story do not offer much latitude for speculative philosophy, and the reader will have to philosophize for himself. Here, however, is a story that may throw some light upon the matter:

Our hero's name is Gottlieb Klein. He was a garment-cutter employed by Shiras on Rivington Street, and he received eight-

een dollars each week for his services. This, you must remember, was in the old days, before they had unions and when the cost of living was not quite so high as it is to-day. Gottlieb Klein was married. By being married, I mean that he had once stood before a rabbi with a woman at his side and had promised to take the woman to wife for better or for worse. From that moment his responsibility in the matter ended, and Mrs. Gottlieb Klein took charge of the situation. Whether the gods laughed or not, the utmost credit must be given to Mrs. Klein for the skill with which she managed the affair. During the time that Klein worked each day he was his own master—to the extent, at least, of regulating his own mind.

This, of course, did not include the luncheon-hour in the middle of the day, because Mrs. Klein always brought her husband his lunch and sat with him in the shop while he ate it. But at all other times his conduct was carefully regulated by his wife. She told him what shirt to wear, what to read, what people to invite to their home, and what people to avoid. It never occurred to Klein to resist. In addition to his inherent timidity, which made him dread an explosion of his wife's temper as most men dread having their left leg cut off, he possessed a very amiable disposition and was as eager to submit to his wife of his own volition as through fear of her forcefulness. All of which, you see, made it an ideal union.

The fundamental law of the household was that Klein must bring his wife his weekly wages as soon as he received them. In addition to being queen of the realm, Mrs. Klein was chancellor of the exchequer.

As they lived only a few blocks from the factory in which Klein worked he had no need of car-fare. And as his wife brought his noonday meal, and purchased all his clothes and managed all the affairs of the household and did not permit her husband to drink or smoke, it would have been exceedingly difficult for Klein to devise an excuse for withholding one cent of his wages. He actually had no use for money. This, by the way, is an argument in favor of the New Thought that never occurred to me before.

The existence of the Kleins had been running along serenely in this channel for ten years when Gottlieb Klein took one step from the beaten path of his life. Other men have occasionally deviated from the sensible routine of life and have escaped all consequences save, perhaps, a twinge of remorse. The consequences of Klein's misstep, however, were so appalling that I hope all men who read this will take the lesson to heart and shun, forever, the primrose path.

A consignment of cloth which had been expected failed to arrive on time, and at four o'clock on a Friday afternoon Shiras's cutters found themselves idle. Being in good humor that day, Shiras paid the men and let them go, saying, with a smile,

"I give you the next three hours for a present."

It was the first time in years that Klein had found himself free for three hours, and he had not the faintest idea what to do. Instinctively he started to walk home. Mandelbaum, a fellow cutter, walked with him a few blocks and then suggested that they go to a coffee-house for a cup of coffee and a cake. Klein hesitated, whereat Mandelbaum said good-naturedly:

"Nu, only ten cents! What does it matter? I will treat."

There were many people in the coffee-house whom Klein knew, and the atmosphere of the place filled him with a pleasurable excitement that he had not experienced in many a day. They seated themselves at a table where a number of men were playing with dice. Klein watched the game with interest—the stakes were rather high—and was fascinated to see one of the players—a stout, black-bearded chap—winning at every throw. Mandelbaum nudged him and whispered,

"He's winning now, but I'll bet his luck will change and he'll lose."

Surely enough, the tide of fortune soon began to turn, and one by one the other players recouped their losses and began to win. But with the exception of the black-bearded man the players were not very courageous, for, as soon as each had won a few dollars, he ceased playing. The game seemed almost at an end. Black-beard was now the only loser, and, one after another, he asked them if they would not throw once more.

"I'll throw anybody for ten dollars!" he said. "Just one throw out of the box."

"I'll throw!" cried Mandelbaum eagerly. The man handed him the dice-box, and Mandelbaum threw. He was trembling with excitement, and Klein, looking over his shoulder and marveling at his friend's recklessness, was hardly less excited. Mandelbaum threw four aces. His opponent, without a word, threw a pair of sixes, smiled pleasantly, and handed Mandelbaum ten dollars.

"Once more?" he asked.

Mandelbaum shook his head. "You try it!" he whispered eagerly, to Klein. "His luck has changed, and he's sure to lose."

The man heard it and turned to Klein with a smile. "Come on!" he said. "I'm a good sport. Win or lose is all the same to me." He held out the dice-box to Klein. "Just one throw for ten dollars!" he said coaxingly.

Whether the coffee had gone to Klein's head, whether the sight of money changing hands so rapidly had intoxicated him, whether it was the thought of easy gain that bewildered his senses, or whether it was merely a sudden awakening of the gambling instinct which lies hidden somewhere in every man's nature, are questions that I doubt if Socrates himself could positively answer. I only know that Gottlieb Klein took the box in his trembling hand and, without uttering a word, threw the dice upon the table. And then he stared at what he had thrown, and a cold sweat suddenly broke out upon his forehead. It was a pair of twos.

"That looks easy!" said his opponent, and calmly threw a pair of threes.

"Too bad!" exclaimed Mandelbaum.

"Try again?" asked the winner.

It was about fifteen minutes past four on that Friday afternoon that it all happened. Two hours later Gottlieb Klein recovered consciousness and found that he was walk-

ing the streets without any definite destination in mind. His memory of what had happened since he left the shop was a blinding chaos that, somehow or other, seemed full of fireworks. He remembered distinctly handing a man ten dollars of his wages: all else was confused. It was the sudden recollection that the ten dollars must be replaced that brought him down to earth again. And then Gottlieb Klein heaved a long, long sigh.

"Oy! Oy! Oy!" he moaned. "Oy! Oy! Oy!"

"Oy" doesn't mean anything in particular, and yet it expressed his feelings more accurately than all the vocabulary of Dante's *Inferno*. The thought of telling his wife about it never for an instant occurred to him. That idea was so entirely and hopelessly out of the question that unless some

one had suggested it to him, it would not have come to his mind had he deliberated over the matter for a year. He suddenly found himself in front of the grocer's store where his wife purchased the family vegetables. Horowitz, the grocer himself, stood in the doorway, smiling cheerfully.

"Horowitz," he said—and no man ever went to his death more heroically—"lend me ten dollars, will you? I'll give it back in a few days."

"Sure!" said Horowitz.

A few minutes after seven o'clock—the usual time of his home-coming—Klein handed his wife eighteen dollars.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You ain't looking well."

It was Klein's last chance to make a clean breast of the whole affair without entering upon the path of deception.



"What's the matter?" she asked. "You ain't looking well." "I—I have a headache," he replied

"I—I have a headache!" he replied—and the last chance was gone. In the synagogue next day, his mind could not follow the service: it was too much engrossed with the greatest problem that had ever confronted it. How was he going to repay those ten dollars? To take the money out of his salary was impossible, as his wife would know of it. To earn ten dollars outside the sphere of his regular work was out of the question: he would not have known how to begin. Klein sighed. Klein sighed a great many times that day and the next and the next, for the longer he pondered over his situation the more cause did he find for sighing. On the fourth day Horowitz, the grocer, gazed at him with that expression that borrowers frequently see—or fancy they see—on the faces of those to whom they owe money.

G. Klein's Financial System

"I'll see you to-morrow," said Klein, in as blithe a tone as he could command. The next morning he went to Sammis, the butcher, and with the air of being in a tremendous hurry said, "Can you let me have ten dollars for a few days?"

"Sure!" said Sammis. You see, Klein's reputation was good in that neighborhood, and, having never borrowed money before, he had no difficulty in obtaining so small a loan. Besides which, the relation of Gottlieb Klein to his own household was well known, and, curious as the fact may be, husbands who are dominated by their wives have better credit than their more assertive brethren. With the ten dollars that Klein borrowed from Peter he paid Paul. Of course he knew full well that this transaction, instead of solving his difficulty, only prolonged it; but, remembering the expression of the grocer's face, even a postponement of the fatal hour of reckoning was welcome. For three days Klein worried over the matter, this time with Sammis, the butcher, as the central figure of his thoughts, instead of Horowitz. Then, when he came home after his day's work his wife told him that Sammis had called to see him.

"What did he want?" asked Klein faintly. He was sure that his heart had stopped beating.

"He didn't say. He said it wasn't important."

"I—I think I'll go to see him after supper," said Klein. As soon as he had finished supper Klein hastened to Aarons, the shoemaker, who lived a few doors away.

"Aarons," said he, "can you lend me ten dollars for a few days?"

"Sure!" said Aarons. Klein thanked him and called upon Sammis.

"I was coming to pay you to-night, anyway," he said. "Why did you come to my house?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Klein," replied the butcher, "but a man came with a bill that I had to pay, and I was a little short. It's all right, now. I'm in no hurry for the money."

But Klein insisted upon paying him, and then took up his burden of worry again, this time with Aarons, the shoemaker, as the central figure.

Strangely enough this load of worry seemed to be growing lighter. The fear of discovery by his wife was not so immediate now, and while the thought of the ten dol-

lars that he owed harassed him day and night, it had not the same depressing effect upon his spirits as the dread of explaining the matter to Mrs. Klein. Still, it was bad enough.

When the time came to pay Aarons, Klein borrowed ten dollars of Lazarus, the peddler, who had a route on Long Island and was home only on Fridays and Saturdays. From Lubarsky, the coal-dealer, he borrowed to pay Lazarus. From Rabbi Roloff he borrowed to pay Lubarsky. And then, one fateful day, having received a note from the rabbi asking him when it would be convenient for him to repay the ten dollars, as the rabbi had to pay his rent—and finding himself utterly unable to think of another soul whom he knew well enough to ask for a loan—he returned to Horowitz, the grocer, of whom he had borrowed first and who, remembering how promptly Klein had repaid the money before, lent it without the slightest hesitation. Klein thus completed an endless chain of Peters and Pauls of each of whom he could borrow, in turn, to pay the other. And for seven months he borrowed and paid, borrowed and paid and borrowed again.

As a system of finance this has, of course, much to recommend it. Conducted upon a higher plane, it might even lead a man to wealth and enable him, had he financial genius, to manipulate great enterprises. If you borrow and pay back promptly, it is the easiest thing in the world to borrow again. The drawback, however, is that occasionally you Strike a Snag or miss a Cog.

For seven months, as I said, Gottlieb Klein borrowed and paid in the same circle. During all this time the thought of ten dollars was never absent from his mind. All day long, as he worked, he kept thinking of ten dollars and worrying lest he might forget the proper rotation of his creditors. Every night he dreamed of ten dollars.

In his dreams, curiously enough, he was happiest, for he always found a ten-dollar bill in some unexpected place, or strangers stopped him in the street and gave him ten dollars. But when he awoke, his problem was ever the same. And it might have been the same to this day—for, in this system, time plays no part—if it had not been for a most annoying and disconcerting circumstance.

Some philosopher—I think it was Praxiteles of Milo, whoever he was—said once

that bad luck usually runs in a streak and lasts about seven months, after which it gets worse. Gottlieb Klein's system worked to perfection for seven months, and then Slipped a Cog. It was Aarons's turn to lend him ten dollars, and Aarons had gone to his cousin's wedding and would not be home for two days. And Lazarus, the peddler, who was next on the list, was covering his Long Island route and would not return for five days. It was with considerable misgiving that Klein went to the office of Lubarsky, the coal-dealer, for it was less than two weeks ago that he had repaid him in his turn. But Lubarsky had gone to Philadelphia, and no one in his office knew when he would return. Next on the list came Rabbi Roloff, and as it seemed to Klein only yesterday that he had paid the rabbi, he had not the heart to call upon him again so soon.

And as Horowitz, the grocer, who immediately followed the rabbi in Klein's order of rotation, was only one removed from Sammis, who was now due to be repaid, Horowitz realized that his system had Struck a Snag, and his heart sank very low. He could think of no one else. He feared he had come to the end of his rope, and the face of his wife rose, specter-like, before his mind's eye. He felt a chill creep up and down his spine. And at this propitious—or, perhaps, unpropitious—moment, he came face to face with Lapidowitz, the well-known East Side schnorrer.

"Hello, Klein!" cried the schnorrer cheerily. "What makes you look so glum?"

"Lapidowitz," said Klein earnestly, "I need ten dollars for a few days. Have you got ten dollars?"

Lapidowitz peered at him intently, and then, drawing a roll of bills from his pocket, began to count them. "Yes," he said, returning the money to his pocket. "I got just ten dollars, but I need them."

"Listen, old man," said Klein eagerly. "If you only knew—I—I—be a good fellow and lend them to me. You'll get them back in four days."

Lapidowitz reflected long and intently. "Klein," he said finally, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I don't exactly need the money until four days from now, but then I'll need eleven dollars. If you promise to give me a dollar for interest, I'll lend you the money. You know I wouldn't ask it if I didn't need the money."

Klein gasped, stared at Lapidowitz, sputtered, and almost choked. And then, in the calm tone of desperation, he said: "All right. I'll give you back eleven dollars."

"In four days?" asked the schnorrer.

"In four days."

"Swear it on the Torah!"

Klein swore it on the Torah. Fifteen minutes later he had repaid Sammis. Half an hour later, pretending that he was not well, he went to bed and lay there trying to figure out what had become of his system and what he was to do now. Instead of borrowing ten dollars he would now have to borrow eleven, because to obtain the extra dollar from any outside source was as impossible as to raise the ten dollars. And if he took Lapidowitz into his circle of creditors he saw clearly that his indebtedness would mount one dollar each time that he came to the schnorrer. He knew Lapidowitz well, and knew that it was no urgent need of eleven dollars that had exacted that usurious interest.

And Gottlieb Klein's mind worked and struggled over that problem as it had never exerted itself before. And then, suddenly, a cry burst from his lips.

"What is it?" asked his wife, running into the room.

Klein hid his face under the coverlet. "I just had a pain, but it went away!" he mumbled. But there was a smile upon his face.

The following night he came home with the air of a man brimming over with news of importance. "What do you think!" he cried. "We have organized a Yiddish Garment Cutters' Club! I'm the president. All it costs is a dollar a week, and if anything happens to me I get a benefit."

"A benefit?" said his wife. "What kind of a benefit?"

"It—it—the club pays the doctor's bills and the medicine and—and as soon as we have enough money in the treasury we get paid while we're sick."

Mrs. Klein had heard something of benefit societies before and, in a general way, approved of them. What she did not approve of, however, was the idea of her husband taking a step of such importance without consulting her. She told him so. It took her five minutes to tell him, and at the end of the five minutes Klein knew positively and completely that she did not approve.

"It was Mandelbaum's idea," he explained lamely. "I had to join right away, or else they wouldn't take me in. Mandelbaum said, 'Now or never,' if I wanted to join. I didn't think you would object."

"I have my opinion of Mandelbaum!" said his wife. "How long do you have to pay a dollar a week?"

"Oh, not long," Klein answered hastily. "Only about eleven or twelve weeks. I don't have to pay as long as the others because I'm president!"

When lovely woman stoops to matters of business, she either makes a great success of them or a muddle—there is rarely a middle course.

Fortunately for Klein, his wife could not exactly weigh the merits of this benefit society, and, having given her husband a piece of her mind upon the subject, she agreed, reluctantly, that he was to retain a dollar a week out of his wages in order to pay his dues in this new organization.

Have you ever heard the refrain of that popular song,

"Who took that in-jine off my neck?"

It expresses—somewhat inadequately, to be sure—the feelings of Gottlieb Klein when he saw his way out of his difficulty. At the end of four days Aarons, the shoemaker, had returned, and Klein borrowed ten dollars from him. Adding to this the dollar he had retained from his wages, he repaid Lapidowitz. And when, on the following Friday night, he learned that Lazarus had returned from his Long Island route, he approached him with a dollar in his hand.

"Lazarus, old man," he said. "I'd like to borrow nine dollars if you can spare it."

Lazarus handed him a ten-dollar bill. "You can have ten," he said. "I have no change."

"Take this dollar!" cried Klein eagerly. "Nine is all I need."

When it came time to pay Lazarus he borrowed eight dollars from Lubarsky. And thus, you can readily see, he would have been free of all his troubles and entirely out of debt in exactly eight more weeks if, once

again, the system had not Slipped a Cog. That, you must always remember, is a habit that all human systems have. Not that they always Slip a Cog, for then they would not be systems. They only Slip the Cog often enough to prove how worthless they are.

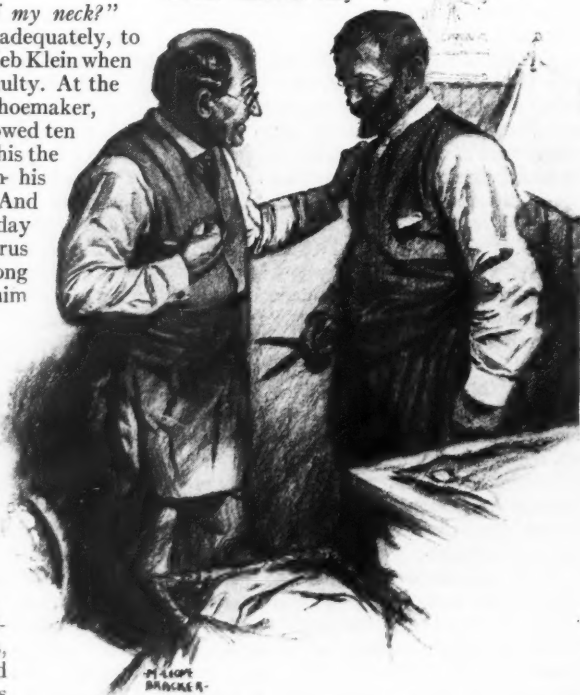
Mandelbaum had worked overtime the day before and came to the shop late on the following morning. His table was next Klein's. "Say, Klein," he began, "what's this business about the benefit club?"

Klein began to perspire, and it seemed to him as if all the lights in the world had suddenly gone out. "Wh-what are you talking about?" he asked.

"I just met your wife on the street, and she said I was a fool for getting up a benefit club."

Klein felt his heart rising toward his larynx. "What did you tell her?" he asked faintly.

"I told her I never started any



"What shall I do?" Klein whispered. "Don't do anything!" said Mandelbaum. "Leave it all to me"

benefit club and that I didn't know what she was talking about. My, but she looked mad! What's it all about?"

Klein laid his hand upon Mandelbaum's arm. "Swear on the Torah you'll never tell a soul about it, and I'll tell you everything. She'll be here at lunch-time, and I don't know what to do."

Mandelbaum swore he would never reveal a word of the other's confidence, and Klein told his story. It did him good to tell it, too, for now that he had to face his wife he felt that his burden was too great to bear. Long before he had finished his recital Mandelbaum's countenance was overspread with a huge grin.

"You needn't laugh," said Klein. "It was all your fault in the beginning. You told me to play dice with that man or I would never have done it."

"That's so," said Mandelbaum gravely. "Let me think. Maybe there is a way out of it."

For a long time the two men chalked patterns on cloth and cut the cloth in silence. Then Mandelbaum turned to his companion with a wink and a grin.

"Klein," he whispered, "I have it!"

"What shall I do?" Klein whispered in turn.

"Don't do anything!" said Mandelbaum. "Leave it all to me. I got to do a lot of thinking, but when she comes you leave everything to me. I promise you it will all come out right. How much do you owe now?"

"Eight dollars," whispered Klein.

"H'm! I guess it's all right. Sh-h-h! Here she comes!"

Klein turned, astounded, and beheld his wife enter the workroom. "Wh-what brings you so early?" he asked. He felt those old, familiar chills coursing tremulously up and down the marrow of his spine.

"Come outside," said his wife. "I want to talk with you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Klein," said Mandelbaum cheerily, "you're just the person I want to see!" And he accompanied Klein out into the hallway.

Mrs. Klein glared at him. "Well?" she asked, in an icy voice. "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Klein," said Mandelbaum solemnly, "I just had a talk with the other members of the club, and we fined your hus-

band nine dollars because he talks too much. A secret club is a secret club, and no member has a right to tell even his wife about it. When you asked me about the club, I told you I didn't know anything about it. I thought maybe you just learned it by accident. But your husband confessed that he told you, and the rules say that any member who tells about the club is fined nine dollars. And if he don't pay right away we put up his name, and he has to pay a dollar more each week."

Klein, with tears in his eyes—and they were genuine tears, too—turned to his wife. "Oh, how could you!" he exclaimed mournfully.

His wife gazed at him in astonishment. "You never said it was a secret!" she declared.

"I—I never thought you'd tell anybody," he retorted. "See what I get for it. No other member told his wife. Only me. And I'm fined eight dollars."

"Nine!" corrected Mandelbaum.

Klein looked at him. "I thought it was eight," he said, in surprise.

But Mandelbaum shook his head. "Nine," he said. "And, besides, you got to go to the secret meeting to-night and give an explanation. If you don't"—he shook his head ominously—"you know the secret rules!"

Klein looked at him in bewilderment. Then he turned to his wife. "I must have the nine dollars!"

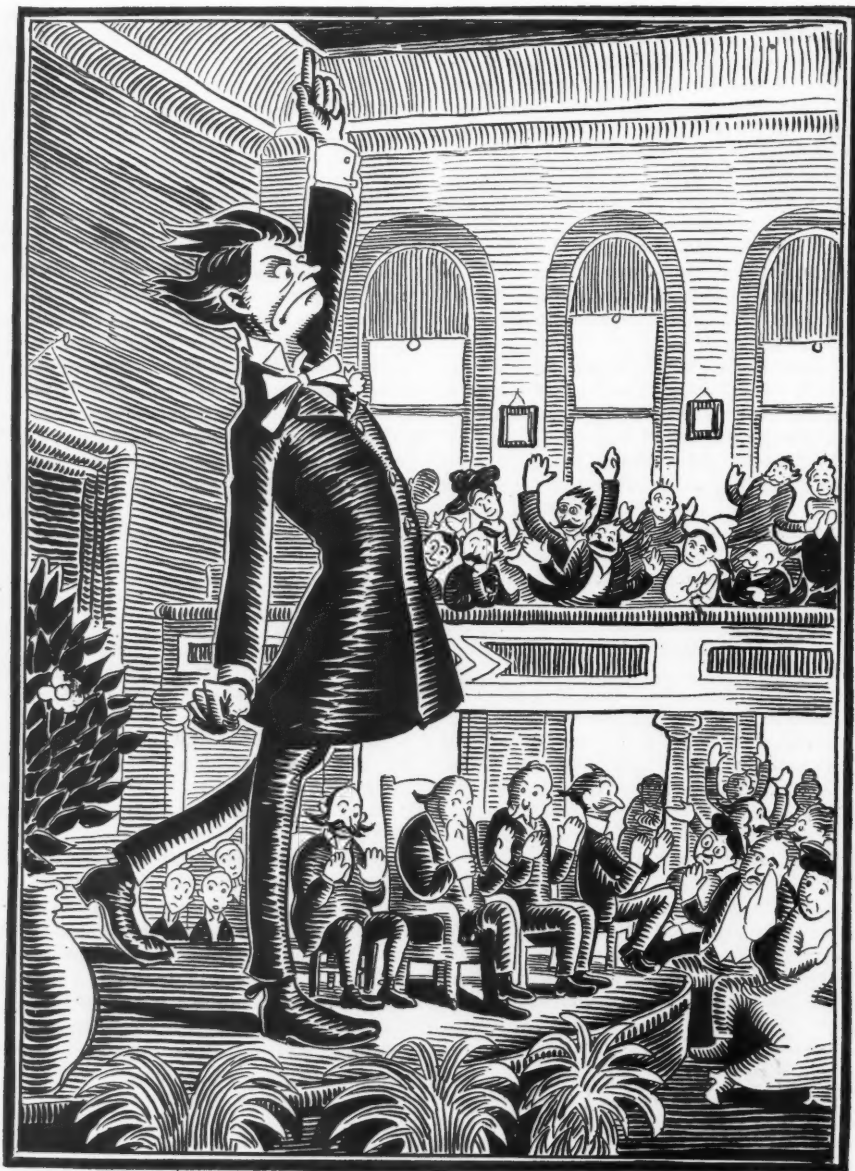
Mrs. Klein, with lips pressed firmly together, opened her reticule, drew out a pocket-book, and began to count out nine one-dollar bills. Even in the new order of things, you see, there are times when a woman feels that speech is hopeless. The fact that she dominates the household is a secret that she desires to keep to herself. Mrs. Klein reluctantly handed her husband the money, which he, in turn, handed to Mandelbaum.

"Did you want to see me about anything special?" Klein then asked his wife.

"No!" she said. And without another word she departed.

"What did you make it nine dollars for?" asked Klein immediately. "I only owe eight."

Mandelbaum winked at him. "You and I will hold the secret meeting at the coffee-house to-night, and the dollar will come in handy."



Our Hero got his Diploma on a Fluke, but when he appeared on the Rostrum between an Oleander and the Members of the Board, with Goose-Goose on the Aureole, the new Store Suit garnished with a leaf of Geranium and a yellow Rose-Bud, and the Gates Ajar Collar lashed fast with his future Trade-Mark; viz., a White Bow Tie—he had all the Book Worms crushed under his Heel

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The New Fable of the Toilsome Ascent and the Shining Table Land

ONCE upon a time, out in the Rubber Boot Reservation, the Stork came staggering up to a Frame Dwelling with a hefty Infant. The arrival was under the Zodiacal Sign of Taurus, the Bull. Every Omen was propitious.

When the Gallery was admitted, on the third day, the gaping Spectators observed that the Manikin had an open Countenance, somewhat like a Channel Cat, a full head of Hair bushing at the nape of the neck, and a hypnotic Eye; so they knew he was destined for the Service of the Public.

Even while he was in the custody of the Old Women of the Township, he began reaching for everything he saw and testing his Voice. He claimed his Rations frequently and with insistence.

While he was demonstrating an elastic Capacity, the head Prophetess called attention to his aggressive Style and predicted a political Career.

It was a cinch Horoscope, for the Begetters were a successful Auctioneer and a Poetess of local repute.

The Child was christened Sylvester, in anticipation of his Future Greatness.

Several years later, when he rebelled against going to the Barber Shop and began to speak Pieces on the slightest provocation, the Parents rejoiced over these budding symptoms of Statesmanship and bought him a Drum.

At school he was a Dummy in Mathematics and a Flivver when it came to Spelling Down, but every Friday afternoon he was out in the lead, wearing Bells.

Before he acquired a Vocabulary or accumulated Data, he got by on his Nerve. In later years he never forgot that Facts are non-essential if the Vocal Cords are in tune.

When the Pupils tackled the old stand-by, "Resolved, that Education is better than Riches," he could tremolo on the Affirma-

tive one week and then reverberate for the Negative one week later, never doubting his own Sincerity at any stage of the Game.

The grinding classmates who had secured the mark of A in Geometry and Rhetoric were not in the running on Commencement Day.

Our Hero got his Diploma on a Fluke, but when he appeared on the Rostrum between an Oleander and the Members of the Board, with Goose-Goose on the Aureole, the new Store Suit garnished with a leaf of Geranium and a yellow Rose-Bud, and the Gates Ajar Collar lashed fast with his future Trade-Mark; viz., a White Bow Tie—he had all the Book Worms crushed under his Heel.

He pulled out the stop marked "Vox Humana" and begged his Hearers to lift the sword of Justice and with it smite the Deluge of Organized Wealth which was crouched and ready to spring upon the Common People.

In pleading the cause of Labor, he spoke as an Expert, for once he had strung a Clothes-Line for his Mother.

He got the biggest Hand of anyone at the Exercises. After denouncing the predaceous Interests he relapsed into an attitude of Meditation, with the Chin on the starched Front, very much like a Steel Engraving of Daniel Webster.

The enthralled Townsmen seeing him thus, with the Right Hand buried in the Sack Suit and the raven Mop projecting in the rear, allowed that there was nothing to it. He was a Genius and billed through for the Legislature.

Some Boys have to go to College to get a Shellac Finish, but Sylvester already had the Dark Clothes and the Corrugated Brow and a voice like a Tuba, so, to complete his Equipment, he merely had to sit tilted back in a Law Office for a few months and then borrow enough Money to get a Hat such as John A. Logan used to wear.

All who saw him move from Group to Group along the Hitch Rack on Saturday afternoon, shaking hands with the Rustics and applying the Ointment, remarked that Ves was a young man of Rare Promise and could not be held back from the Pay-Roll for any considerable length of Time.

He was one of the original 787 Boy Orators of the Timothy Hay Section of the imperial Middle West.

At every hotel Banquet, whether by the Alumni of the Shorthand College or under the auspices of the Piano Movers' Pleasure Club, he was right up at the Head Table with his Hair ruffled, ready to exchange a Monologue for a few warm Oysters and a cut of withered Chicken.

On Memorial Day it was Sylvester who choked up while laying his Benediction on the Cumrads of the G. A. R.

On Labor Day he unbuttoned his Vest all the way down, held a trembling Fist clear above the leonine Mat, and demanded a living Wage for every Toiler.

Consequently he acquired repute as a staunch Friend of the Agriculturist, the Steam Fitter, the Old Soldier, the Department Store Employee, and others accustomed to voting in Shoals.

In order to mature himself and be seasoned for onerous Responsibilities, he waited until he was 22 years of age before attempting to gain a frontage at the Trough.

It was highly important that he should serve the Suvrin People in some Capacity involving Compensation. It was fairly important to him and it was vitally important to a certain Woman of gambling Disposition, who operated a Boarding House.

Sylvester was the type of Lawyer intensely admired but seldom employed, save by Criminals entirely bereft of Means.

In addition to his Board, the young Barrister actually required a pouch of Fine Cut and a clean White Tie every week, so he was impelled by stern Necessity to endeavor to hook up with a delectable Salary.

Because Sylvester had administered personal Massage to every Voter within five miles of his office, he thought he could leap into the Arena and claim an immediate Laurel Wreath by the mere charm and vigor of his Personality.

He ignored the Whispering Ikes who met in the dim Back Room, with Cotton plugged in the Key Hole.

The Convention met, and when it came

time to nominate a Candidate for State's Attorney, all of Sylvester's tried and true Friends among the Masses were at home working in the Garden or spread out in the Hammock.

The Traction Engine pulled the Juggernaut over the Popular Idol.

They lit on him spraddled out. They gave him the Doo-Doo.

When the Battle had ended, he was a mile from the cheerful Bivouac, lying stark in the Moonlight.

He was supposed to be eliminated. The only further recognition accorded him would be at the Autopsy.

Next day he was back in his usual Haunts, with an immaculate Bow Tie and a prop Smile, shaking hands with all who had so recently harpooned him. As a Come-Back he was certainly the resilient Kid.

Those who had marveled at his sole-leather Organ of Speech now had to admire his sheet metal Sensibilities, nor could they deny that he possessed all the attributes of a sound and durable Candidate.

He had learned his Primer lesson in Politics. As soon as he saw that he could not throw the Combination, he joined it.

He came into the Corral and lay down in the Dust and allowed them to brand him as a Regular.

Sylvester became the White Slave of the Central Committee, knowing that eventually true Patriotism would have to be recognized and recompensed.

When he came to bat the second time he had the Permanent Chairman and the Tellers and all the Rough-Necks plugging for him, consequently it was a Pipe.

But it was a case of Reverse English on Election Day, for the venal Opposition rode into power on a Tidal Wave.

After the Tide had receded, Sylvester was found asleep among the Clams and Sea-Weed, apparently so far gone that a Pulmotor would be no help.

Three days later, however, he was on hand, with chaste Neckwear and a jaunty Front, to make a Presentation Speech to the Chief of the Fire Department.

Talk about your Rubber Cores! The harder they trun him down, the higher he bounced back.

Those who had been marked by Fate to be his Constits began to see that Sylvester was something inevitable and not to be denied.



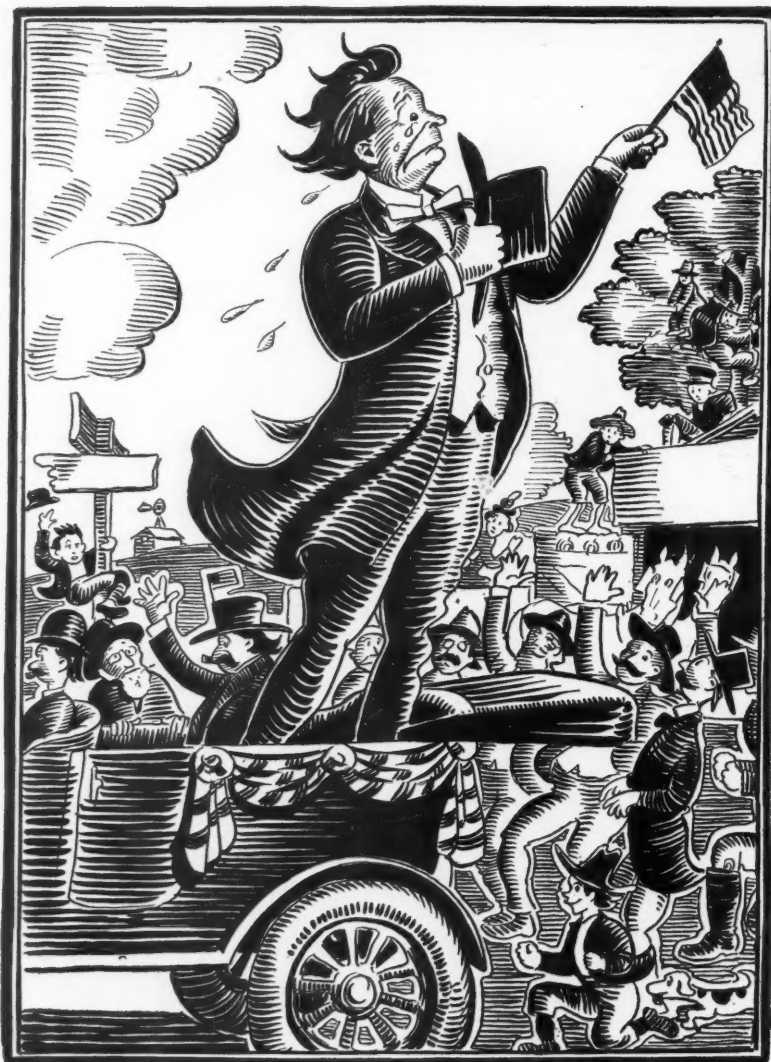
All who saw him move from Group to Group along the Hitch Rack on Saturday afternoon, shaking hands with the Rustics and applying the Ointment, remarked that Ves was a young man of Rare Promise and could not be held back from the Pay-Roll for any considerable length of Time

What though his Detractors called him a Four-Flush and a False Alarm, alleging that a true analysis of his Mentality would be just about as profitable as dissecting a Bass Drum?

The more they knocked, the more oleomargarine became his beaming Countenance, for he knew that Calumny avails naught against a White Tie in the Citadel of cut-and-dried Orthodoxy.

He played the social String from the W. C. T. U. to the Elks and was a blood-brother of the Tin Horn Sport and the acidulated Elder with the scant Skilligans.

In order to keep the High-Binders and the Epworth Leaguers both on his Staff at one and the same time, he had to be some Equilibrist, so he never hoisted a Slug except in his own Office, where he kept it behind the Supreme Court Reports.



He went over the whole District in an Auto (one of the fruits of his Frugality) and everywhere that Sylvester went the American Eagle was sure to go, riding on the Wind-Shield, and a Starry Banner draped over the Hood

When he went out the third time for the same Job, the Voters saw it was no use trying to block him off, so he landed.

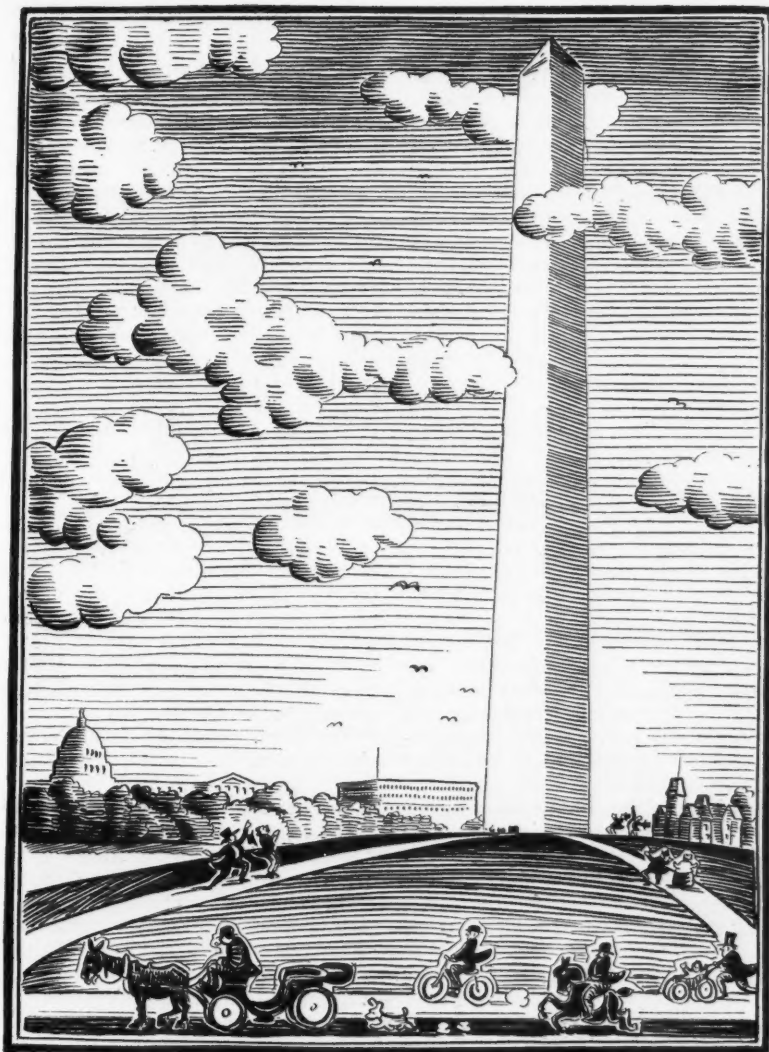
In the full crimson of Triumph, with new Patent Leather Shoes and as much as \$40 in his Kick at one time, he never forgot for a moment that he was a servant of the Pe-hee-pul and might want to run for something else in the near future.

He tempered Justice with Mercy and

quashed many an Indictment if the Defendant looked like a grateful Gazook who might be useful in his own Precinct.

No one dared to attack him because of the fact that he had delivered a Lecture to the eager young souls at the Y. M. C. A., in which he had exhibited a Road Map and proved that adherence to the Cardinal Virtues leads unerringly to Success.

At the age of thirty-two he broke into the



If confused by the Cares of State, he sought diversion by taking a Visitor from Home to see the Washington Monument

Legislature and began to wear a White Vest, of the kind affected by the more exclusive Bar-Tenders. Also a variety of Shroud known as the Prince Albert.

He was fearless in discussing any proposed Measure that did not worry the Farmer Vote in his own District.

As for Wall Street and the Plunderbund, when he got after them, he was a raving Bosco. A regular Woof-Woof and bite their heads off.

About the time he came up for re-election,

a lot of Character-Assassins tried to shell-road him and hand him the Gaff and crowd him into the 9-hole.

They said he had been flirting with the Corporations and sitting in on the Jack-Pots and smearing himself at the Pie Counter.

Did they secure his Goat by such crude Methods?

Not while the 5-octave Voice and the enveloping Prince Albert and the snow-white Necktie were in working Trim.

He went over the whole District in an Auto (one of the fruits of his Frugality) and everywhere that Sylvester went the American Eagle was sure to go, riding on the Wind-Shield, and a Starry Banner draped over the Hood.

He waved aside all Charges made against him. To give them serious Heed would be an Insult to the high Intelligence of the Hired Hands gathered within Sound of his Voice. He believed in discussing the Paramount Issues.

So he would discuss them in such a way that the Railway Trains passing by were not interruption whatsoever.

In course of time his Hair outgrew the Legislature. He was on whispering terms with a clean majority of all the Partisans in three connecting Counties, so he bought one Gross of the White String Kind and a pair of Gum Sneakers and began to run amuck as a Candidate for Congress.

Even his trusty Henchmen were frightened to know that he had become obsessed of such a vaulting Ambition.

They did not have him sized, that was all. The farther from home he traveled, the more resounding was the Hit he registered.

The Days of Spring were lengthening and the Campaign was not far distant when Sylvester, after looking at the Signs in the Sky and putting his Ear to the Ground, discovered that he was thoroughly impregnated with the new Progressive Doctrines.

The Change came overnight, but he was in the Band Wagon ahead of the Driver.

As nearly as he could formulate his private Platform, he was still true to his Party but likewise very keen for any Reform Measure that 55 per cent. of the Voters might favor, either at the present time or previous to any future Election.

After the heated Radicals in every School District had listened to Sylvester and learned that all his Views coincided to a T with their own revised Schedule, they lined up and landslided.

One November morning Our Hero, no longer a penniless Law Student, but owing, at a conservative Estimate, between \$6000 and \$8000, sat tranquilly in front of the T-Bone Steak, the Eggs, the Batter Cakes, the Cinnamon Rolls, and the Reservoir of Coffee, comprising the Breakfast of one who always remained near to the Rank and File.

His Hair was roached in a new way, for the Bulletins at Midnight had told him that he was a Congressman.

Those who had known him in the old Celluloid Days, when a Tie would last him for a Week, now felt honored to receive his stately Salutation as he moved slowly from the Post Office up to the Drug Store, to buy his Bronchial Lozenges.

Many of the Lower Classes, as well as the more prominent People belonging to the Silver Cornet Band, were gathered at the Station when he started for Washington to fight in the impending Battle between the Corn-Shuckers and the Morgan Allies.

Men and women standing right there in the Crowd could remember when he had borrowed his first Dollar.

And now he was going to stand beneath the dome of the Capitol to weave a new Fabric of Government and see that it didn't crock or unravel.

Sylvester and his glossy Trunk arrived at the Mecca, where they were pleasantly received by the Agent of the Transfer Company in full Uniform, and a Senegambian with a Red Cap, who hunted up the Taxi.

After waiting many weary Years, Sylvester once more had a School Desk of his own. It was in the far corner of a crowded Pit surrounded by elevated Seats.

The Hon. Sylvester found himself entirely surrounded by Victims of involuntary Dumbness.

By referring to a printed List he ascertained that he was a member of the Committee on Manual Training for the Alaska Indians.

In his Boarding House he became acquainted with Department Clerks who were well advanced in the technology of Base Ball.

After a few weeks, he was on chatting Terms with a Young Lady in charge of a Cigar and News Counter.

As soon as the Paper was delivered every morning he could find out what had happened in Congress the day before.

If confused by the Cares of State, he sought diversion by taking a Visitor from Home to see the Washington Monument.

After three months, he met a National Committeeman with a Pull who promised to secure him an introduction to the Speaker so that he could maneuver around and get something into the Record before his time was up.

In the meantime, he is heard to advantage on every Roll Call, and the Traducers back in the District have not been able to lay a finger on anything Crooked.

Moral: There is always Room and Board at the Top.

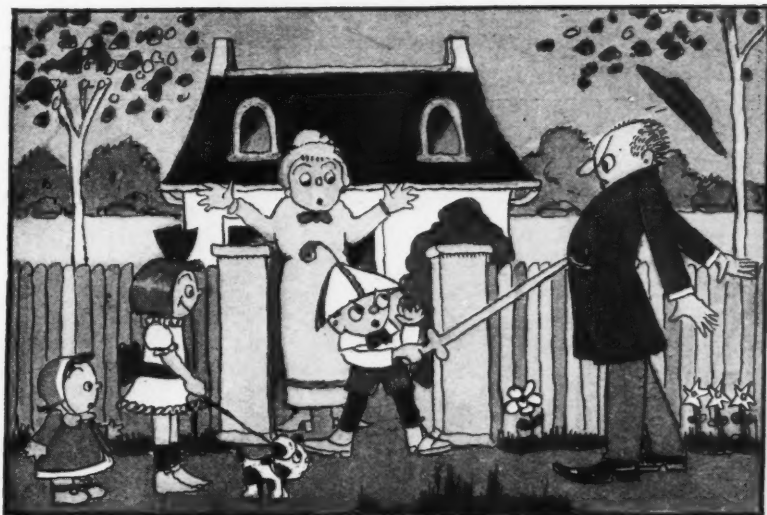
The next instalment of the "*New Fables in Slang*" will appear in the July issue.

Spare the Rod

By Childe Harold



When gaily stepped this dainty lass,
Like Alice, through the looking-glass,
She only found (O tears! O pride!)
A spanking on the other side.



When Ferdinand, arrayed in state,
Essayed Horatius at the gate
(O tariff on heroic lore!)
He earned a spanking — nothing more.



And when sweet Ruth for bashful Sid
 Let down her hair as Lucia did,
 (Let down her mother's switch, in truth)
 Why, mother switched her little Ruth!



No wonder Bluebeard's beard grows gray!
 No child believes in him to-day.
 Gone are the pixie and the fay—
 Mama has spanked them all away.

